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July 1, 1950

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

July 1, 1950 It's a Wonderful Town

WHY I AM
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CORBY'S

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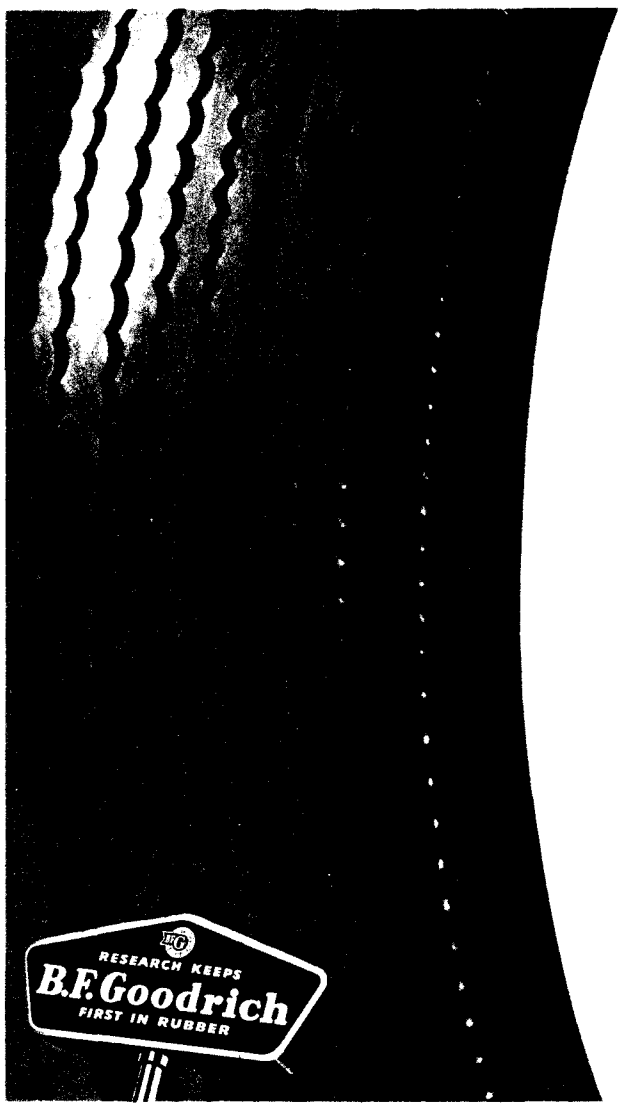
B.F.Goodrich

"RYTHM RIDE"... GIVES YOU MORE SAFETY, COMFORT, MILES



GENE AUTRY

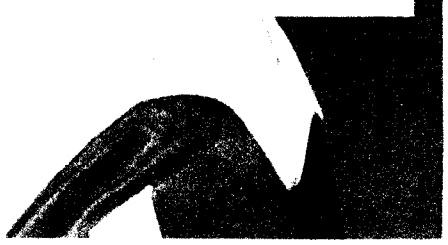
America's Number One Cowboy says:

"LOOK INSIDE FOR INSIDE PROOF"

"In stunt riding, top performance depends upon horses and riders working together in perfect rythm", says Gene. "And right inside this BFG tire, I saw proof that top tire performance depends on rythm, too."

Go to any B. F. Goodrich dealer's and see for yourself on the inside surface of a BFG Silvertown how the cords are precision spaced with *no cross-threads*. Free to work together in rythm to give you "Rythm Ride" —today's *big* tire value that means extra safety, comfort, mileage, at *no extra cost!*

You get all this, plus convenient terms and top trade-in allowance at B. F. Goodrich.



IF YOU CAN TELL WHICH STUNT RIDERS ARE BEST, YOU CAN TELL WHICH TIRE IS BEST

1 In every tire thousands of cords flex as you ride. But the cords in most tires are as *out of rythm* as amateur stunt riders. Cord action is hampered by non-working cross-threads.

2 With no *cross-threads* to hinder their action, BFG tire cords work *in rythm*—like the riders above. Carry impact from one to another, smother road shock, reduce wear, cushion bumps.

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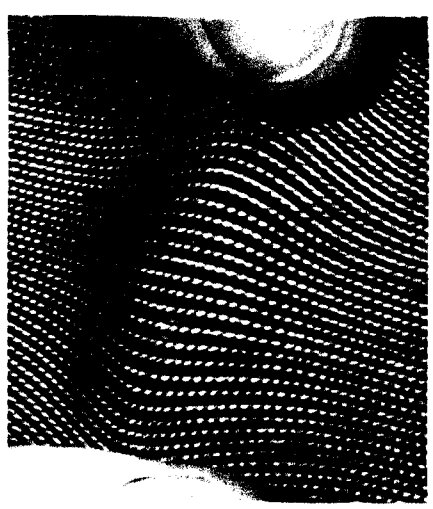

4 Look inside—then decide. "Rythmic-flexing cords" in every tire for every need is a B. F. Goodrich exclusive. See your BFG dealer and buy today. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

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Picture OF THE MONTH

"DUCHESS OF IDAHO"

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture starring

ESTHER WILLIAMS
VAN JOHNSON
JOHN LUND

with **PAULA RAYMOND**
CONNIE HAINES • CLINTON SUNDBERG
AND GUEST STARS
LENA HORNE • ELEANOR POWELL
A ROBERT Z. LEONARD PRODUCTION
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
Written by Dorothy Cooper and Jerry Davis
Directed by . . . . . ROBERT Z. LEONARD
Produced by . . . . . JOE PASTERNAK

This is the footloose season when every vagrant, fragrant breeze wakens the wanderlust. But what's done it to us is a Technicolor glimpse of that snow-capped paradise Sun Valley in M-G-M's musical "Duchess Of Idaho". Here are stars, settings, costumes and production and natural grandeur well calculated to touch off the escapist urge. And if you need any added inducement, let us merely mention that the Duchess of the title is glamorous Esther Williams.

Wearing their crowns lightly through its jivey, joyful plot are some of your favorite movie royalty. Water queen Esther Williams dons skates and skiis for this one, Van Johnson waves his sceptre over a king-sized dance band, while John Lund is a princely rival for Esther's affections. The glittering array of visiting royalty includes toe-tapping Eleanor Powell, sultry chanteuse Lena Horne, the Velvet Fog, Mel Torme, and pretty vocalist Connie Haines. The songs they present include such potential hits as "Let's Choo Choo Choo To Idaho", "You Can't Do Wrong Doin' Right" and "Of All Things"—which are all available on M-G-M Records!

It all adds up to a lalapalooza of a musical, as colorfully breathtaking as the mountains of Sun Valley. If you thought Esther Williams was a well-rounded gal before, get a glim of her as the "Duchess Of Idaho"! We hasten to explain, she not only swims in a multi-mirrored pool, she skiis in a scorching torchlight procession, she cuts a mean figure eight on ice. She's also rather good at indoor sports...!

Yes, the Duchess sets a sizzling pace and you'll be breathless at her eye-filling escapades. Nothing has been spared to give the "Duchess Of Idaho" a royal setting. Let's all give her a royal welcome!

P.S.: You'll be hearing much about "THE NEXT VOICE YOU HEAR!"

THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* ALBERT E. WINGER, *President*

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July 1, 1950

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Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

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The Cover

In this, the second in a series of Collier's paintings of memorable events in our history, Artist Frank Reilly salutes Molly Pitcher, redheaded heroine of the Revolutionary War. The scene depicts the moment in the battle of Monmouth (June 28, 1778) when twenty-three-year-old Molly, who had been fetching water from a spring, replaced her fallen husband at a fieldpiece. For this act of devotion and heroism General George Washington is reported to have made her a sergeant. She died in her late seventies.

Week's Mail

Kline vs. Brannan

EDITOR: Allan B. Kline's article Cheaper Food—Promise or Political Lure? (May 13th) indicates that a change should be made to a more descriptive title so as to identify its apparent ultimate result.

It appears to be a very subtle plan to build up another huge bureau of government workers which would endeavor to determine, control, administer and police the entire production and distribution of all food and decide the necessary and suitable diet for all.

This huge number of additional government workers would naturally be dependent on the political party in power, and the entire plan could only lead another step down the road toward totalitarianism.

CHARLES B. READ, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

. . . To a middle-class wage earner and landowner (tenant-farmed) who is more than mildly interested in the various farm plans, it seems to me that about all Mr. Kline has to offer is "Let the rich get richer," at the taxpayer's or consumer's expense, and to hell with the small farmer, also at the taxpayer's expense.

There are thousands of big farmers able to purchase untold amounts of high-priced farm equipment and to hire migrant farm workers and equipment operators a few weeks each year with the support dollars, who are taking land away from small and successful operators and gradually forcing them out of business. If the support was limited in dollars or acreage the over-all cost would probably be less, certainly no more, and the general economy greatly benefited.

R. W. STOKES, Hutchinson, Kans.

. . . A careful analysis of Mr. Kline's article will reveal that the only real difference between his program and the Brannan Plan is the degree of government protection to be accorded to farmers. Perhaps a much lower parity figure might bring the two together. He indicates that the high price of food in market is due to middleman profiteering. If that is so, he should urge an investigation, passage of a bill and rigid enforcement of the law.

And finally I would like to ask where in the hell this three-person family, who can sustain themselves on $712 a year, do their shopping and what their general diet consists of? JOSEPH CHRISTOPHER BOULDER, Glenwood Springs, Colo.

Majority View—She Hopes

EDITOR: I have just been reading some of the letters concerning your editorial on Franco Spain (Week's Mail, May 13th). To put it nicely, they make me mad.

I am a Catholic, but I do not think you are a Communistic magazine given to insidious attacks on good (?) Catholics like Franco. I think there is an area of disagreement with your editorial, within reason, but the accusations thrown at you by some of those theoretically good Catholics were certainly not within reason.

Are they so afraid of Communism that

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New homes go up all over the map. New families form. More and more people want to keep in touch. And your Long Distance telephone operator keeps right on tying all these varied voices together.

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Above, new Ray-O-Vac Sportsman 2-cell flashlight . . . now at your favorite dealer

Over a Billion Sold

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They're sealed in steel
to stay fresh and usable!

Here's the battery that won't swell or stick in your flashlight . . . that will stay fresh and usable longer . . . that doesn't have to be "dated." Only Ray-O-Vacs are sealed in steel . . . top, bottom, and all around. You get . . .

A steel top.
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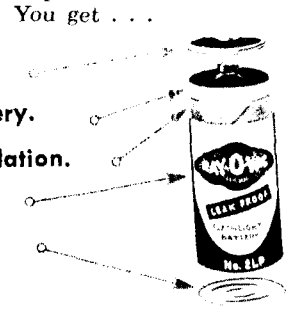

Each battery carries this guarantee: "If your flashlight is damaged by corrosion, leakage or swelling of this battery, send it to us with the batteries and we will give you FREE a new, comparable flashlight with batteries."

Buy Spares... *they stay fresh*

they accept everything anti-Communistic as good? Or are their ideas on tolerance and the dignity of the human being really that close to the ideas of the "dirty Reds" which they hate so much?

I think many Catholics feel the same way as I do, and I am sure that those represented in Week's Mail are a minority—at least I hope so.

PEGGY SOWER, University City, Mo.

Ozark Chamber Music

EDITOR: What's the matter with good "git-tar" music? (That Old Corral in the Juke Box, May 13th). Why do we have to listen to music originated by our South American neighbors when we have good American folk music played by good hillbilly bands here? Simply nothing is wrong!

If some people don't care to listen, why don't they block their ears to the juke box or tune it out on their radios?

T. W. GILLIGAN, Westfield, Mass.

. . . I'm only a lowly hillbilly at heart and I feel I must protest against Glynn Harvey's article.

Simply because he lacks the depth of understanding to appreciate and enjoy folk or hillbilly music is small reason for him to criticize it so mercilessly.

I should like Mr. Harvey to know that when I've listened to Rag Mop and Take Her to Jamaica until I feel like screaming, I need only to change to a recording of Roy Acuff—git-tar included—to ease every taut nerve in my body.

DORA WILLIAMS, Evansville, Ind.

The A.M.A. Objects

EDITOR: Your editorial Let's Win This Cold War (April 22d) implies that members of the American Medical Association are opposed to widespread lay use of antihistaminics for colds because this might interfere with the number of patients seen by physicians.

The use of antihistaminics for colds by physicians and for self-medication has been studied extensively by the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry, a drug-evaluating council of the American Medical Association. The council's report, published in the Journal of the A.M.A. (Feb. 25, 1950, pp. 566-69), should reveal to anyone who is truly seeking the truth that the council was not concerned with restricting the use of antihistaminics for colds to the medical profession to "give the prescribing physician a monopoly" but to show that antihistaminics cannot be regarded, on the basis of existing evidence, as a certain preventive or cure for colds.

Without offering detailed reply to the questionable statement in your editorial, may I simply comment on two or three sections. One is concerned with your reference to testing in 6,000 patients. You fail to mention that many other tests have been made which do not support claims for efficacy. Some of these reports have already appeared in scientific medical journals, others are awaiting publication.

Your reference to the Food and Drug Administration is somewhat misleading because the administration under the Federal Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act is concerned with safety, not with safety *and efficacy*, as is the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry. So far as safety is concerned, the council questions the use of these drugs without medical supervision for the simple reason that too many accidents are occurring. Reports on these have already appeared in a number of instances in medical literature. Surely you cannot deny the wisdom of warning about danger when such exists. After all, part of medical practice consists of preventing disease as well as treating those who are ill.

Your reference to the Federal Trade Commission also is in need of comment. Many of the claims specifically objected to in a recent editorial in the Journal now apparently are under scrutiny by the Federal Trade Commission.

If there could be developed a truly effective remedy for the specific prevention and treatment of colds, members of the medical profession would be the first to herald it. Until that is developed, organizations such as the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry have a moral responsibility of presenting to the profession and others who may be interested the true status of a drug or technique if that drug or technique is misleadingly advertised or if it can cause harmful reactions.

AUSTIN SMITH, M.D., Editor, the Journal of the American Medical Association, Chicago, Ill.

. . . It should be pointed out that Dr. Smith is not speaking for the medical profession as a whole. Collier's editors know by personal experience that several physicians recommend or permit the taking of nonprescription antihistamines by their patients. Our editorial did not describe these preparations as "a certain preventive or cure for cold." It said that "they may or may not cure the sniffles." But again it is our personal *experience that they can inhibit a cold* if they are taken at its onset. And we know that our personal experiences are not unique in either case.

Cover Boy

EDITOR: The day your April 29th issue appeared on the newsstands, I went backstage at the circus and found Ernie Burch, made up but not yet dressed for the evening performance, admiring his portrait on the cover. The cover picture, by the way, was made by Richard Tucker, a fellow photographer of mine at Pix, Inc.

DORIS KAUFMANN, New York, N. Y.

Sin-sorship

EDITOR: Congratulations! Your editorial Sniffing Out the Sin in the Cinema (May 13th) was one of the best and hardest-hitting yet. S. HARRIS, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

. . . I do not mean to agree with Senator Johnson, but even to imply that the *only* censorship needed for American movies is individual discrimination is to put too much responsibility on some (I'm tempted to say most) people's discrimination.

PATRICIA SNYDER, Detroit, Mich.

. . . I have read with great admiration your editorial which so effectively destroys the argument for additional censorship of Hollywood affairs.

I am especially in hearty accord with your concluding paragraph. In the long run people themselves always are the final judge of what is good and what is bad, whether it be a movie or a way of life.

If we have faith in our people and their ability to exercise their judgment in a democratic fashion, then steps to repress this faith by censorship is unwarranted and an attack on democracy itself.

PATRICK MURPHY MALIN, Director, American Civil Liberties Union, New York, N. Y.

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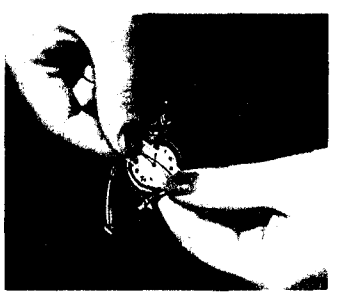
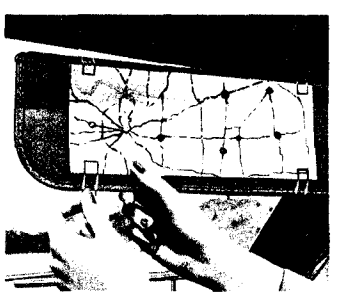
WE'RE TAPE WORMS!
GIMME SOME CELLOPHANE TAPE! I GOT CAUGHT IN A BADMINTON GAME!
I'M A FAST BUCK!
POP USED TO SHED HIS ANTLERS EVERY YEAR TILL HE DISCOVERED CELLOPHANE TAPE!
FAWN-CY IT!
CENSORED
I TAPED SMEDLEY'S BALL TO THE TEE...HE'S 138 OVER PAR!
SNIFF... I CAUGHT COLD STANDING NEAR A DRAFT HORSE!
WE BETTER TROT YOU TO A HORSE-PITAL!
THAT INDIAN USED TO LIVE IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD
WHY SURE! A CHIPPEWA OFF THE OLD BLOCK!
WRANGLER JOE CAN'T LOSE..HE'S TAPED ON!
THAT'S ONE JOB HE'S REALLY STICKING TO!
YOU SAID YOU HAD A BEAR SPACE IN THE LIVING ROOM, MOM!
LIKUM CELLOPHANE TAPE FOR HOLDING PAPOOSE ON BACK?
OH INDEED! AND I RECOMMEND IT WITHOUT RESERVATION FOR MENDING SCHOOL BOOK PAGES!
THE GUIDE SAYS HE HASN'T LOST A CUSTOMER SINCE HE SWITCHED FROM ROPE TO TAPE!
YOU BIG CHIEF STICK-IN-THE MUD?
NO, ME BIG CHIEF STICK-AT-A-TOUCH. USE CELLOPHANE TAPE TO KEEP MY WIG WA'M!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO LICK CELLOPHANE TAPE!
GOOD FOR TAPING NOTES!
OUT TO LUNCH
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, HONEY?

When you go on a trip... put a roll in your grip!

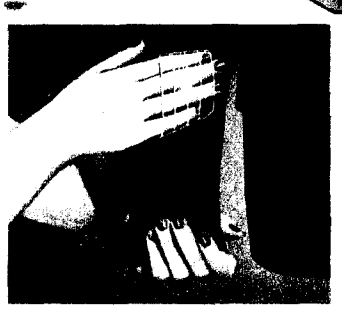


REPAIR WATCH CRYSTALS temporarily with transparent cellophane tape until you can have a new crystal put in.

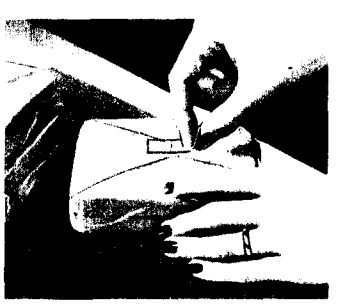
WRAP PACKAGES in a wink. "Scotch" Cellophane Tape does a fast, neat sealing job on packages of any shape.



TAPE ROAD MAP to sun visor for easy reference. Keep a roll of tape handy in your glove compartment for sealing, mending!



TAKE LINT OFF clothes by wrapping several turns of tape around hand, sticky side out, and patting lightly.



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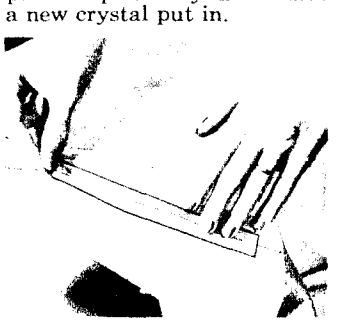

SKIRT HEM RIPPED? A strip of transparent, tight-sticking cellophane tape will hold it in place, save the day for you.

FREE! Write for new booklet full of summertime tips and shortcuts with cellophane tape. **IMPORTANT:** There's more than one brand of cellophane tape — for quality always insist on the "SCOTCH" brand, in the bright plaid dispenser.

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Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

Touched by a spectator as he breasted the tape, the winner loses

Since the Olympic games were resumed in 1896, they have caused more ill will than good will and, consequently, many have suggested that they be discontinued. At the 1948 Winter Olympics, for instance, the U.S. bobsleds were sabotaged, and a hockey game ended in a riot. In 1932 at Los Angeles, a famous runner from Finland was declared ineligible because his expense account was in error. At Stockholm in 1912, America's Jim Thorpe won numerous track events. Yet, later, his records were canceled and his medals taken from him when it was discovered that, as a youth, he had once played in a professional baseball game. But the incident that had world-wide repercussions happened at the London games in 1908. A little Italian, Dorando Pietri, had finished 26 miles of the marathon, well ahead of the others, and had entered the stadium. Noticing that he was staggering from fatigue, someone thoughtlessly took his arm as he crossed the finish line. As a result Pietri was disqualified—and lost.

Many Christian churches built during the Middle Ages were provided with a Devil's Door near the font through which the Devil was supposed to leave when the minister "renounced him and all his works" during a baptism. One of these doors still exists in the old church in Mullion Town in Cornwall, England.

Probably no American criminal who married and murdered widows for their money used such ingenious methods as Alfred L. Cline, arrested in California in 1945. Without having been suspected previously, he had killed eight and received legacies totaling $82,000. After persuading the brides to will their estates to him, Cline would take each one to a fine hotel in some big city and shortly induce her to drink a glass of buttermilk in which he had secretly mixed a heavy dose of a sleep-producing drug. Before giving her the second and fatal dose a few hours later, he would summon the house physician and tell him that "Mrs. Cline had had another heart attack." Thus the doctor, when informed she had died, was not suspicious and issued a death certificate, naming heart failure as the cause. Although many facts about Cline and his crimes were unearthed, sufficient evidence to indict him for murder did not exist because he had ordered the bodies cremated and had employed a poison that was destroyed by the process. He was, however, indicted for forgery and tried, convicted on nine counts and sentenced to serve 126 years in Folsom Prison where he died at the age of sixty in 1948.

Leprosy is one of the few diseases that cannot be reproduced in animals and the germs of which cannot be cultivated by artificial means. These two barriers to laboratory experiments are the chief reasons why a true specific drug for leprosy has never yet been discovered.

For two decades before the first World War, many visitors to New York went on conducted tours of Chinatown and the Bowery as they wanted to see some of the city's worst dives. To fulfill the expectations of these persons, the sightseeing companies had to maintain their own joints and employ actors and actresses to carry on the activity in them. So the visitors believed they saw real secret gambling rooms, passageways riddled with tong-war bullets, and opium dens filled with men and women hitting the pipe in bunks. One lurid cabaret even staged a murder of a guest—a white woman. Feigning intoxication, she would leave her table and dance over and kiss the piano player. Whereupon her Chinese lover would rush up, stab her with a trick dagger and dash out the door. And the frightened tourists were usually right behind him.

An incredible belief that prevailed in some countries for centuries was that wizards could tie up the wind in knots which they made in small pieces of rope. When starting on a journey, therefore, mariners always bought and carried one of these magic ropes with three knots so their ships could sail through calms. They were convinced that the untying of the proper knot would release a breeze, a moderate wind or a half gale.

A collection of more than 600 stories from this column is now available in a book, Keep Up with the World (288 pp., $2), published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York.

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1902 — the automobile was making its appearance on the roads around Millis, Mass., home of Clicquot Club then and now.

They "automobiled" to a picnic ground and sparkling refreshment

Some of the early "horseless carriages" had wicker hampers attached. And many a bottle of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale rode in those hampers, nested in ice! At that time Clicquot Club was sold around Boston only, but it grew as fast as the automobile, for people knew a good thing when they drank it. Today this fine flavor is the standard of taste-perfection the world over — a ripe, rich, tangy goodness that only Clicquot Club *flavor-aging* achieves. And *all* Clicquot Club beverages bubble longer . . . for they're carbonated ice-cold to put more sparkle into every drop.

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ORANGE COLA ROOT BEER GRAPE

My Mind Is a Blank

By PARNELL HALL

CERTAIN people seem to have an uncanny knack for being wrong—which sentiment might seem to establish me as a smug, conceited twerp. On the contrary, I envy and admire them. This is because I am constantly confronted with situations and problems where my beliefs are neither right *nor* wrong. I simply don't have any—like the 10 or 12 per cent of subjects who always turn up labeled "No Opinion" in the various polls. Frankly, rather than looking down on them (as I imagine the canvassers do), I feel a strong sense of kinship.

Take sensational robberies. Within 24 hours after a Boston firm was relieved of more than $1,000,000 in cash, every friend I had—as well as about 30,000,000 people I never met—came up with a definite theory as to the whereabouts of the robbers. One claimed they had vamoosed to Seattle, another said they had gone to Cuba, a third plumped for Canada, and a five hundred and thirty-seventh said he was sure they were hiding out in Beantown within a 200-yard radius of the scene of the crime.

People not only had theories, but they had corroborative evidence to support them. The getaway car was reported seen in at least 15 states, and the missing cash in all 48 and Alaska. But during all this time I played a shameful craven part. Although I saw countless men on the street, not once did I encounter one who seemed to me to be acting suspiciously. I didn't have the faintest idea who was driving the various black sedans I saw.

And when people asked me where I thought the robbers were, I merely shrugged my shoulders or asked: "How would I know?"—a rhetorical question which seemed to enrage them. Finally, under increasing pressure to come out with an opinion like any normal well-adjusted human being, I broke down. Deliberating at length, and choosing my words carefully, I said, "Well, they must be around *someplace*." That didn't do much to clear the atmosphere.

Esthetically I seem to be equally at a loss. While I sit dumbly by, fellow patrons at a theater all seem to know exactly what part of an acrobatic dance to applaud. They have equally strong opinions when listening to a trumpet solo in a jazz band—cheering and stamping their feet at precisely the same moment in the passage. This leads me to believe that while I was wasting my youth collecting tadpoles, most of my fellow men were taking dancing lessons from Bill Robinson or studying brass under Bix Biederbecke.

My culinary tastes are equally indecisive, or blunt, if you prefer. Never have I been able to decide whether a salad dressing needs slightly more salt or slightly less tarragon. Canned corn, to me, tastes as good as fresh corn. Blindfolded, I cannot tell red wine from white or French wine from domestic, and nothing would give me the faintest idea of whether a vintage was bottled in 1929 or four o'clock the previous afternoon.

In my capacity as a witness, my mind is particularly blank. When two cars get tangled up at the intersection of Lincoln and Main streets, it develops that everybody within two blocks was apparently intent on watching the causative events that led to the accident. They know exactly how far from the curb car A was, and are able to set the speed of car B down to one fifth of a mile per hour. Moreover, each of the drivers is absolutely positive about what he and the other driver were doing at every instant prior to the mix-up.

But invariably I'm the sole exception, and if anybody buttonholes me as a witness, he will promptly learn that the two vehicles were proceeding backward and upside down, for all I know. In fact, in several decades of being-on-the-scene-of-accidents, I have contributed only one statement which could possibly be considered of even minor value. This was: "That car could stand a new radiator."

It is equally hard for me to form opinions about my fellow beings. A question often put to me, after I have been with a friend, is: "How did he look?" Other people apparently spend a good deal of time examining their friends' countenances for signs of worry, dissipation, optimism, hardening of the arteries, rejuvenated glands, boredom, dementia praecox or even more subtle manifestations; but when this question is put to me, all I am ever able to recall is that the subject's eyes seemed to be in the right place and that he had the customary number of hands and feet. It would appear that there are an inordinate number of people who busy themselves making mental descriptive notes—possibly with the idea of eventually writing the great American novel. Unfortunately, I don't seem to be one of them.

The world is also crammed with shrewd judges of characters. I have friends galore who can take one quick first glance at an individual and come up with a diagnosis which would do credit to five years of psychoanalysis. Just the other day I encountered several such who met a new acquaintance at a cocktail party. "He's obviously the stolid executive type with a dry sense of humor," said one of them. The other shook his head. "He's a dreamer," he maintained, "and badly adjusted." I got away quickly before I had a chance to shrug my shoulders and disgrace myself again. Somehow or other I couldn't deduce much from the fact that the only words I heard the stranger utter were: "Have a *canapé?*"

GEORGE PRICE

I seem to remember he had two eyes, hands and feet

But before I'm dismissed as a hopeless loss, may I make one statement? I don't like lumpy mattresses. THE END

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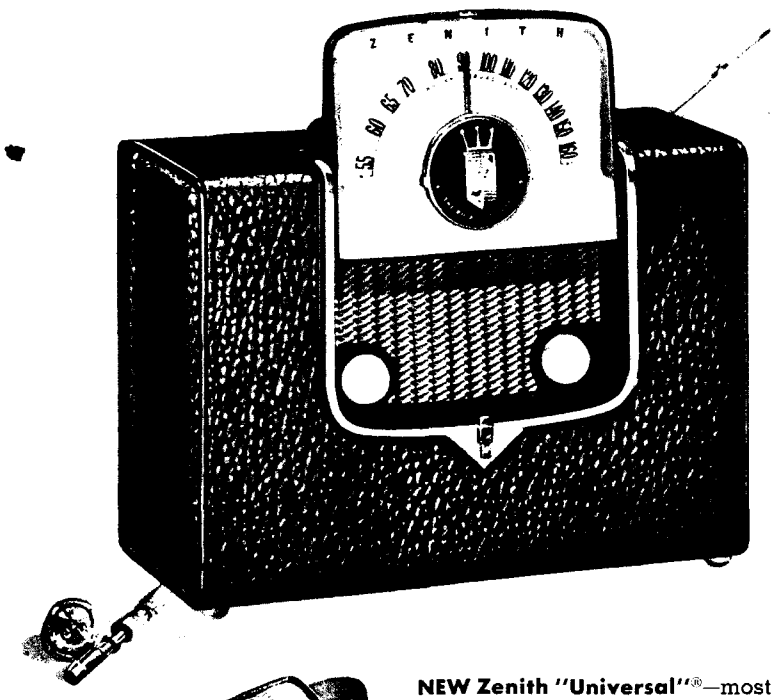

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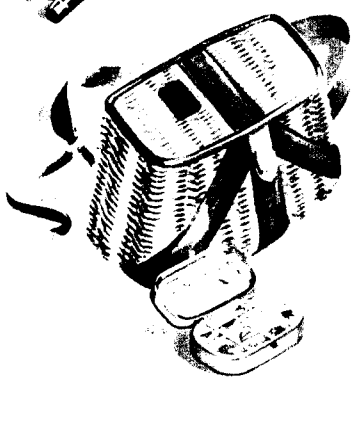

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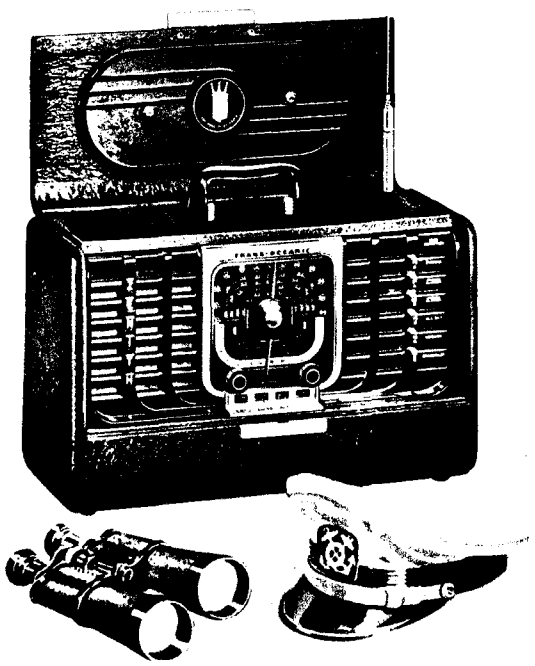

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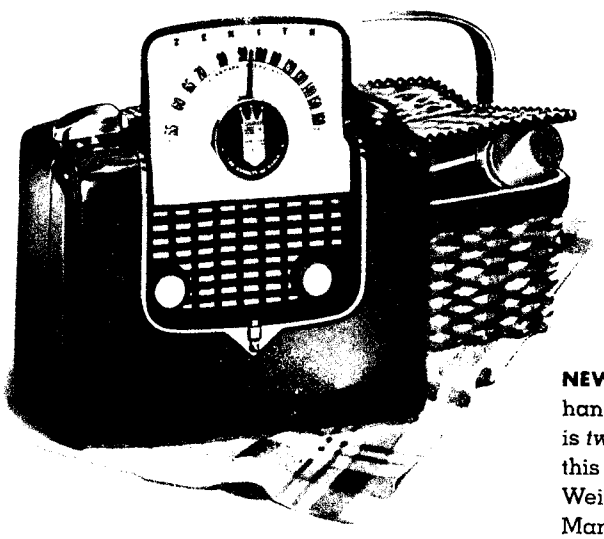
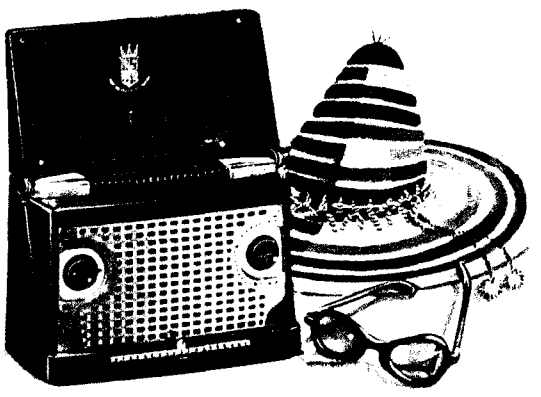


NEW Zenith "Tip-Top Holiday"®—giant "Tip-Top" Dial with built-in Wavemagnet swings up *above* the set for tip-top tuning ease, doubles the sensitivity of reception. Works on battery, AC or DC. Handsome, rugged cabinet in gleaming black or two tone blue-grey plastic, with stainless steel trim. Only $39.95* *less batteries*



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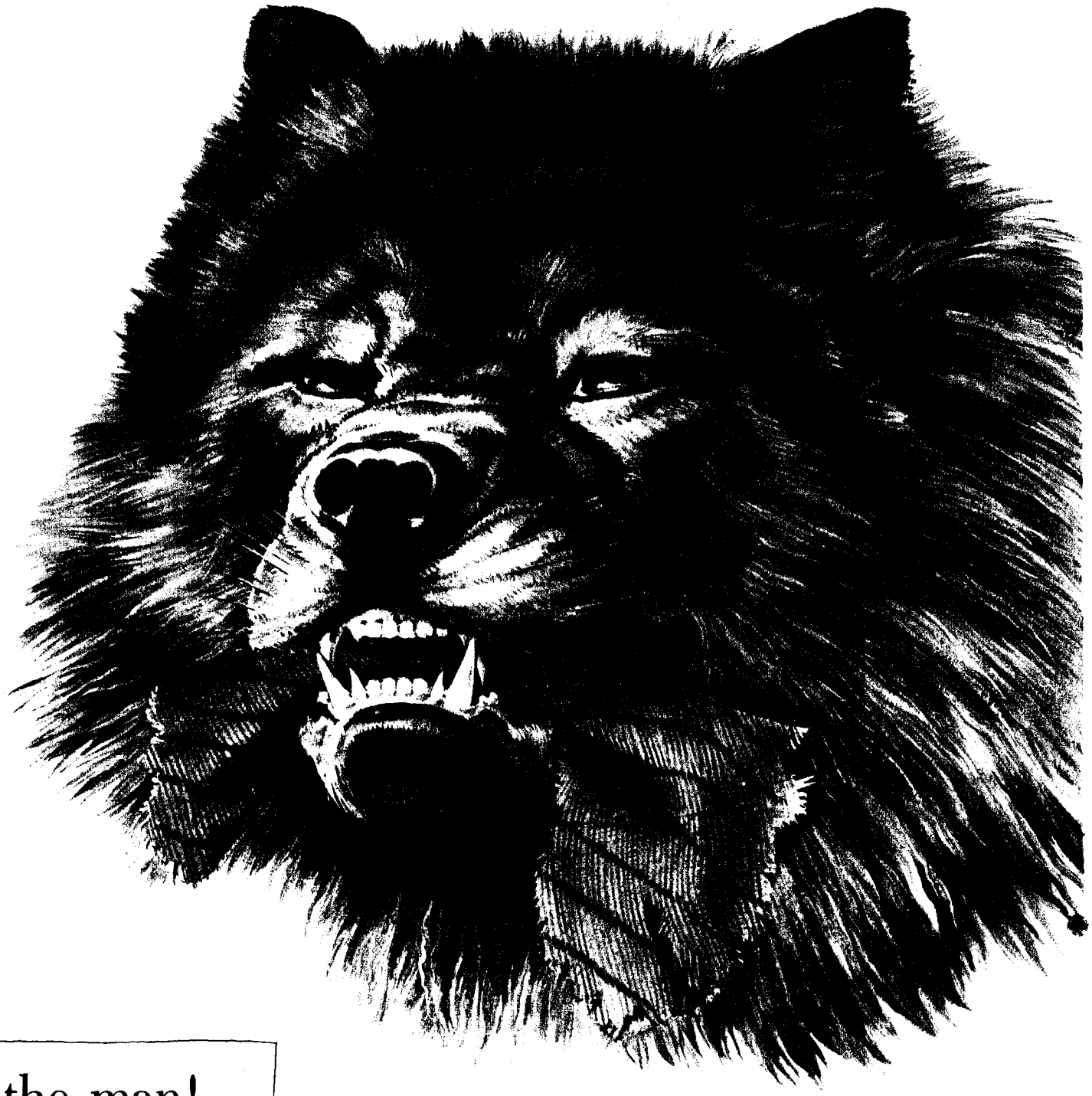

Beware of the man!

☞ Beware of the man who gets bitten by your dog . . .

The man who falls on your icy walk . . .

☞ The man who gets hit on the head by a limb that falls off your tree . . .

The man who gets knocked down by junior's bike . . .

☞ The man who didn't hear you yell "Fore" on the fairway . . .

The man whose home is damaged by your bonfire.

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Collier's, July 1, 1950

It's a wonderful town!

By KARL SCHRI[illegible]

TO THE businessman in Wasatchie, who is trying to finagle a trip there on the expense account; to the stenographer in South Bend, who just can't make it this year; to a movie star who begs off for a 10 days' bust along Broadway and Fifty-second Street; to the professor from Antioch, who spends his 10 weeks' research period at Columbia University—to these and countless others, New York the glamorous means the place where one can pick from 30 legitimate shows, night clubs of every variety, restaurants from the famous Colony to obscure pizzerias and *bistros* of every nationality, the opera, the ballet, art museums, or Forty-second Street honky-tonks. Gaiety and laughter till the bars close, or the sober search for culture, or both—that is New York for the millions who live elsewhere and who plan their businesses, their conventions, their annual escapes, to land them, happy strangers, in the midst of 8,000,000 people.

But what of those 8,000,000? What do they do? Where are they rushing with such strident determination from dawn to dawn? The visitor, a little frightened by this ever-moving, ever-murmuring mass through the streets of mid-Manhattan, shoved about by them (so it seems) every time he stops to search out a street sign or catch a glimpse of the gray beauty of the City of Cities down a side street at dusk, often wonders where they all come from, whither they go, and why. In the end, homesick for some other place he calls home, he sighs and says (as if he had thought of it first), "New York is a wonderful place, but you couldn't get me to live there for a million dollars."

What the visitor cannot realize is that you could probably get a New Yorker to do almost anything for a million dollars—except live somewhere else. For this bewildering, frightening, tumultuous, yackety-yak of a city, which never seems to sleep—this strange and indescribable man-made mass of steel and stone, with its cold canyons of streets, its angry roar of ceaseless movement, its strident cries in the night, its clang and clatter by day, its underground nightmares and dizzying shafts that split the heavens—all this is *home.*

To most of the 8,000,000 New York is not just that narrow circle of which Times Square is the neon-lit center. New York is not only the jumpy, jittery creation of the word painters, the raucous world of radio, the backstage of Broadway, the nerve-shattering world of the hucksters and the hustlers. New York is also Riverdale, Canarsie, Greenpoint, the east Bronx, Rego Park, Park Row, Park Plaza, Park Slope, Forsythe Street, Pitkin Avenue, Lenox Avenue, College Point, Second Avenue, Tenth Avenue, Bruckner Boulevard, Sunnyside, and a country lane with a rambling farmhouse deadly quiet in the depth of a Staten Island night. Lower East Side or Washington Heights, Long Island City or Rockaway, Williamsburg or Bushwick, Flushing or Coney Island—to most of the 8,000,000 people New York is the satisfaction of a day's work done, the peace and contentment and quiet of home.

I went downtown on the subway recently, came up from deep under the cathedral-like Woolworth Building (still beautiful beside its taller, more glam-

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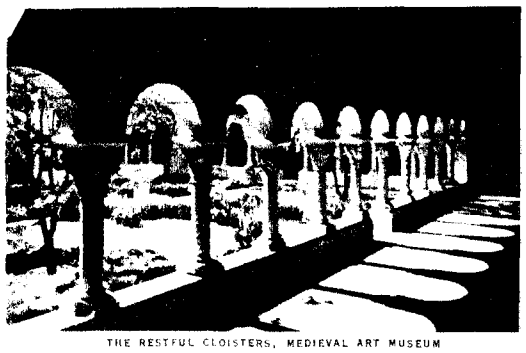

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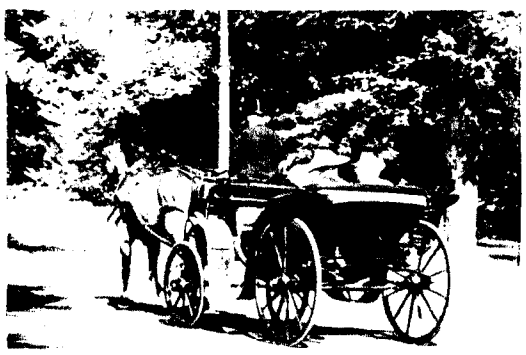
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, A STUDENTS' MECCA

COOLING OFF IN THE POLLUTED EAST RIVER

DERELICTS ON SKID ROW, IN THE BOWERY



A LEISURELY DRIVE IN CENTRAL PARK

TOURISTS ALWAYS GO TO CHINATOWN

BUYING AND SELLING ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE

THE SUBWAY—WORLD'S LONGEST DIME RIDE

orous sisters), and walked across the green park to that lovely, old, pastel-shaded building that is City Hall. There in the large white-paneled, colonially quiet office of Mayor William O'Dwyer I heard what seemed to me the best one-line description of New York. Perhaps it was because the mayor is Celtic and the time was spring, but anyway it struck me as the perfect line.

"New York," said the mayor, "is a warm city."

Since I had just spent a week re-exploring New York from the uppermost reaches of the Bronx, across the vast flatlands of Brooklyn and Queens, to the distant promontory overlooking Raritan Bay, watching the 8,000,000 at work and play, and talking with them far from the haunts of the characters out of O. O. McIntyre, Damon Runyon, and all the other literary descendants of O. Henry, I think I know what Mayor O'Dwyer meant—New York *is* a warm city. For all its glory and grandeur, for all its degradation and despair, New York is people—human, vibrant and warm.

The 8,000,000 human beings, who live so miraculously in democratic concord within a radius of 320 square miles, whom the visitor knows mostly as staring faces and jammed bodies in subways and busses, or as unseeing messengers of futility streaming to nowhere along the endless streets, are engaged in no senseless activity. They are going to work in a factory on Long Island City, to their desks in Wall Street, to their station behind a bar, to a dock in Richmond, or an art gallery on Fifty-seventh Street, to a research laboratory in Queens, to a brewery in Brooklyn or a bakery in the Bronx. They are, in short, rushing to and from the 235,000 establishments that do the business that keeps New York the busiest port and the richest market and the greatest center of world trade ever known.

I read somewhere the statement that only superlatives or statistics can tell the story of New York, but this is not quite true, for it has always been—and always will be—best told in poetry and prose, music and painting. There are times when all New York looks like a delicate water color by John Marin and spring on Ninth Avenue can be exactly as elemental as a *gouache* by Louis Bosa. Because the ever-changing city is changeless, too, it will always be (with a difference) as it was painted by the great John Sloan. But the art and poetry and music of New York are merely the translation of the cold figures of the statisticians into superlative form.

Some of the statistics, however, are useful—and amazing. For example, the Department of Health (a great collector of statistics) estimated that by July 1, 1950, the population of the five boroughs that are New York City would reach the staggering total of 8,258,000 people. Last March the city fathers, their pencils dulled through sleepless nights of budget making, estimated that it would cost the people of New York $1,243,451,794 to run their city—to collect their garbage, repair their streets, run their transportation system, supply them with water, and do all the other household chores of municipal government—from July to next July.

In cold print that figure is startling. But if you drive, as I did, the traffic-snarled length and breadth of Manhattan, through the dozens of "cities within city" that are the five boroughs—from the still squalid lower East Side past the facades of Sutton Place to the teeming anthills of the Grand Concourse, across the breath-taking Whitestone Bridge and through the vast bedroom that is Queens, and by bridge to Brooklyn and by ferry to Staten Island (where I watched a plowman plod his weary way!)—then that huge sum begins to make sense. And you will agree with Patrolman Patrick McNulty, who conducted my safari, that New York, truly, is "a whale of a city." It is, indeed.

In many ways the McNulty is a typical New Yorker—if there really is such a person. Like thousands of other New Yorkers, he was born in the Midwest—Ohio, to be exact. At his father's early death he went to Ireland where he spent his youth, but like countless embryo poets and players, touts and tycoons, he dreamed of New York. He came here in his late teens. If he never achieved the unvoiced hope of becoming the Commissioner, like many a youngster who has vainly dreamed of stardom, he has, after 20 years on the force, found a life of solid satisfaction. He has four children and he owns his own home in the Bronx. Once he returned to Ohio, where friends and relatives treated him royally, but what he remembers most about the trip was his homesickness for the Bronx. "When I saw the sky line and the lights," he says, "I knew I was home!"

New York *is* home to the 8,000,000, whether they live in the dark region of Harlem, in a Park Avenue penthouse, in a neat and detached home in Bayside, or in one of the 32 housing projects that are slowly replacing the slums. It's pretty hard to think of anything as vast and amorphous as the whole city of New York as "home." And most natives, when they speak of New York, do not think of the entire city, but of that part in which their own life is centered, the section they know best.

A Manhattan West Sider never thinks of the East Side, except with scorn, and the East Sider thinks of the West Side the same way. There is a subtle difference in mannerisms, inflections, and even outlook upon life, among those who have their roots in one of the myriad divisions of the city. There is a definite feeling of loyalty to neighborhood among New Yorkers, and the neighborhoods themselves strive, in spite of the invasions of outsiders, to keep their old characteristics.

Chelsea and Greenwich Village, for example, lie side by side. But even a stranger can sense the difference as he wanders from the region known and loved by that great Carolina-born New Yorker, Thomas Wolfe, into the Village, where Tenth Street and Fourth Street meet, and which was once and to some extent still is the city's Bohemia. In spite of changing values, real estate as well as intellectual, the Village and Chelsea tenaciously cling to their own identity. And this is true throughout the five boroughs. There is a vast difference of sight and sound and smell between Bedford and Bushwick, between the three main sectors of the Bronx.

From Stuyvesant Square to Coney Island or Rockaway every section has its own local booster organization, its chamber of commerce, its improvement association, its political and social clubs. People who live their lives in these sections, even those who go daily "to New York" (as they call going to their jobs in Manhattan), will say, "Yeah, New York's all right, but Red Hook's the place!"

And they mean it! However poor or grand the locality, its residents have a definite loyalty to it. This stems from the days when what is now New York City was a series of towns, villages and cities. It was brutally expressed 50 years and less ago in the now forgotten gang wars. It still survives in the rivalry of teen-age gangs, both those that run wild and those that are controlled by the countless "neighborhood houses" that are so much a part of New York life.

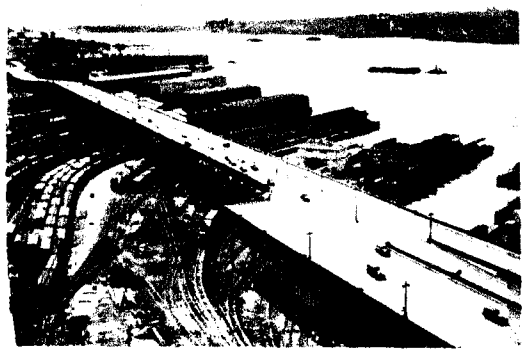
I heard an example of this the other day when a young lady was boasting, as New Yorkers often do, of being "a native New Yorker." Her mother turned on her with astonishment.

"Why, you are not!" she flounced. "You were born in Brooklyn."

Devotion to New York, and to a special section of New York, sometimes takes an amusing turn. I know a gentleman who came up from Georgia just in time to see the Ziegfeld Follies of 1915. He took rooms at the old Lafayette Hotel on the edge of the Village. He got a job in midtown Manhattan. He has not ventured north of Central Park or south of Washington Square since. A great trencherman, he has for years been drooling at friends' descriptions of the luscious steaks served by Paul Daube, the ballplayers' friend. But out of a passionate and almost innate sense of loyalty to his chosen acres he has steadfastly refused to make the trip, even by taxi, to the Bronx!

Life in the city's neighborhoods has little relationship to that sinful, roistering, sleepless existence which many people outside *(Continued on page 64)*

NORTH RIVER, PIERS, WEST SIDE HIGHWAY



PUSHCART PEDDLER OFFERS VEGETABLES

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA, ON PARK AVENUE

PORTABLE MERRY-GO-ROUND—LOWER EAST SIDE

OUTDOOR ART SHOW IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

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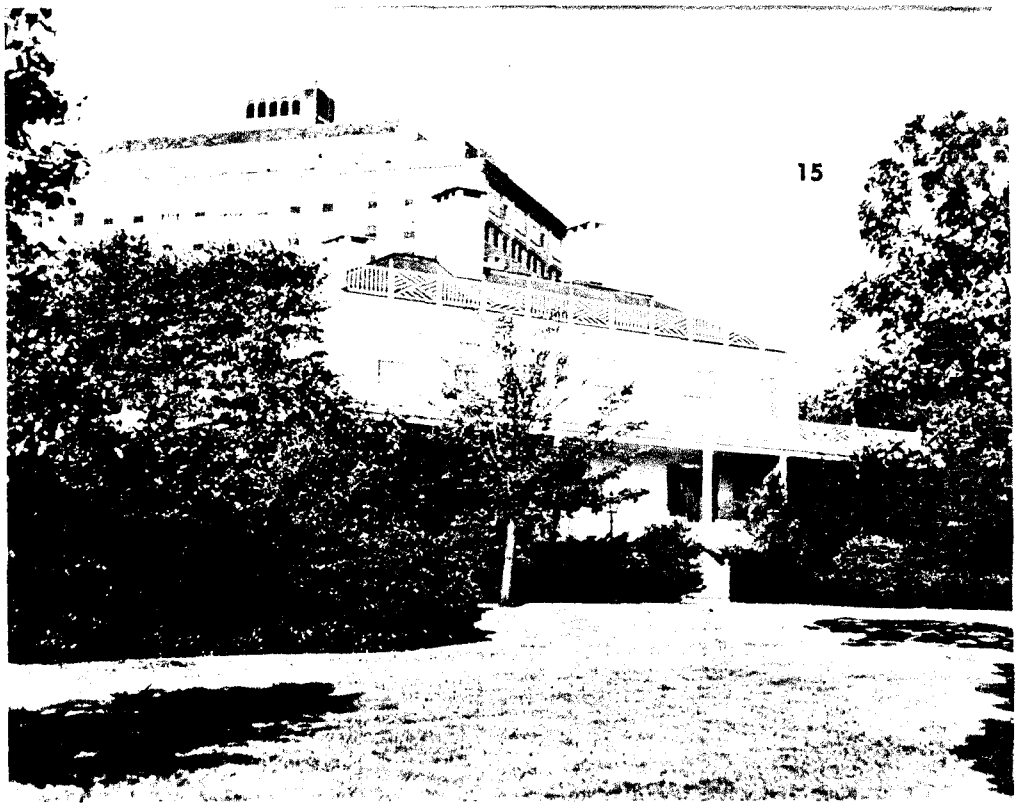
MANHATTAN: Night clubs range, in price and glamor, from basement spots with a strolling guitarist to the Copacabana, with its lovely girls



Gracie Mansion, official residence of the city's mayors, is a white frame colonial house built in 1799. It is furnished in eighteenth century style

BROOKLYN: Airview shows City of Churches at left, Wallabout Bay and Navy Yard in foreground, lower Manhattan in right background

BRONX: Parkchester, an apartment development in which 40,000 persons live. In 18 months 76,372 dwelling units have replaced city slums

RICHMOND: Conference House, where Franklin, John Adams, and Edward Rutledge held futile peace conference with British in 1776

QUEENS: Typical of the highway networks of the metropolis are Grand Central Parkway and Union Turnpike, shown joining at Kew Gardens

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The Kissing Kind

By AL JINE

It was very sweet to be sixteen, with the choice of dating your brother's sophisticated college friend or the boy you'd known all your life. It was pleasant to have a chance to make Sally Ryan jealous. But something went wrong . . .

SOMEWHERE in the background beyond the tennis court, the steady "chunk-chunk-chunk" of a gravity pump interrupted the silence of the night. The July heat had gone with sundown, and Julia's cheek was only softly warm.

"I think I'll go out for soccer in the fall," Herb was saying. "What's the use of kidding myself? I don't have the weight for football. All that stuff you read about, the Gary LeVans and the Albie Booths, that's ancient history. You don't have them any more; the game's changed. This way now—soccer—I stand a decent chance. And maybe like last time, if we win the league, they'll make it a major letter."

Julia said yes.

The afternoon had been so good, particularly the swimming, even if the Bailey boys had been boring about how much better, *they* said, Hyannis was. And it was good and familiar now with Herb, dependable Herb, walking under the pines, talking about prep school, making his mild and hopeful puppy-doggish passes, but never becoming embarrassing.

"Yes," Julia said, "I think you're just right, absolutely right, I mean. I think it's silly to make so much about football. And even if they don't make soccer a major letter, I think the small letters are more attractive. Those big enormous ones are sort of repellent, like a growth or something on your sweater."

"How about the dance?" Herb said.

"I thought we agreed not to talk about that any more."

"You were going with me," Herb said. "You know darn' well you were. Up to last week end. Just because I'm around all the time—"

"Ah, Herb, don't be like that. When you're like that you're just like everybody else. And what I like about you is that you aren't like everybody else. Now, please, sweetie. We see each other enough and Nelson's only going to be here for the one week end. I'm not throwing you over or anything, but this is something special. There's lots of other dances. Be nice, Herb."

"What would happen, if I ever got mad at you?" Herb said.

"Oh, Herb, you wouldn't, would you?" Julia said, intrigued. It was very sweet to be sixteen, to be in between dating your brother's friends from Yale and all the kids you'd known all your life, and Herb who would always be there, or, if not always, at least when and as long as you needed him. "You wouldn't," she repeated without interrogation.

"Maybe not, but I mean what if I did?" Herb said.

"I'd drown myself, Herbie honey. I'd cut my throat. I couldn't live without you. I'd run away to sea. I'd join a nunnery—do you *join* nunneries? —I'd be desolate. Look, I'd better be getting back to the cottage. I promised Mother to help with fixing it up for her bridge tomorrow."

"All right," Herb said.

They turned, arm in arm, at the tennis court and followed the light silver of the narrow path, picked out and defined by moonlight, that led to the row of cottages. There was enough breeze to shift the leaf patterns of the elms and maples and chestnuts over them as they walked to the Bakers' cottage.

As they came to the foot of the porch stairs they could hear Mrs. Baker's voice: "Ellen knows perfectly well I play the short club opening so she could only have been doing it to aggravate me. Passed, just like that, and no intervening bid. And then they went down three on their hearts—naturally I was afraid to double—and she said, sweet as anything with that li'l ole Southern accent of hers, 'Why, deah, I jus' had such a blank han' I di'n' want to embarrass you.' And me sitting there with a little slam in diamonds, if I ever saw one. . . ."

Herb and Julia paused at the porch for a ritual good-night kiss. Julia closed her eyes happily and let her body arc soft and close and safely molded to Herb's. She was Julia de Lenclos, now, the notorious but warmhearted courtesan for whose favors princes vied with millionaires, but who still held firm to the right to bestow her charms capriciously where the fancy moved her, to a handsome coachman or a penniless poet. She was Julia Lily Devereaux, too, sending her heart with her gray-uniformed sweetheart to brave the Yankee grapeshot at Antietam, careless of what Mrs. Grundy or the plantation aristocracy might think.

"Stop that, Herbie," she said. Herbie stopped.

"Just tell me one thing," he said. "You're not honest-to-God serious about this Nelson Carter, are you?"

"Oh, Herbie. You're not married to me," she said. "You know I like you; but Nelson's attractive. Really it's as much to put Sally Ryan's nose out of joint as anything. Please, Herbie, don't be difficult."

"All right," Herbie said morosely. He kissed her once more, not effectively enough to provoke a protest, and turned back on the path to his family's cottage.

The Nelson Carter in question arrived at Pine Ridge the next morning with Julia's brother, Bert. Bert and Nelson were both going-to-be-sophomores at Yale, both had summer jobs in the city. They arrived wearing identical dark gray flannels, white button-down shirts, black knit ties and rumpled seersucker jackets. Nelson was a tall, blond boy with a square, attractive face, vacant, attractive blue eyes, a large, humorous mouth.

"So this is little sister?" he said, disappointingly to Julia. After all he *had* met her before and she *was* entitled to be considered as an individual. She was still wondering whether it would be too pointed to bring up the Fosters' party where he had brought her a Coke from the bar, when he and Bert disappeared in the direction of the sleeping porch. They came back in T-shirts and shorts, and, ignoring the pointed lingering of Julia in the driveway, took off with the car for Wallville, the nearest town.

SLOWLY Julia went back into the cottage and up to her room. From the window she could see the rest of the resort gang frogging around the Tinkers' lawn, playing croquet. Sally Ryan was looking ridiculous in a bare-midriff deal, one of the batch of clothes she'd got in New York that spring. High fashion was simply bad taste at a comfortable resort like the Ridge. And besides, Sally was just not the girl to *do* much for a dress like that. And besides, too, Julia remembered reading somewhere where somebody important, from Hollywood most likely, had been quoted as saying that the navel was the most unattractive part of any woman's body. They must have known Sally, she thought, grimly.

She turned away from the window. Noisy Billy Tinker was doing handstands to show off in front of Sally Ryan; Herbie was standing sullenly off to one side of the whole group, obviously preparing to be a wet blanket all week end. Things looked dismal. Julia peered into her closet and took out, with satisfaction, a black linen dress with a promising square neckline. Smart, but in good taste, too. Her father was booming from downstairs.

"Where's my little antelope?" he cried. "Want to walk down to Blakes' with the old man? I'm going to look at his new calves."

Julia controlled her voice carefully. "I've already seen them, Father," she said. She had seen them six times in the past two days, and every time they had seemed cuter and more appealing. "After all, they're just calves. You run on down. I want to change for lunch. I'll see you at the clubhouse."

"Okay. Thought you might want to introduce me to them." She heard the screen door close after him. She took off the beige seersucker she'd been wearing. It didn't really have too much character even if the lines were good. She flopped down on her bed in bra and briefs and pulled down the volume of Dorothy Parker from the wall-bracket bookcase.

THE clubhouse bell woke Julia. She had fallen into a comfortable doze over the Parker lyrics, a half sleep in which she was wearing a broken heart proudly, a jilted beauty in some way transcending her failure and coming out of the whole affair superior to the lover who had left her. She rubbed her eyes and, first warily reconnoitering the hallway, groped her way, black linen dress in hand, to the bathroom. There she scrubbed her face vigorously —the Fresh Look—and applied the dark rouge of sophistication to her lips.

She found time to examine with interest the alien shaving bowl on the bathroom shelf. It must be Nelson's; she knew Father's, and Bert used a brushless cream in a tube. The soap in the bowl smelled pleasant, a light smell, fragrant but masculine. She removed the top and looked approvingly at the wafer of soap in the bottom, touched with a flaking of dried bubbles. In it she could see gossamer girls wafted in waltz time by casually tailored men. The dusty soap bubbles took on the effervescence of champagne, nobody had pimples, and none of the girls had to lead their partners. It was a wonderful smelling soap.

She replaced the lid with reluctance and took her dress from the hook on the back of the door. It looked as well on her as she had remembered and hoped. Her breasts, just parted at the square neckline, were intriguing rather than bovine—bo-veen; bovine, which was it? Anyway, she looked pretty delicious.

She sat downstairs on the porch while her father, returned, told her how the Blakes' calves, as if she didn't know, looked. You wouldn't call Nelson *handsome,* she thought. Interesting was a better word. It would be just silly to say *distinguished,* because he was, after all, *(Continued on page 57)*

"Nelson, we really ought to be back at the dance," Julia murmured. "We can sit here for just a minute more. But not in the back seat"

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Why I Am Not a DEMOCRAT

A Yankee liberal, whose record has won him great respect from both sides, argues that the nation's future depends on whether we preserve the two-party system

By U.S. SENATOR GEORGE D. AIKEN, *Republican from Vermont,*

with JAMES C. DERIEUX

A FRIEND of mine recently counted up Senate roll calls on important measures over the past four years and came up with the statement that I have voted with the Democrats oftener than with the Republicans. He confronted me with the voting figures and asked, as I have been asked many times, "Why don't you join the Democrats?"

Perhaps he thought he would enjoy my embarrassment. But I am not in the least embarrassed. I have had a good reason to vote with the Democrats whenever I have done so, and I have a fundamentally good reason to remain a Republican. When I have sided with the opposition it has been on incidentals, on selected issues. My loyalty to the Republican party is deep-rooted in the conviction that the two-party system is essential to preservation of American political and economic liberty, and that today survival and success of the Republican party are synonymous with the survival and success of the two-party system. Also, I believe we Republicans again have a chance to become the Grand New Party that can do most for our own United States and for the world.

If we let any party grow so strong that it cannot be defeated, we surely will lose some, if not all, of our political and economic liberties. The experiences of the world show that freedom cannot endure one-party rule. Multiple parties are equally as fatal because, under them, government is operated by fluid coalitions, the people cannot fix responsibility, confusion and frustration develop, and eventually one party takes over under some kind of dictatorship.

The two-party system cannot be kept alive if the minority follows the old adage about joining 'em if you can't lick 'em. Nor can it be kept alive by a minority stubbornly determined to oppose everything the majority proposes. I believe neither in "me too" Republicanism, nor in "hell no!" Republicanism.

In 1937, when I was governor of Vermont, I wrote an open letter to the Republican National Committee in which I asserted that "we have become a party of old men," and that we should "accept in general the social aims which the opposing party has had the wisdom to adopt, but has lacked the ability to put into efficient operation . . . We can never outbid our opponents and we should be ashamed to try . . . Instead of offering a place at the feed trough, invite the youth of the nation in all occupations and in all walks of life to work together to produce and distribute, by labor of head and hand, a larger volume of goods and services for more people of this nation . . . The shift to federal rule results in an unwise relinquishment of local responsibility. The process is insidious . . . It is particularly necessary that young men and women be infused with the sense of personal responsibility for local government . . ."

Those principles still stand up. Over a stretch of 18 years the Democratic party, with all of its good deeds, has not come up with any solution for any major problem except more federal government. In the course of those years I have supported Democratic incidentals because I believed them right. But never have I supported the fundamental New Deal and Fair Deal concept that more government is the solution for every major problem.

That theory, whether openly acknowledged or not, leads directly and swiftly to Socialism. I have seen once self-reliant communities form the habit of going to Washington for everything. I know conditions have changed, that we have moved into a complicated industrial economy which makes all of us more dependent on government and on dollar security than ever before, but the results of our industrial genius will be like ashes in the mouth if we try to solve the problems of the industrial age solely or mainly by government controls.

A story about a hole in the road is illustrative. Those of us who are on the wrong side of fifty remember when a hole in the road would be filled by the person living closest to it, or by some passer-by. But a friend told me about a hole that he watched over a stretch of weeks. Scores of automobiles jolted into it, risking if not actually breaking springs. Finally, somebody reported the hole to a town official who quickly explained he could do nothing about it directly because that road was in the federal aid system. So the hole had to be reported to a higher-up. Eventually it was filled, but not until the federal government got into the act. Nearly 40 per cent of all public money spent within states now comes either in the form of Federal Treasury grants-in-aid or in federal aid payments to individuals.

It terrifies me to think what will happen to our country if we bring up a second generation accustomed to dependence on the national government. Freedom resides in the homes of America—in your house and mine, in your community and mine, not in Washington. But unless we exercise local responsibility to the greatest practicable extent, freedom will move away.

Freedom cannot be handed down by government. It must be achieved and preserved by individuals who work diligently at it.

The main reason why I am not a Democrat is my deep devotion to freedom. The Democratic party, of course, does not intend to destroy freedom. On the contrary, I think its motives generally are good.

When a Party Becomes Power-Hungry

But any party, if it remains long in power, becomes hungry—then greedy—for more power. It develops a belief in itself as the only party worthy to administer the government. It even gets to the point where it thinks of itself as the government, a bad habit already in evidence in the Fair Deal Administration, which often speaks of itself as "your government." No administration in a free country should consider itself or call itself the government. It is nothing more than the temporary administrator of affairs, and when it becomes so immodest that it claims greater status, it should be retired and thus given an opportunity to regain perspective.

But, naturally, no party will intentionally kick itself out of office. And any party long in power is likely to depart from the ways of democracy in order to perpetuate itself, to cover up mistakes it inevitably has made, and to protect the vast number of persons beholden to it for jobs. Bureaucracy always presses steadily and insidiously to expand, and thus to increase its own strength. It forever seeks to make more persons dependent on it for sustenance or services. It may do this with good will, but the end result will be just about the same as if it had proceeded maliciously.

In early April the Production and Marketing Administration, a federal outfit, called a state meeting in St. Paul, Minnesota. This was an annual meeting to discuss an agricultural conservation program. That's a good purpose. The Secretary of Agriculture was scheduled to speak, and naturally his subofficials wanted to make a grand showing before him. So what do you suppose they did? They practically *directed* 5,000 community committeemen, under PMA in Minnesota, to attend at two thirty on the afternoon of April 4th to listen to the Secretary; and every man was offered travel expense and per diem pay out of the Federal Treasury to attend what appears to have been a propaganda meeting for the Brannan Plan.

High-Pressuring the Committeemen

The letter that was sent to these 5,000 committeemen said this: ". . . We feel it is extremely important for you committeemen who represent agriculture at the grass roots to have this chance to hear your secretary who is making a terrific fight to maintain some measure of economic stability for farmers . . . We feel this is an opportunity which you as committeemen cannot afford to miss. We strongly urge you to attend this meeting."

On the matter of mileage, the letter promised: "If you drive your own car and are accompanied by one or more passengers, you may make a claim for 5 cents a mile."

That kind of thing, I am told, is all too common practice. The Administration, so long in power that it is grown bold in the misuse of public money, gathers crowds for partisan political propaganda, and you pay the bill. It has been true for years that the Democratic party writes the news through its thousands of publicity men. Now it seems to be providing the audiences for its agents as well. If this kind of business goes on unchecked, we'll have something like those prewar European gatherings in one-party dictator countries.

There is only one cure for the abuse of power by an administration: another administration. Power, long exercised, always has corrupted, and always will. In the hands of the weak, it is even more corruptive than in the hands of the strong.

So, I remain a Republican primarily to protect freedom by protecting the two-party system. There must be alternating custody of the instruments of government, with the minority always in watchful opposition. Any other system is too dangerous, no matter how well-intentioned majority party leaders may be. Recall the efforts of the present Administration to hang on to emergency functions, and to add to them.

No man and no group of men can long withstand the seductive power of power.

The method by which a person or a party gains control over populations has not changed much over the centuries. Control is gained by promises and maintained by force, directly or indirectly applied. That may be police force, or economic force. An alarming number of our people are being condi-

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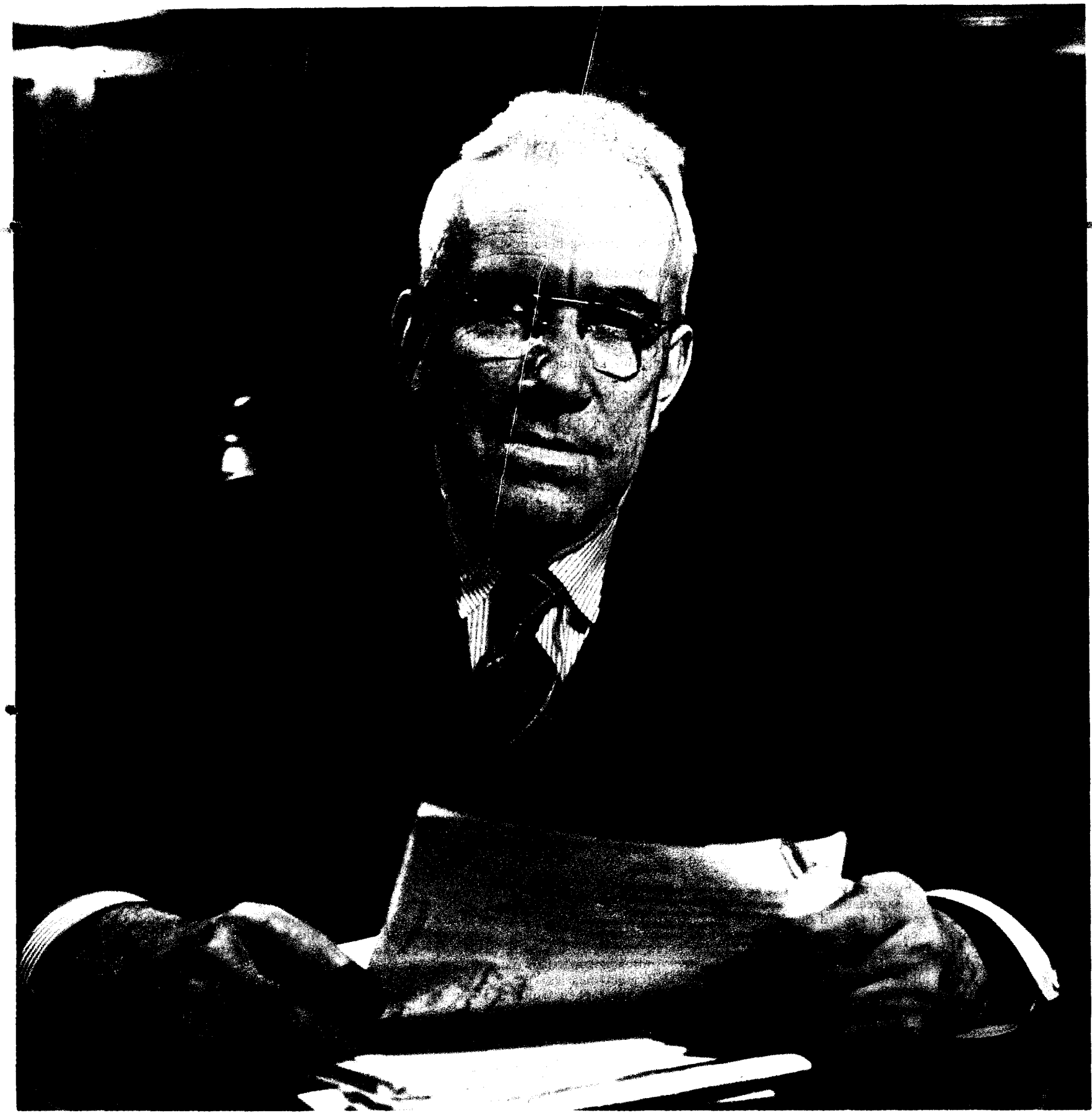

The great domestic issue, says Senator Aiken, is the threat to our two-party system, hence to our liberty

tioned to think of government as the source of their security, instead of thinking of individual opportunity and self-reliance. That is economic force. There must be more security in jobs in old age than we have known, but there is no necessary conflict here with self-reliance. Too much emphasis on economic sustenance derived through government has already resulted in a competitive grab game by workers, farmers, businessmen and other organized groups.

I am not so afraid of big government as I am of the wrong kind of government resulting from the power of bigness. Probably I am what almost anyone would call a social-minded person. I believe in government services whenever and wherever necessary. Perhaps I have a strong kindred feeling for the roadside man because I have been one.

When I became governor of Vermont, at a salary of $5,000 a year, that was the largest income I ever had earned up to that time. I say this so that you will not think of me as a rich man, longing back to the days when taxes were lower, and my net income higher. My complaint against the Democratic party is not the old-time G.O.P. lament. I am not nostalgic about the good old days. Under new conditions I am trying to steer a course between the welfare state and unregulated private monopoly. Neither extreme is right or safe.

In a speech delivered at Amherst College in February, I undertook to summarize my philosophy like this: "We have to recognize that there are certain fields in which private enterprise does not find it profitable to enter. There are certain pioneering fields where the risk or the cost is obviously too great for private capital to undertake but which if successfully exploited will result in advantages for all people.

"In the past we have had such fields as education, highways, postal service, rail transportation, aviation, public power and atomic energy fall in this category. I anticipate that this field of public enterprise will be broadened in the future to include activities which at present may be unforeseen.

"By and large it is all right for government to engage in such enterprises *(Continued on page 56)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY TOM O'HALLORAN

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There Goes Mac

By ELIZABETH STARR HILL

Collier's SHORT SHORT

WHEN the procession came past our street, I went out to watch. I was standing near Didi Lyons' littlest child, Joey, and I guess Didi had told him where to look, because suddenly he pointed and called out, "There goes Mac!"

A couple of people turned to see Joey, and he was smiling with the sort of dreaming face that very little boys wear sometimes. I could tell he was thinking about fire engines, and big boots, and wonderful loud old bells.

I remember it very well, although that was a long time ago. It was an incident to seal the taste and savor of a place in your heart, and to sharpen your understanding of all people and all little towns.

Jordansville was our town for twelve years, my husband's and mine, and even though we live in the city now, and everything is different, those narrow, leafy streets live clear in my memory. I can hear snow shovels scraping in the cold winter morning. I can smell bonfire smoke, in October, and hear dry leaves skittering down the street.

I remember one day when the children were quite small, an autumn day, and they helped me rake leaves all afternoon in the golden sun. It was cold. We had sweaters on. The children laughed, and kicked leaves; by the time we finished playing and had a big pile, the sun was going down. But we felt vigorous and strong, with the blood beating through our bodies, and the cold dusk was just what we wanted. We didn't go inside for coats. We just pushed the leaves together properly, and set fire to them. The smoke curled up, blue in the clear deep-blue air, and the flames crackled, and we stood around and smelled the smoke.

Then suddenly a voice called from across the street: "Stop that! Stop that, y'hear me?"

We turned, startled. A rusty little old man was crossing the street quickly.

"Me?" I said. Then he got near enough, and I saw his pursed angry old face in the dusk, and knew who it was: James McPherson, the one they called Mac; the fireman who drove the engine. I never had spoken to him before, but we all knew the policemen and firemen by sight, and something about them. Mac was the disagreeable one.

"Oh, hello," I said. I gestured toward our bonfire. "I was just burning leaves."

He was a little man, and he looked up at me with wrathful bright eyes, his sparse hair blowing a little in the wind. "Oh, that's all, is it?" he said.

"Yes," I said.

"Yes," my elder daughter, Andrea, said.

Mac stepped even closer to me, narrowing one eye in a squint, his face suddenly washed in the yellow glow of a street light that had just come on. "Now you listen here to me," he said deliberately. "You got this here pile of leaves. You didn't think where you was going to put it. You just raked it together and struck a match. That right?"

"Yes," I said, with a prickle of anger.

"Sure," he said. "Just struck a match. Doesn't matter to you which way the wind is blowing, or where all them sparks go. If your house burns down, you're asking for it, because the *wind's wrong.*" He paused for a moment. "Now after this, if you can't tell if the wind's right way or not, call up before you burn any more of them leaves. If you don't know by yourself, call up."

I was angry, and I would not answer him directly. "Is it all right to leave this fire burning here now?" I asked coldly instead.

He deliberated, eying the fire, his lips pursed. "Watch it close," he said.

"We watched it right along," Andrea said.

Mac looked down at the children for the first time. His eyes flicked briefly past the two girls and settled on Teddy. Teddy was only four, the youngest, his face pink and trusting with the fire shadows swift on it, and the red glow.

The old man looked at him. Then he said something that struck me as being strange, not so much in the words as in the tone he used. It was the peculiarly arrogant, boastful tone that children use with one another.

"I'm a fireman," Mac said.

Teddy gazed up at him, his eyes steady.

"I drive the engine," Mac said. "Whenever there's a fire, night or day, I drive the engine through Jordansville so they can put out the fire."

Teddy looked up at him. Then suddenly, with no shyness, he answered, "I'm a fireman part time myself, but the rest of the time I do other things."

He and the old man faced each other. At last, Mac said, "Well, good-by."

"So long," Teddy said.

We watched until the last little edges of flames showed dying on the burned leaves in the dark. Then I stamped out the rest of the fire. . . .

"You should have heard him snap at me!" I told my husband that night, sitting curled in his arm on the living-room sofa. There was a wild October rain beating against the windows, and we were listening to it with all the lights out, and talking, and partly listening to the radio.

"You can burn down the house if you want to," Al said comfortably.

"But how do you know when it's all right for bonfires?"

"Spit in the wind," Al said.

We sat close and warm together. The rain came down heavily, and the radio was only a thin, sweet thread of sound.

DURING the next year we had a lot of trouble. Al's job was not going well. He had been offered a better one in the city, and we were trying to think about leaving Jordansville.

Then Andrea got German measles and, within six weeks, regular measles. When she was getting better again, she looked white and thin. I felt a guilty, secret relief that at least we could not think of moving for a while, because the city would not be good for Andrea. "Build her up," Doctor Baines said.

The Baineses were friends of ours, and they came to dinner fairly often. One night at dinner Doctor Baines was telling us about how he took his little boy over to the firehouse sometimes, because Mac would lift him up into the driver's seat of the engine, and even let him ring the bell.

"Really?" I said. "That doesn't sound like Mac."

Doctor Baines laughed. "Oh, he never says a pleasant word."

I was walking the children a lot those days, because Andrea couldn't play too hard, but the fresh air was good for her. So one morning, as we passed the firehouse, I remembered what Doctor Baines had said. Rather timidly, the four of us went inside. Andrea and Joanne stayed beside me, but as soon as Teddy saw Mac, he walked forward alone.

All Mac said was, "You're a fireman part time."

"The rest of the time I do other things."

"You want to try out my engine?" Mac asked.

"Okay," Teddy said; but his eyes were shining.

The engine was standing there, and Mac scooped him up and put him in the driver's seat as Andrea and Joanne and I watched. Then he let him ring the bell. Then he brought him down again, and took him over to where a big pair of fireman's boots were standing. Hoisting him up by the armpits, Mac lifted him in and out of the fireman's boots.

AFTER that, we stopped by the firehouse often. It got to where if I were in a hurry, I had to take the long way around town to avoid passing the firehouse, because if we passed it, Teddy would have to go inside. . . .

"Mac's been awfully nice to Teddy," I told my husband. "Do you suppose we could give him something for Christmas?"

"Maybe a bottle of whisky," Al suggested.

"No, I don't think that would be quite the right thing," I said. "Maybe something else."

I guess we never got around to giving Mac anything, but we were thinking of him. We gave Teddy a toy fire engine, and he loved it. He even took it with him, months later, to the fireman's parade.

I remember the parade very well. I loved things like that, where the whole town turned out, sitting solidly on the steps of the library and the town hall, the children climbing on cars and trees.

This was on a Saturday, a bright spring day, sunny and exciting. Al and I stood on a curb, talking to the people near us. Andrea and Joanne had joined some schoolmates on a running board, and Teddy was tearing around someplace.

Suddenly, after a long time, we heard the band playing from far off. I remember just how it sounded, coming nearer and nearer, from the next town. At last it was just down the street, and we could see them all marching, and the fire engines coming slowly behind. The fire departments of several towns were in the parade; but we knew that ours was part of it, and we were proud.

From down the street, the children began calling out something. The drumbeats caught and rolled, and the music was loud; but as the parade came closer, we could hear the children shouting, "There's Mac! There goes Mac!"

When our engine came past, I saw him up there, small and frowning, looking like a little toy fireman behind the big wheel. He did not glance to right or left. . . .

That was the last time I ever saw Mac. A few weeks later, when the sad, humble little procession came past our house, I went out to watch. Didi Lyons must have told Joey where to look. When the hearse came past, he pointed to it and said, "There goes Mac!"

I suppose the same tingling shock went through everyone who heard him. Several of us turned to look at Joey; but for an instant, instead of seeing the little boy, I saw Mac as Joey knew him to be, belonging forever to Jordansville and to the world of children.

Joey pointed to the hearse, but he was smiling, with a dreaming face. I could tell he was thinking about fire engines, and big boots, and wonderful loud old bells. THE END

DAVID SHAW

Mac put Teddy up in the driver's seat, and let him ring the bell

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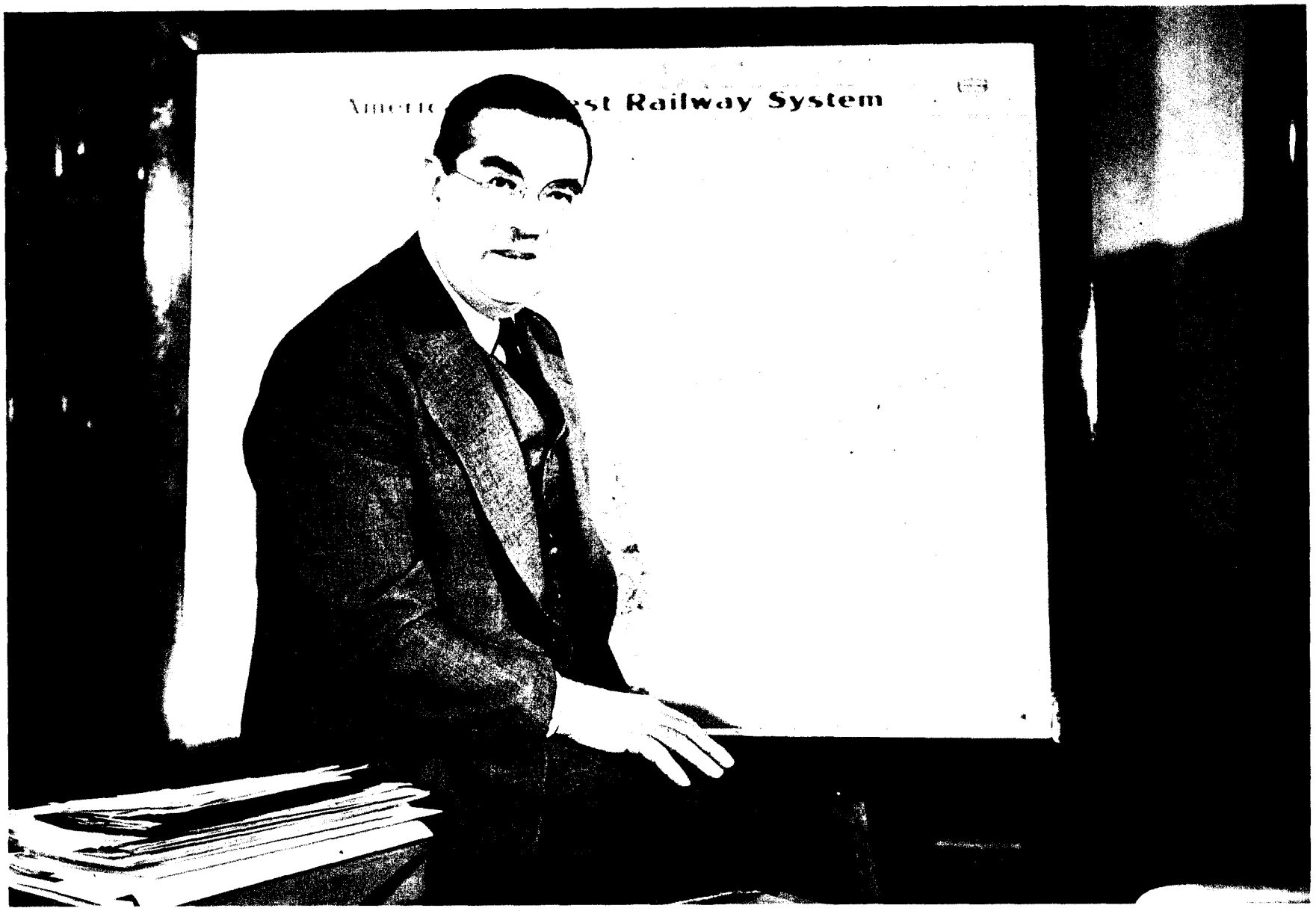

Gordon won fame as Canada's wartime price boss by clamping the lid on tight and remembering he worked for the people

You Tell Me

How to Run a Railroad

By LESLIE ROBERTS

When Donald Gordon took over the vast Canadian National, his only experience was as a passenger. But he's learning—fast

TO THE check list of Famous First Words may now be added those of a barrel-chested giant named Donald Gordon when he took over the presidency of North America's largest railroad network, Canadian National Railways, on New Year's Day, 1950. With remarkable restraint on his freewheeling vocabulary, Gordon said, "Any damn' thing I know about railroading, I've picked up the hard way, as a passenger. The rest of the business I still have to learn."

Coming from any other citizen of Canada, such a statement might have been cause for alarm, considering the importance of the job he was being hired to do. The Canadian National has 24,179 miles of track. It is the only railroad in North America which can run a train from the Atlantic to the Pacific on its own rails.

Through ownership of the Grand Trunk Western, the Grand Trunk and Central Vermont, it provides direct service from Chicago and Detroit across southern Canada into New England, with an all-year Atlantic outlet at Portland, Maine. A finger reaches as far south as New London, Connecticut. One subsidiary, the Duluth, Winnipeg & Pacific, taps the iron ranges near Lake Superior. With 3,318 miles of steel crossing 11 of our states, the CN is an important American carrier, as well as an outsize Canadian road. To top off his empire, Gordon's job includes supervision of three steamship lines, a transcontinental-transoceanic air service, 12 luxury hotels, an express company and a coast-to-coast telegraph system.

The 112,000 names on the payroll make the CN Canada's biggest employer. Half a billion dollars rung up on the cash register in 1949 rate it the top Canadian money earner. A capital structure of $1.3 billions, owed to, or guaranteed by, the federal government, rounds out the country's largest business operation. That all this is owned by the people reflects no Canadian love for Socialism, however. When they took over shortly after World War I, the alternatives were to put up or shut down. No matter how the new boss belittled his own qualifications, the CNR obviously had to pick its president with the utmost care. *(Continued on page 45)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY RONNY JAQUES

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The Treatment

By JOSEPH CARROLL

It was time, once again, for Dekker Webb to free his wife from a romantic entanglement. And, as always, he set out to do the job in a spirit of high fun and low cunning

DEKKER WEBB supposed from the way she was acting that evening that Karla, his wife, was going through another crisis; and he was looking forward to hearing about it, for Karla's crises were always interesting. They were never hers really: the suffering, if any, was always done by someone else. But Karla liked to think of them as hers, and Dekker, who loved her greatly, would never spoil her sport.

They sat in their pleasantly disordered living room—a room that looked not only lived in, as the phrase is, but lived in by people of colorful tastes and careless habits. Someone once had created an exquisite *décor* here, whose remnants survived even the appalling untidiness. The pictures were all good, though they hung askew; the books were of the best, though they leaned tipsily against one another on shelves, or lay open on end tables. The bright scatter rugs were badly chewed by Pontius, the Webbs' terrier.

Pontius himself was no ornament, having a whiskery jaw, a ribald eye, and the general air of a low-life. At the moment he was lying quietly on the couch; he had recently bitten through a pillow and was feeling unwell from the stuffing.

Karla was sipping the one cocktail she allowed herself before theater time during the run of a play. From the business she was going through, Dekker knew he was expected to ask what was the matter. She passed her hand—a fragile hand that would have made the grade in Shalimar—over her brow in a gesture of pretty distraction. Dekker remembered the gesture from the bedroom scene in Othello, in which Karla had been a poignant Desdemona. He smiled at her warmly, pleased all over again and after all these years at his choice of wife. People paid a $6.40 top on opening nights for the privilege of seeing for a few hours what Dekker could watch every day of his life.

He swigged his own cocktail, rejoicing that considerations of art didn't limit him to one. This was only his third, and it was barely six o'clock. Of course, there were term papers from his seminar in Elizabethan literature to look through; but Dekker, always considerate, was sure the young men would fare better if he had plenty to drink.

Karla abandoned the brow gesture, since it had brought no results, and was staring into her cocktail glass as though it were Juliet's vial. She had an odd sort of beauty and the good sense to exploit its oddness. Her clothes were charming, but never in the fashion, the dresses having always a suggestion of the robe or the tunic about them. She had lustrous hair and large shadowy eyes and looked like the moony kind of woman so dear to nineteenth-century portrait painters, except that Karla was slimmer. Her spirituality was kept within bounds by a healthy diet and plenty of exercise, but she would have been perfectly at home on a gold bar of heaven.

Watching her, Dekker thought: I am certainly—what's that hideous word?—uxorious. Karla sighed. Then she took what almost amounted to a gulp of her drink, and Dekker guessed that she was becoming impatient because he was taking hell's own time in picking up his cue.

He picked it up. "There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves," he said learnedly, the term papers still in his mind.

"Dekker, please don't quote," Karla said. "Not now of all times."

"Another one?" Dekker asked.

She shook her head wearily. "You know I never take more than one."

"I don't mean another cocktail," Dekker said. "I mean—do you have another love-crazed young man on your hands?"

Karla looked at him suspiciously. She didn't at all like that way of putting it, yet his voice was sympathetic. The glass still in her hand, she walked to the couch and sat down next to Pontius, patting his head. The dog looked up at her queasily and with some show of affection.

"Dekker, it *is* a young man," Karla said, "and I can't think what to do about him. He's coming here tonight—after I go to the theater. I tried to persuade him not to, but he's determined. He somehow got the idea that you're—"

Dekker laughed. "That I'm too old for you. He's going to ask me to give you your freedom and not stand in the way of this beautiful thing that has happened between you and him."

KARLA laughed too, inadvertently and all of a sudden. Except on the stage, her heroics could rarely stand up against her humor, especially when she was with Dekker.

"Dekker, I am sorry," she said. "I never mean to get into these things, but it's a thingummy. You know, the word that was in the book you were reading me the other day—the one about those curious boxes people keep. I wonder, do they have half-moons in the doors? What's the word I want?"

"Compulsion," Dekker said. "I think you mean compulsion. Let's see, this makes about the twentieth, doesn't it? After all the other young men, I should think you'd have worked out a brush-off technique by now. Is this one poetic?"

"Not to look at," Karla said. "And I don't think he was poetic at all—inside—until he met me. Oh, dear, that sounds conceited."

"Not at all," Dekker said, admiring her. "I know what you mean. It seems to take them that way."

"It's because they see *(Continued on page 66)*

"Oh, dear," Dekker said, picking it up. "She would not like us to see this. It's her extra. Usually she's so careful to put it away"

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PHIPPS *to the Rescue*

Continuing the story of the butler who proved that nothing's impossibl

The Story: It was a nasty jolt for PHIPPS, the peerless English butler, when he opened the door of the Hollywood home where he was in service and saw JANE SHANNON. Jane was a lady writer of mature years and frolicsome disposition; and she was the sister of ADELA SHANNON CORK, Phipps's employer. Flat broke, Jane had agreed to write the memoirs of Adela, who used to be a star of the silent screen and was now a widow with pots of money. Adela's home had once belonged to Carmen Flores, a fiery Mexican movie actress who was killed in an airplane crash. The house was still known as the Carmen Flores place, and it was on these stately premises that Phipps received his nasty jolt.

The one blot on an otherwise blameless life of butling was that Phipps had once been sent up the river in New York for cracking a safe: and Jane had been on the jury that sent him up. She was, however, a woman of tolerant views, and she assured Phipps that his secret would be safe with her, though she couldn't understand why he wanted to work for Adela, who was haughty and notoriously slow with a dollar.

Another inmate of Adela's home who regarded her as a hopeless skinflint was SMEDLEY CORK, the brother of Adela's deceased husband. Smedley ran through several fortunes backing Broadway flops: and, by the terms of his brother's will, he was a pensioner of Adela. The elderly Smedley was a gay dog, and he resented the fact that Adela gave him no spending money and forced him to drink a health concoction called yoghurt instead of the cocktails he preferred. Smedley's ambition was to find the diary of the late Carmen Flores—which he suspected was somewhere in Adela's house —and to cash in heavily on the many spicy secrets it probably revealed. For Carmen had been a girl who got around.

Jane's plan for making money was to start a literary agency; and as her partner she wanted young JOE DAVENPORT, a writer of extravagant habits who was in love with KAY SHANNON, the pretty niece of Adela and Jane. Kay turned down all of Joe's proposals of marriage on the grounds that he was a butterfly who toyed with young girls' hearts; but Joe hoped to win her over when he had some money in the bank. Unaware that Adela was a widow, Joe supposed that Smedley was her sinfully rich husband and gave him a lift in his taxi into Beverly Hills, hoping to touch him for the money to finance a literary agency.

II

THE midday sun, pouring into the Garden Room on the following morning, found Jane Shannon seated at the desk, the Dictaphone tube in her hand, a peevish frown on her face. One would have said that she was not enjoying working on the Memoirs of her sister Adela, and one would have been right. Jane in her time had been many things—crime reporter, sob sister, writer of stories for the pulp magazines, press agent, minor actress and baby sitter—but this was the most uncongenial task which she had ever undertaken.

So far as Jane could ascertain from the voluminous notes which the heroine of the Memoirs had placed at her disposal, nothing had ever happened to Adela that was of the remotest interest to anyone except herself. She had apparently never done anything in all her years of silent stardom but eat, sleep, get married, and have her photograph taken. It was not easy to see how the Adela Shannon Story could be stretched to cover three hundred pages of entertaining reading for the American public.

But Jane was conscientious and resolved to give of her best, and it was with splendid determination that she ignored the sunshine that was trying to lure her out into the open spaces.

"It was all so new and strange," she boomed into the mouthpiece, "and I was just a timid little tot . . . Oh, dammit, I've used timid little tot before . . . and I was so young, so unsophisticated, so dazzled and bewildered by the glitter and glamor of this strange, new, magic world into which I had been plunged—"

Phipps came shimmering through the door, carrying a highball on a tray. She welcomed him with a glad cry. No Israelite in the desert, watching manna descending from the skies just when he had been saying to himself how well a spot of manna would go down right now, if only he had it, could have shown a more instantaneous approval and enthusiasm.

"Phipps, you're a mind reader."

"I thought you might be in need of refreshment, madam. You have been working all the morning."

"And no interruptions, thank Heaven. Where is everybody?"

"Mrs. Cork went to Pasadena, madam, to address a ladies' club on Some Recollections of the Silent Screen. Miss Kay and Lord Topham are playing golf."

"And Mr. Smedley?"

"I have not seen Mr. Smedley, madam."

"Probably around somewhere."

"No doubt, madam."

Jane took a sip and a swallow and composed herself for conversation. She had reached a point in her labors when she was glad of the interruption which would have irked her earlier, and she was particularly glad to be interrupted by Phipps. This butler intrigued her. Since their get-together of the previous day she had been thinking not a little about his curious case.

"I wish you would explain something that's been puzzling me, Phipps."

"Certainly, madam, if it is within my power."

Jane addressed herself to the glass again. Its

Smedley climbed on the table and took his coat off and announced to all present that he could lick any three men in the room

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By P. G. WODEHOUSE

amber contents were cool and refreshing. She lighted a cigarette and blew a puff of smoke at a fly which had wandered in and was circling about her head.

"It's this," she said, putting the question which she hoped would lead to a solution of the mystery which had been vexing her. "You remember—How shall I put it, always bearing in mind that walls have ears? You remember that lawsuit of yours?"

"Yes, madam."

"The one where I was a member of the jury."

"Yes, madam."

Jane discouraged the fly with another broadside.

"Well, here's where I can't get the thing straight. It seemed to me on that occasion, and the rest of the boys and girls felt the same, that the gentleman who was digging up the details of your past and dishing them out to the intelligent twelve, of whom I was one, established rather clearly that you were an expert safeblower."

"Yes, madam."

"And it didn't take me long after I'd got here to see that you were certainly an expert butler."

"Thank you, madam."

"Well, which came first, the chicken or the egg?"

"Madam?"

Jane saw that she had not made herself clear.

"I mean, are you a safeblower—"

"An ex-safeblower, madam."

"Well, be that as it may, are you a safeblower magically gifted with the art of buttling, or a butler who has somehow picked up the knack of blowing safes?"

"The latter, madam."

"You aren't really Mike *(Continued on page 49)*

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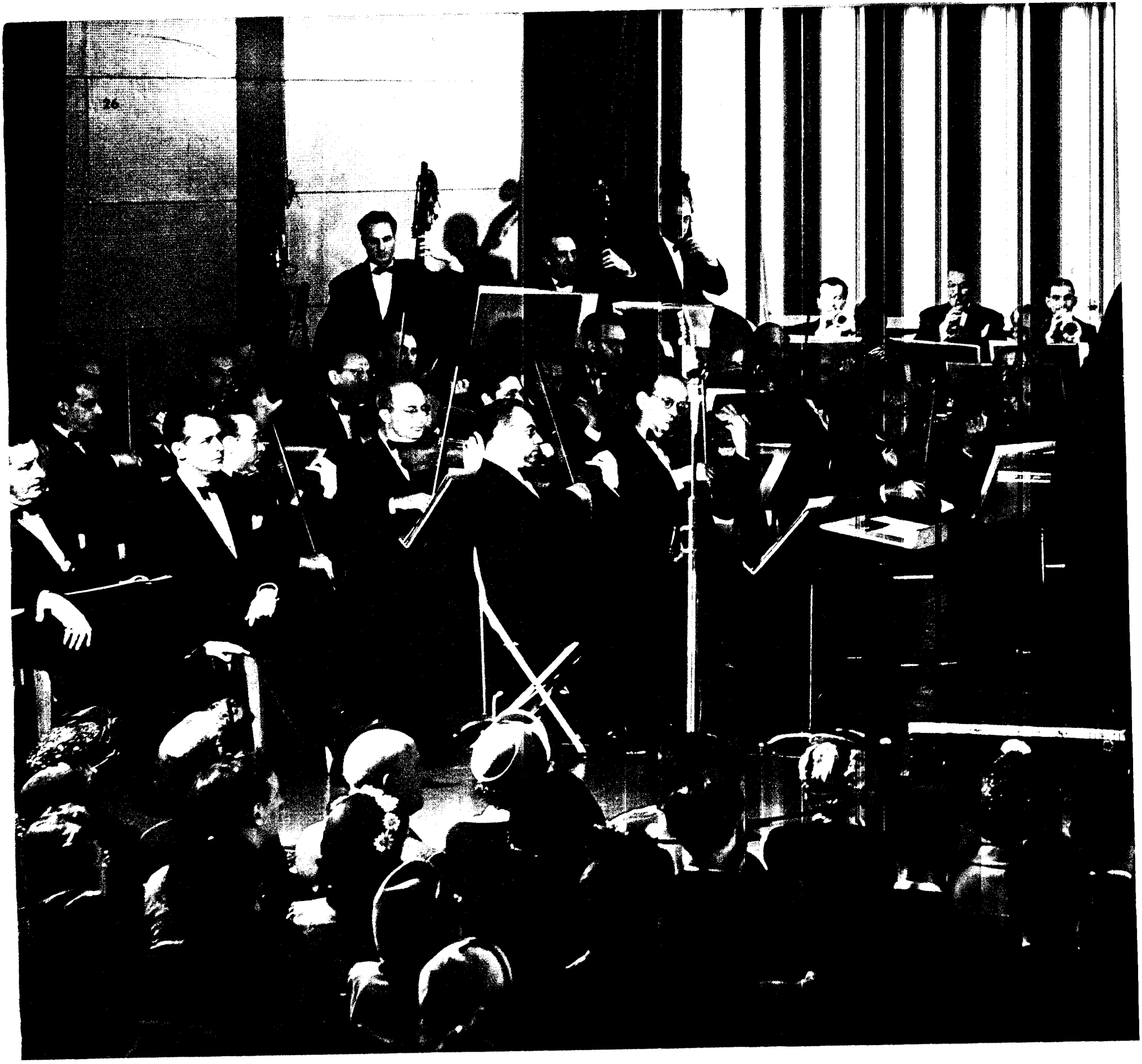

The Melody Must Be Perfect

By BEN GROSS

Maestro Don Voorhees has been conducting since he was 13. Today, as one of radio's musical greats, his hair is silvery—turned, perhaps, by the crises he has faced on the air. Take the time Ezio Pinza forgot his lyrics . . .

Collier's for July 1, 1950

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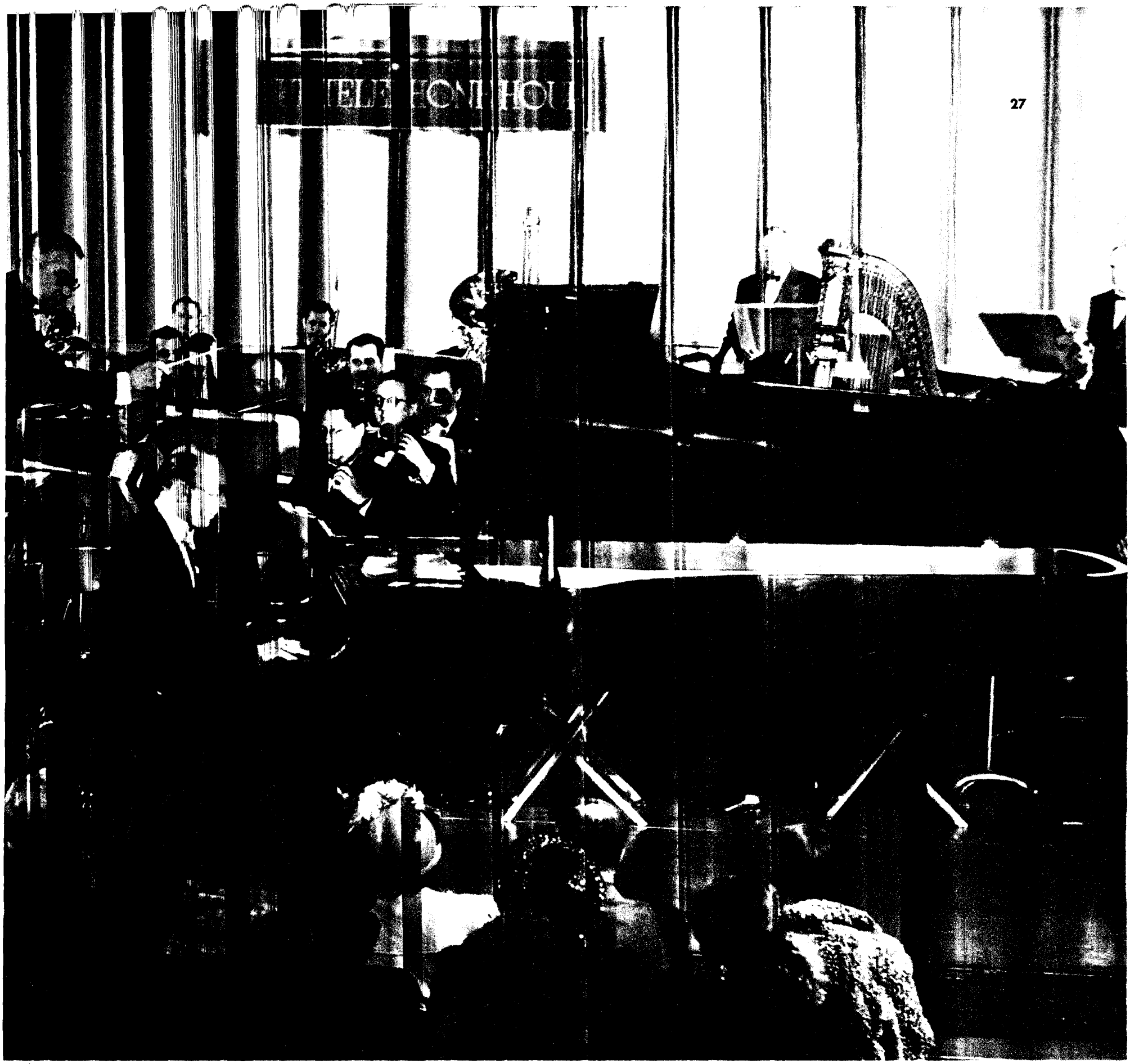

"Voorhees' special contribution to radio has been . . . a judicious mixture of popular and serious music performed by the leading virtuosos"

WITH intense absorption, the small group in easy chairs listened to music pouring from the loud-speaker, none of them more eagerly than Don Voorhees, the radio conductor, and Jascha Heifetz, the violinist. Earlier that evening Jascha had appeared as soloist on The Telephone Hour, of which Don is musical director. Now they had gathered in an office at NBC's studios to hear the transcribed rebroadcast of the show.

No one stirred, as first the strains of the orchestra and then the tones of the Heifetz violin flooded the room. A few seconds later one of the group glanced at Voorhees. The six-footer was bending forward, his hazel eyes narrowed. An orchestral passage enthralled the other listeners—but not Don. To his hypercritical ears it seemed that there should be more brilliance in the strings.

He rose from his chair, ran his fingers through his luxuriant, silvery hair and, oblivious of the company, began waving his arms, unmindful that before him was not his usual symphonic ensemble of 57 pieces, but a mere loud-speaker.

Heifetz laughed and the others made jesting remarks. But behind their banter was apparent a deep respect for a man who in radio circles is known as a "musicians' musician," a conductor who, through the medium of the air waves, counts millions among his regular listeners.

Voorhees' special contribution to radio has been to bring to this vast audience, most of it out of the reach of the concert circuits, a judicious mixture of popular and serious music performed by the leading virtuosos of our time. His success—attested to by a steady flow of fan mail from remote corners of the U.S.—has made him one of the musical greats of broadcasting.

Probably the least arty of front-rank radio personalities, he has striven less than any other for personal publicity. Yet his story is a remarkable one. At thirteen he conducted a theater orchestra in Allentown, Pennsylvania. When barely seventeen, he stood in the pit of New York's Winter Garden directing the orchestra at the Broadway *première* of a major musical show starring Eddie Cantor and the late Bert Williams.

Today, Don is musical director of two of radio's most widely acclaimed programs, both on the NBC network: the Bell Telephone System's Telephone Hour and Du Pont's dramatic series, Cavalcade of America. Financially he is also among the top-notchers, with his annual earnings estimated at more than $100,000.

It is The Telephone Hour which has brought Voorhees his greatest musical recognition from coast to coast. Since the program went on the air in April, 1940, he has conducted more than 500 of its broadcasts. There is hardly a big name in modern music who has not, at one time or other, performed under his baton. *(Continued on page 69)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD BEATTIE

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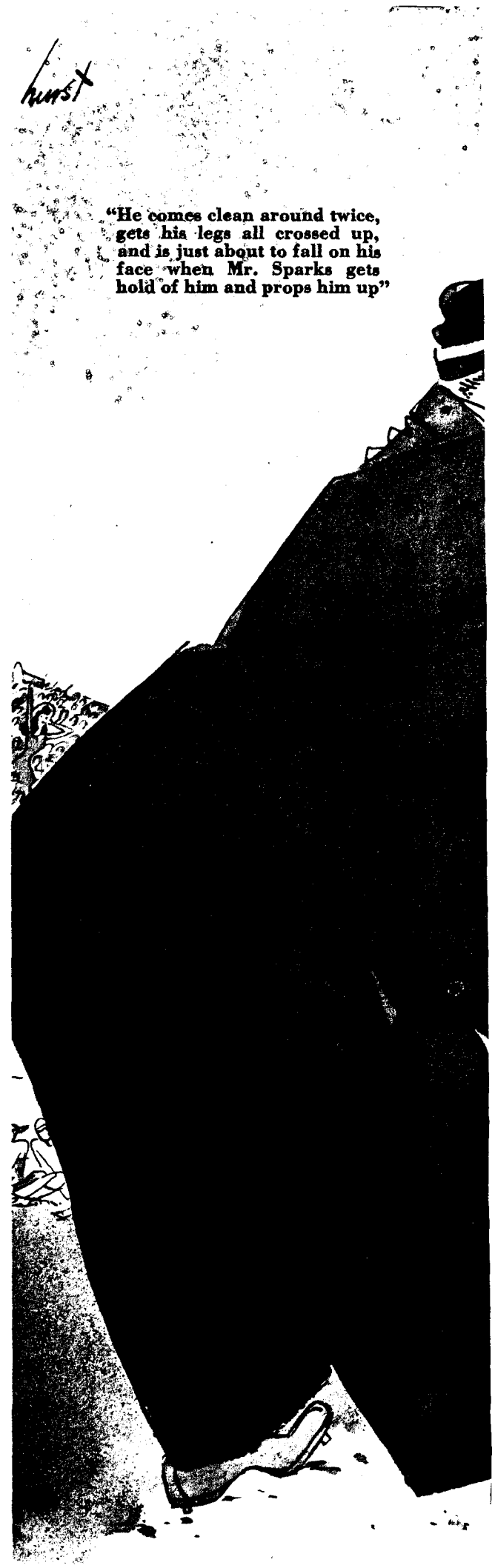
The Left-Handed CURSE

By B. M. ATKINSON, JR.

You can't hit 'em if you can't see 'em, even when the pitcher wants to marry your daughter—and would like to have you blast one out of the park



"He comes clean around twice, gets his legs all crossed up, and is just about to fall on his face when Mr. Sparks gets hold of him and props him up"

FOR sheer numbers and angles, I'll put my Old Man's baseball feud with Jabbo Johnson against any of 'em. Just to give you a slight idea about the ingredients, it involved fifteen hundred plain men, women and children, eight big-league scouts, half the Ten Commandments, twenty thousand dollars, a twenty-year-old curse, and a young girl who wanted to make her mother a widow. If that ain't feuding, it'll have to do until they pass the ammunition again.

It all started coming to a head one Saturday about a month ago. We're having our usual midday argument with lunch on the side. I do the catching for the high-school team and the Old Man is always giving me his Abner Doubleday recipe for how it should be done. Well, I'm humoring him along when Sue, my twin sister with the twenty-watt brain and the hundred-watt mouth, sounds off about the string beans.

"When Jabbo and I get married," she snaps, "you may rest assured we're not going to clutter up our table with the things!"

The Old Man looks at her like a kindly old rattlesnake. "Sue," he snarls, "I'm getting awfully sick of this business about you and Jabbo. Jabbo, Jabbo, Jabbo. That's all we hear!"

"You don't like him just because he's left-handed and has the best curve ball in the country!"

The Old Man nearly chokes. "What do I care about him throwing curves? What are curves to me? Can't we ever discuss Jabbo without you hollering about him being left-handed and throwing curves? What are you driving at?"

"What am I driving at?" Sue gasps. "You know good and well what Mr. Sparks told us about you and Lefty McGrath. Don't act so innocent!" Sue's real subtle. She's not satisfied with just waving a red flag at a bull, she's got to make him blow his nose on it. Mr. Sparks is our next-door neighbor. He's a nut about baseball, goes to all the World Series and knows a lot of the big players personally. Of all the baseball stories he knows, his favorite is about the Old Man.

It seems that he burns up the bush leagues and looks like he's headed right for the majors. Then he hits the American Association en route and runs into some real curve-balling for the first time. It drives him nuts. He can't touch one of the things, especially off a left-hander. The pay-off comes the day he's batting against Lefty McGrath, the curveball king of the league.

Lefty wings an extra-warped one in and the Old Man nearly tears himself in half swinging at it. He pulls something loose in his back and they have to cart him off the field and unwind him. He catches the next train back to Lewisport and goes in the hardware business. After twenty years, though, he's still got a warm spot in his spleen for left-handers.

Well, at the mention of Lefty, he turns so many colors he looks like a short-circuited chameleon and Mother gets in the game. "Sue, leave the table," she says. "You're just trying to ruin your father's lunch. You know we never mention left-handed people at the table."

The Old Man explodes. "I don't care if he's got four left arms and throws loop-the-loops. All I say is that no daughter of mine is marrying a ballplayer. It's strictly for gypsies. Besides, the whole thing is ridiculous. Eighteen years old and talking about getting married."

"Age doesn't have anything to do with it!" Sue snorts. "You told Mr. Sparks you would just be d-a-m-m-e-d, if you were going to have any empty-headed wrong-armed, curve-balling pitcher for a son-in-law."

"I'm going to tear that old man's tongue out. He's a d-a-m liar. I'm fond of Jabbo. I've practically raised him. I've taught him everything he knows about hunting and fishing. I'm even building him a boat. He's a nice goofy boy. If he was going to be a doctor or a businessman, something that would give you some security, I'd be all for him."

"Security!" Sue gasps. "Why, they're offering him a twenty-thousand bonus!"

THE Old Man looks like he is going to spring across the table at her. "What are they raising Jabbo on? Opium? A ball club can't offer him anything. You can't approach a high-school player until twenty-four hours after his class graduates."

"I didn't say they approached him personally. Some man from some team told one of Jabbo's uncles they were ready to give Jabbo that when the time came."

"Sweet, loving Moses," the Old Man snorts. "Some man from some team told some uncle. He'll have the State Department mixed up in it next. Sue, Jabbo is just a fair, country ballplayer. Baseball is a business, not a charity. Nobody is offering him that kind of money."

"Well," Sue snaps, "he can strike you out, I bet!"

The Old Man drums his fingers on the table. "You've forced me into this thing. This afternoon we'll all go over to the park and Jabbo and I will have it out. Mind you, I'm forty-three years old. I've been out of organized ball a long time. I got bad eyes, flatfeet and curvature of the stomach. If an old wreck like me can hit him, they don't have leagues low enough for him."

He's trying to pull a fast one. For an old man he ain't in bad shape at all and still plays ball occasionally with the town team. They don't tangle with any real curve-ballers and he gets lucky every now and then and salts a pitch away. The main thing, though, is that he and Jabbo have a little private set-to in the park last summer and he bloodies everything Jabbo throws. However, Jabbo doesn't

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have his curve really polished up and besides he worships the Old Man so I don't know whether he'd strike him out even if he could.

It's a bum risk anyway. Before I can catch Sue's eye, though, there's a knock on the door. It's Jabbo. Sue flounces out like a temple dancer to meet him and Mother hollers for him to come in and have some lunch. He ambles in with the usual silly grin on his face. He looks like Huck Finn with gland trouble. He's about six feet three, real skinny, and has an uneasy air about him like he's got a hole in his pants all the time.

"How's the arm, Jabbo?" the Old Man says.

"It's kinda sore, didn't you tell me, Jabbo?" I say, trying to give him an out.

"Naw. It's all right, Mr. Flannigan. About as good as it'll ever be, I guess."

"That's fine," the Old Man says. "I feel like swinging at a few this afternoon."

"Don't let him soft-talk you, Jabbo!" Sue blurts out. "He just said he was going to cut you in half. He's going to try and show you up so we can't get married."

"Sue!" Mother gasps. Jabbo looks like his head is on fire. Even the Old Man gets a little red.

"Don't believe her, Jabbo. I just said we ought to check your progress and see whether you should take that twenty-thousand offer or hold out for more."

Jabbo gives him that Isaac-on-the-altar look. "But, Mr. Flannigan," he says, "I thought you were going to help me with my boat!"

To Jabbo, the Old Man is a parlay of Ty Cobb, Daniel Boone and Noah. He's the only fellow Jabbo knows who ever played any real baseball, he's the best duck and *(Continued on page 48)*

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BEEF, BILLIONS
—And the Beginning

USING the annual sales value of products as a basis for size, the Census of Manufacturers frequently shows that the meat industry is surpassed only by the automobile industry. Meat, spoken of as a ten-billion-dollar business, again measured by product value, is sometimes first and rarely lower than second. The industry pays the farmers of the nation on an average 80 cents of every dollar it takes in, and four fifths of the grain grown in the United States is fed to livestock and poultry.

It's a gigantic industry for the reason that the average American is a steady and hearty meat eater. Over a period of years, however, the per capita consumption of meat varies very little. In 1900 it was 151 pounds and about 25 per cent of the family food budget went for meat. Now, a half century later, according to Dow-Jones figures, the per capita consumption is 148 pounds a year, and 25 per cent of the family food budget still goes for meat. But the industry has increased enormously because the population has just about doubled in the last 50 years.

Today there are about 4,000 packers in the United States, each of whom produces at least 300,000 pounds of dressed meat annually, and there are about 22,000 smaller companies. In the 50 years of expansion since the turn of the century, the trend has been more and more away from Chicago, until, according to President F. W. Hoffman, of Cudahy, "the day may not be far off when Chicago will be just another town where animals are dispatched and meat processed." Cudahy's main plant now is in Omaha, and the company is moving its main offices to that city from Chicago.

There are more packing houses in Iowa than in any other state, for the obvious reason that there is more grain in Iowa and consequently more feed for animals. Cudahy has moved, but the other three members of what once was known as the Big

CONTINUING EVERYMAN'S MEAT

Four still have their main installations in Chicago.

Nevertheless, they also are branching out. Swift has about 50 packing houses, 300 branch houses, 130 dairy and poultry plants, 23 plant-food factories, 31 oil mills and assorted soap factories and refineries for meat fats and vegetable oils scattered around the country. Armour has 34 slaughtering plants, Cudahy 13, and Wilson eight, and the tide of decentralization is still running strong. The principal meat-packing states are Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Ohio and California.

The packers, like everyone else, want to cut distribution costs to the minimum. The most effective way to do this is to bring the market and the source of supply closer together. This means putting packing plants at focal points around the nation.

Chicago even now is an anachronism so far as the packing industry is concerned. It's a far cry indeed from the days when Gustavus Franklin Swift and Philip Danforth Armour—Swift was from Cape Cod and Armour from upstate New York—and their brothers came to Chicago. They came to Chicago because so many of the cattle and other livestock of the country were grown west of the Mississippi while quantities of the meat were consumed east of the Mississippi, and Chicago was the best place, distributionwise and marketwise, to balance these factors. This was in 1875.

Swift, particularly, was impressed with the possibility of not having to ship a 1,000-pound steer over 1,000 miles from Chicago to Boston, when somewhat less than 570 pounds of the animal could be marketed, for it was an expensive business, especially when you added the cost of feeding and watering the animals along the way.

Swift had heard of a newfangled invention—the refrigerator car. Swift once made a remark famous in the meat industry ever since: "You don't make money in the cattle business; you save it." So, as his and Armour's successors are doing 75 years later, he set out to make money by saving on distribution costs. He moved to Chicago, where he could buy cattle shipped from the West, slaughter them, pack the meat in the ice cars and ship it to the great markets of the Eastern seaboard, thus adding tremendously to the pay load of each shipment.

The early refrigerator cars were filled and refilled en route, with ice cut in winter from rivers and lakes and stored in houses along the right of way. Today the refrigerator car is as modern as your own gleaming refrigerator. The term "packing," by the way, comes from colonial times, when the only way to keep meat more than a few days was to "pack" it in salt or brine.

Chicago became the meat capital of the world and the sprawling metropolis on Lake Michigan became accustomed to the high-heeled boots and sombreros of cattlemen, in from the ranges to sell their stock at the great yards. They're still to be seen around Chicago hotels, but you don't notice them much any more.

The city also began to live up to the meaning of its name in the Indian language. "Chicago" is popularly supposed to mean "Wild Onion," from the onion grass that grew at the mouth of the Chicago River, but there are historians who say otherwise: because of the onion grass and other odoriferous weeds that grew there and the skunk that abounded in the growths, the vicinity was called by the Indians, "Place of the Bad Smell." When it became the meat capital of the world it lived up to this name.

"4-H" CLUBS co-founder Thomas Wilson, board chairman of Wilson & Company, with son Edward Foss Wilson, company president

CHECKING PORK cutting operations, H. H. Corey, president of George A. Hormel & Company, talks with superintendent Holleque

RESEARCH PAYS off in service as well as profit, says Dr. R. C. Newton, vice-president heading up this activity for Swift & Company

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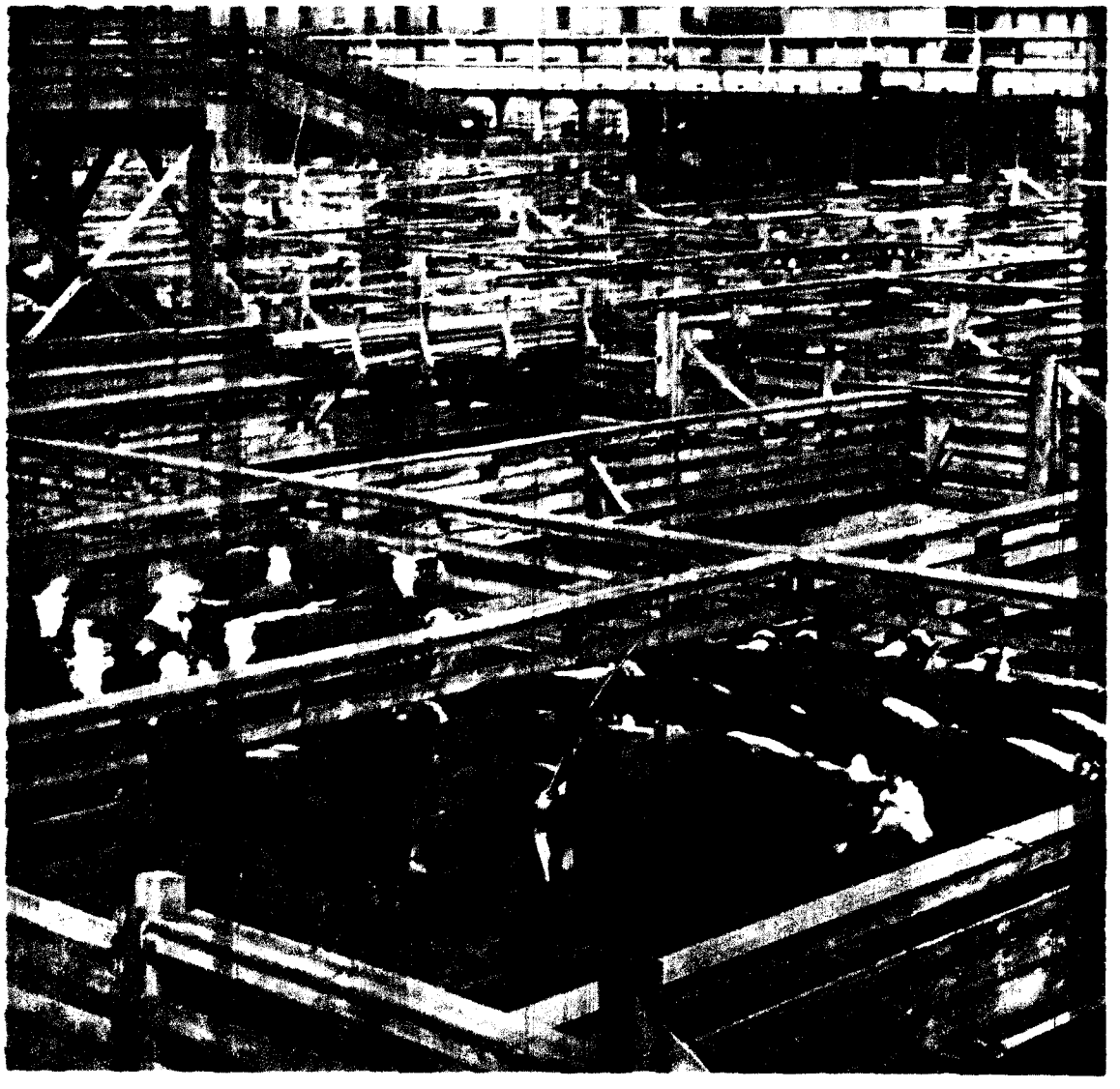
INDUSTRY-WIDE PROBLEMS tackled by the American Meat Institute Foundation, set up by packing companies. It has laboratories, under Dr. H. R. Kraybill (above), in a new building at the University of Chicago, where university and institute scientists work together



CATTLE TRADING at Chicago's stockyards is a simple, straightforward deal without written contracts. Weigher gives seller a slip which he deposits in bank. By then his cattle may be slaughtered and on the way to market. Here an Armour buyer and a seller talk over price

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY EDWARD RINKER AND VER KELJIK

By HENRY LA COSSITT

But it was not the fault of the meat-packing business. The smells came from the rendering plants, the owners of which bought condemned, diseased or dead animals, and dropped them whole into cooking vats to make commercial greases.

Swift, Armour and the others moved out by the stockyards to set up their packing plants. The yards—the Chicago Union Stock Yards, to give them their full name—had been opened in 1865, destroyed in the great fire of 1871 and rebuilt. They were again swept by fire in 1934 and again rebuilt. The yards and Packingtown, as the packing-plant area is known, are a world in themselves, with streets, police force, fire department and other municipal services. They occupy a square mile in southwest Chicago, about five miles from the celebrated Loop district. The area is divided evenly between the yards and Packingtown.

In the yards there are 150 miles of railroad track, and 13,000 pens, 8,500 of which are covered to house sheep and hogs. There are 35 miles of alleys, or chutes, for cattle, five miles of which are for hogs. Like the packing industry itself, the yards are a vast complex of activities which handle an enormous volume of livestock. The record receipts for one day are 49,128 cattle, 122,749 hogs, and 71,792 sheep.

The packers, contrary to common belief, have nothing to do with the management of the stockyards and have no financial interest in the company that operates them. This is an independent concern, operating under federal regulations, that furnishes facilities for the great livestock market, and nothing more. It boards and rooms the animals, and makes its money from fees paid by the buyers and sellers for use of the property. All transactions take place in the yards themselves and the method of dealing hasn't varied in the 85 years the Union Stock Yards have been in operation. It still is one of the simplest, most straightforward ways of dealing in existence.

The trading starts as early as seven o'clock each weekday and is practically completed by noon. Stockmen or their commissioned agents are on hand with their shipments when the packing-house buyers arrive. The yards now are seething with activity, as the bawling, bleating and squealing cattle, sheep and hogs jostle one another in the pens.

In the Lingo of the Stockyards

The buyer is on horseback and rides into a pen to look over the steers with a sharp and practiced eye.

"What are you saying?" the selling agent asks.

"Twenty-four, eighty-five," the buyer may reply.

"Over the hill," the agent says.

"Open the gate," says the buyer and rides away.

The agent has asked for a bid, the buyer has made his bid, and the agent has told him he would have to go beyond the next dollar figure, twenty-five. This the buyer has considered too high and he has left.

At the next pen he says to the agent, "What do I hear?" and the agent replies, "Twenty-four, eighty-five," to which the buyer answers, "Weigh 'em!"

The deal is closed. There is nothing in writing yet, nothing at all to show a contract has been made except the buyer's word that the deal has been closed. Nevertheless, the animals are driven on the scales. The weighman, an employee of the yards, gives slips showing the weight of the animals and the price, which has been given to him orally. The slips are negotiable paper and they are the only written record of the deal. In Chicago, they are convertible into a check that the seller takes home with him that night for deposit in his bank.

But even before he converts his paper, the animals he has sold probably have been slaughtered and are on their way to a retail market. The industry prefers to say the animals are "dispatched" and here, again, the methods haven't changed in 85 years. Cattle are stunned *(Continued on page 60)*

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Untangling the Allentown, Pennsylvania

How it was done by two cities–Allentown, Pennsylvania

Today, with Americans owning about three fourths of the world's motor vehicles, we are living in what has been called the Golden Automobile Age. But we are being denied full benefit of our 45,000,000 pleasure and business vehicles because traffic congestion has become so acute many of our cities are almost literally being strangled. Most of them were laid out for the horse-and-buggy era, and few have taken the bold, decisive steps demanded by the age of the automobile. Bumper-to-bumper tie-ups are not peculiar to the large cities; smaller cities face the same traffic problem. In the accompanying article, Collier's Bill Davidson reveals how two of them tackled it. Their methods are particularly interesting because most Americans live in communities of 25,000 to 250,000. Future issues will carry other reports on Our Strangled Cities

IN MAY, 1946, an Allentown, Pennsylvania, newspaper executive named Donald P. Miller became tired of talking himself hoarse in a vain attempt to awaken his fellow townsmen to the fact that traffic congestion was wrecking their city, so he decided to try a novel approach. First, he checked an atlas for cities the size of Allentown. He arbitrarily chose Decatur, Illinois. Next, he sat down and wrote a pamphlet describing the horrible effects of traffic congestion on the economic well-being of that city, following it with a simple plan which he said saved the situation in the nick of time. The simple plan, of course, was Miller's own.

Miller printed 1,000 copies of the pamphlet on the presses of his newspapers. Then he asked Fred Schaub, an executive of the Decatur Herald and Review, to mail the pamphlets from *Decatur* to 1,000 leading Allentown businessmen, including himself. The pamphlets arrived, and soon the city was swept with great enthusiasm for "The Decatur Plan." Before long, a similar program was rushed into effect, and today Allentown ranks as one of the few American cities which have pretty well solved the near-disastrous problem.

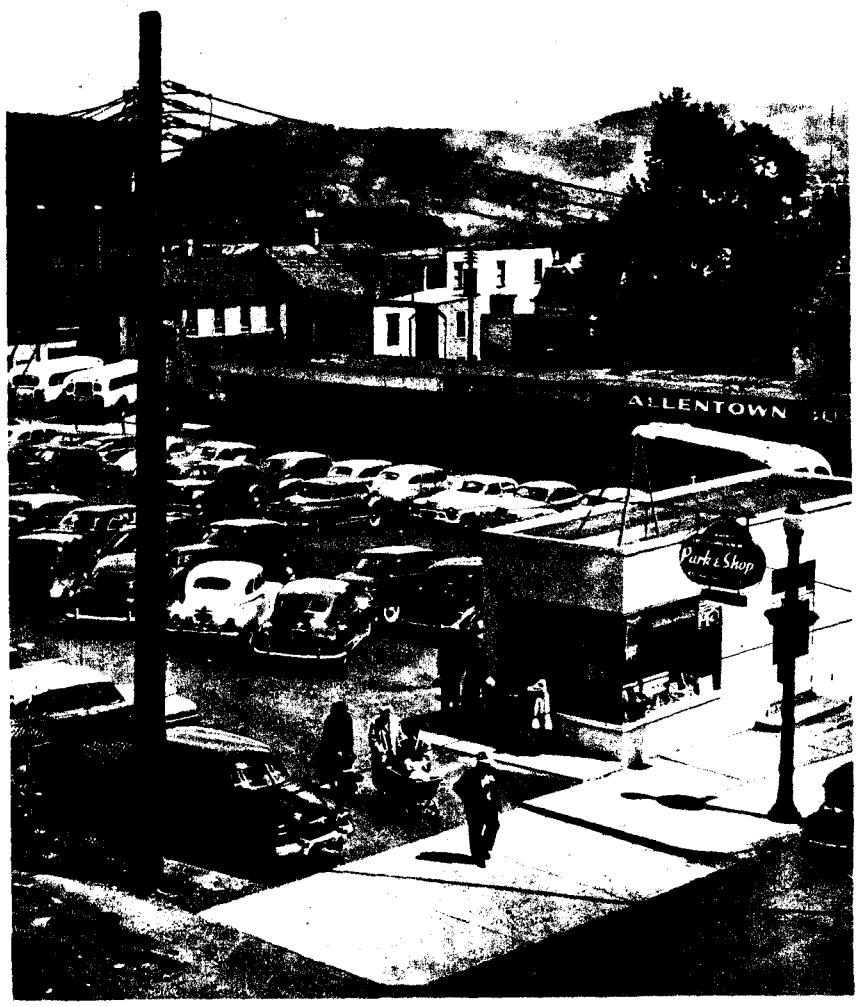
Ironically, Decatur has struggled along with its traffic problem. But recently the city began considering adopting the *Allentown* plan.

This incident illustrates three major premises: (a) The Bible was correct about a prophet being without honor in his own country; (b) it is just as difficult to get people to do something about traffic strangulation in small cities as it is in great metropolises; and (c) there is no basis for the general American belief that to escape crippling traffic congestion, all you have to do is move from a large city to a smaller one.

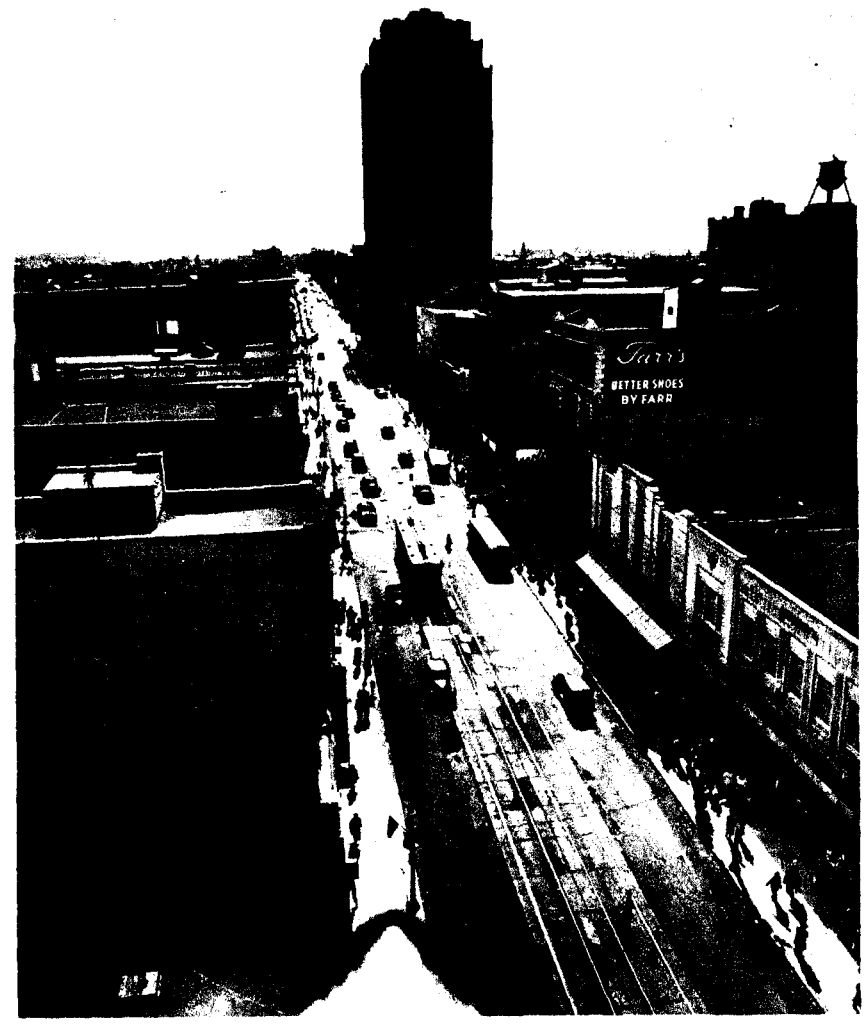
Actually, there is no difference between traffic strangulation in large and small cities—except for the extent of the congested area. This, fortunately, makes the smaller city less prone to traffic-induced catastrophes, since the downtown section generally is limited enough for ambulances and fire engines to go *around* the congestion, without losing too much time.

Even so, Kansas City, Kansas (population 140,000), once had a series of fires near its main street, Minnesota Avenue, which caused City Attorney Alton H. Skinner to throw his hands up in dismay.

Skinner wrote, in 1940: "During the rush hours and the holiday seasons, the presence of so many cars upon the main street of the city adds tremendously to the hazards of fire. First, if a fire breaks



Businessmen banded together and built "park and shop" lots like this



The result is streets clear of parked cars and traffic moving freely

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Traffic Snarl

ınd Kansas City, Kansas—and done well • By BILL DAVIDSON

out, the vehicles themselves may become involved in the conflagration, and the large amount of gasoline carried in the tanks of the cars adds to the fire hazard. Second, the owners of parked vehicles cannot be found to move their cars, and almost invariably the ignition of the cars is locked and possibly the doors, so that the cars cannot be moved by manual power. And third, cars moving to and from the curb impede the traffic in the street in the path of the fire equipment."

To translate Mr. Skinner's polite terminology into brutal simplicities, this means that a child can be killed in a small-city fire because fire trucks spend precious minutes struggling through a maze of vehicles around the one main street.

In nearly every small American city, the traffic-accident rate shot up alarmingly after the war. "Congestion did it," said one city planning director. "Kids kept darting into a snarl of traffic from behind parked cars." In Allentown, Pennsylvania, I found a policeman holding his head in despair on a Saturday night, the one night when all parking restrictions are off, and Allentown's Hamilton Street is a madhouse. "Look at that," the cop said. "Cursing, hornblowing, traffic moving bumper to bumper and blocking off the whole street. If anyone gets hit by a car here, we'd have to carry him a block to load him on an ambulance. I've done it before. The ambulance couldn't get through."

But even more serious than all this are the economic consequences of traffic strangulation, which are just as serious in small cities as in metropolitan giants like New York and Los Angeles. And it was the economic symptoms—decay, slums, depression in downtown areas abandoned by shoppers and business—that caused Allentown and Kansas City to take effective action. There are a dozen other small municipalities which have done as remarkable a job; but Collier's has selected Allentown and Kansas City, Kansas, because they best illustrate the two proved methods of removing the fingers of traffic congestion from the municipal throat.

In Allentown (population 102,000), free enterprise did the job. When the war ended in 1945, some 65,000 automobiles from the surrounding area began jamming into the 20-square-block shopping center—seemingly all at the same time. Allentown was not enforcing regulations prohibiting parking in those days, and the downtown district became a jungle. Streets were clogged with parked and double-parked vehicles, traffic was slowed to a crawl, and soon—in the normal course of traffic-congestion decay—people began to take their business elsewhere.

The big Sears, Roebuck store saw the handwriting on the wall and shocked the city with the announcement that it was moving from the crowded downtown section to an outlying district where there was plenty of parking space. Two other companies followed suit, and real-estate values began to drop in the central shopping area. Allentown was well on the way to becoming what the social scientists call an "exploded" city, a city with a blighted, run-down, slum-ridden core, and suburbs with their own business sections.

A few months before, a tiny airplane had begun soaring over the city every day. The plane kept swinging low, investigating alleys and back yards, and taking photos from the air. The plane belonged to the Morning Allentown Call and Evening Chronicle and in it was Donald P. Miller, executive vice-president of the two newspapers.

The plane's activities remained a mystery to the citizens of Allentown until one day in the spring of 1945 when Miller had lunch with shoe merchant Harvey L. Farr and Charles E. Folwell, president of the Zollinger-Harned department store. Miller said, "There's only one way to save this town. We've got to get the parked cars off the streets to let traffic move. Then the city must build free parking lots in the heart of the *(Continued on page 71)*

Kansas City, Kansas

City government did the job in Kansas City. Slums near Minnesota Avenue were razed for parking space. Business at once revived

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War Shirt

By DOROTHY M. JOHNSON

It was the end of Francis Mason's weary search for the brother his family had so cruelly wronged. And the man who faced him was a painted old warrior adorned with human scalps

BIJE WILCOX leaned against a cottonwood trunk and watched Francis Mason's nervous fussing, half amused and half exasperated. Bije was a grim man, lean and hard as jerked buffalo beef, with hair and beard the color of melting snow in a chinook. He was not completely relaxed as he stood there, smoking his stub of a pipe—no man lived in Injun country very long after he stopped watching for trouble, and Bije had been there for forty years.

With a casual movement he glanced back the way they had come, toward the Army fort, two days' ride north. Danger could come to this rendezvous from that direction if the major guessed that Mason was looking for Cheyennes, but nothing stirred across the prairie.

Danger could come from the south, too, from the Cheyenne camp that was down there—or had been, a week earlier. The good thing about waiting under the cottonwoods was that, if trouble came, a man could see its dust far off.

Bije scorned the man who had hired him, this Francis Mason from Philadelphia, but he admitted that the greenhorn had courage and determination. Also, he had money. He paid for what he got. For two years the Easterner had been searching for his lost brother, at trading posts and Army forts all along the frontier.

Francis Mason sat down to smoke but did not finish the pipe. He went over and fussed again with the arrangement of the gifts he had laid out on a blanket, moving the carbines, the red cloth, the beads and the knives so everything would show up to best advantage.

"When did he say he would come?" Mason demanded.

"Never said he'd come at all," Bije Wilcox growled. "Said maybe somebody would come, sometime." He added, "If he does come, he'll bring an interpreter. He don't talk English, only Cheyenne and sign."

"You speak Cheyenne," Mason argued. "Why does he need an interpreter?"

Bije shrugged. "Why should he trust me? I'm a white man."

"How could he be my brother Charles?" Mason demanded in an arguing sort of way. "Charles was well-educated. He wrote poetry. The green book on the blanket contains the poems he left. We had them published."

"I never promised to bring any brother of yours to this rendezvous," Bije reminded him. "The man I talked to is a Cheyenne war chief." And after a while, he thought, I'll get around to telling you what he was when I first knew him, thirty years ago.

The Cheyenne war chief, Bije reflected complacently, had been making medicine on the other side of that yellow hill since noon. By the flight of a bird he knew someone was there; by the thin streamer of smoke he knew there was a medicine fire. The fact that he had seen these things was a good sign. When Injuns wanted to keep hidden, there was nothing to see.

Francis Mason murmured, "The mark you said was on his cheek. The big red mark as if a man's hand had been pressed there. How many men like that would there be in the world?"

"I was born again," Medicine Mark told them. "Now I am an old man. I try to help my people. I wear the war shirt, and it is a heavy burden"

Only one, thought Bije Wilcox. And the white man who had it used to call it the Mark of Cain.

He answered, "Injuns paint. You know that. It's his medicine, that red hand is. A man goes out on a hill and starves himself to get a vision, or he goes through the torture at the pole, and his dream tells him his medicine. . . . All I said I'd do was take a message to a Cheyenne with a red hand on his face and promise him presents if he'd come here for you to talk to. And I done it and I like to lost my hair when his young men came out to meet me.

"He takes a risk, coming so far with no war party," Bije reminded Mason. "But he wouldn't let me take you near his camp. He protects his people."

And wouldn't the major like to ride out and catch him here! Bije reflected. For years the Army had tried to get Medicine Mark to come in and touch the pen to a treaty, but the message he sent was always the same—an arrow with blood dried on it. The Army still wanted Medicine Mark, but not to talk of treaties.

Bije leaned against the cottonwood trunk, waiting for time to pass, aware that the thin streamer of smoke was gone, and feeling the sun work on his stiffening joints.

"He wouldn't come," Bije said, "if I hadn't promised him guns and ammunition. The horses, they're for show, and the rest is for pretty."

Except the things Mason had put on the blanket to trap him, Bije thought. Might work, too. It might.

The cunning man from Philadelphia! The vèho spinning a web! Was it an accident that in the Cheyenne tongue vèho meant white man as well as spider?

The vèho said, as if he had read Bije's mind, "As I told you, I'd pay a thousand dollars to the man who could bring me my brother."

Bije grunted. The vèho's web was hung with gold, enough to keep a man in comfort for quite a while. Comfort was a thing a mountain man did not think about, except when he happened to have it. But when his occupation was gone with the fur trade and his youth gone with the years, when his ancient wounds irked him and supple joints were stiffening, what then for one who had been a mountain man? The Army had no use on its civilian payroll for a scout too stiff to ride all day or a hunter who brought in little meat. But a man with a thousand dollars for a stake, a man who knew Injun trading—Bije started planning what stock a trader should have.

Francis Mason shivered and looked back the way they had come.

"I been watching," Bije informed him. "Nothing's coming from that way. But somebody's going to come around that yellow hill yonder in a few minutes. Wisht you'd set down and act like it didn't matter."

After a while he remarked, "There comes two Injuns." He fired his rifle in the air and walked forward, away from the fire, shouting in Cheyenne, "Welcome, friends! Welcome!"

That gunshot greeting, the ancient sign of peace, was pointless in these modern times. When Bije was young and the rifle was a flintlock Hawken, the greeting emptied it and proved good will. Now he carried a Henry with five cartridges remaining in the magazine. The greeting was nothing but a lie. Bije had met a lot of lies in his lifetime.

The whole meeting was risky, and he did not welcome danger with the high heart of a young man. But the risk was worth while. Mason had paid him for arranging the rendezvous, would pay him another thousand dollars when he said, "That's the man you're looking for." Besides, Bije was going to learn the answer to a riddle that had been fretting him for thirty years: why such a man as Cain had come West in the first place, and why he had turned Injun. . . .

The two riders greeted him from far off—a lithe young Cheyenne, perhaps seventeen, almost naked because he had not yet enough war honors to show up in his costume, and a stately older man who had about all the war honors a man was likely to live long enough to earn.

"There's Medicine Mark," Bije announced. "The young one is his third son, Rules His Horses. He'll interpret."

Mason had not thought of asking how a young Indian might have learned English if he had never lived with white men.

Looking at the haughty youth and at the stately warrior, Bije was wrenched with envy. If I'd kept a woman, he realized, instead of sending 'em back to their fathers' lodges—the Shoshone girl, them two Hunkpapas, the Crow I called Sally, even that Ree that come near talking me to death—if I'd kept one of 'em for more than just a winter, I'd have boys of my own by now to bring in meat. No need for the vèho's Judas money then.

But I sent 'em back, and my sons, if I had any, went with 'em. I wonder how many tall half-blood boys of mine are living in the peaked lodges? But I never could stay with 'em. I couldn't turn Injun. By God, I'm still a white man. A vèho myself. He smiled meagerly, glancing slit-eyed at the chief, Medicine Mark, hating him for what he had.

THE Cheyenne warrior's hair hung in two gray braids wrapped in otter skin. The medicine mark was vivid, a great red hand printed on the side of the brown, seamed face. From slits in his ears hung silver medals.

He wore the insignia of courage proved in many battles, the costume that could be bought only with boldness and with blood. So fully proved in valor that he could afford not to boast too much about it, he did not wear an eagle-feather war bonnet. The war shirt told enough—the buckskin shirt fringed with human hair.

Francis Mason stepped forward with a quick sound that was not quite a name, and Bije warned, "I'll talk. That's his war outfit he's got on."

Bije spoke at length, piecing out the harsh, choking syllables of the Cheyenne tongue with accustomed gestures of the sign language. The man with the red hand on his cheek answered briefly.

Bije explained to Mason, "He says he can't stay. Just happened to come here." He spoke further, coaxing, gesturing toward the spread presents on the red blanket.

The old warrior rode over and looked down at the gifts. He nodded and got off his horse.

A little lame now, eh? Bije thought, meanly pleased to see him limp. But you got sons to make your meat and a woman to cook it.

The young Indian picketed the horses and came back, his chin up and his eyes wary, never letting go of his rifle. Part of the metal of the side plate was missing, replaced with hardened hide.

Bije Wilcox said, "This *(Continued on page 61)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

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Not just an order taker, Sices advises—sometimes *tells*—stores what to stock. Here he is with a buyer (at table) of new fall suits

LITTLE WOMEN are GOLDEN

By COLLIE SMALL

For years most suit makers slighted the "half-pints." That gave Murray Sices an idea. Now the trade calls him a genius

BEING a success in the rough-and-tumble New York garment business requires that a man operate on a continuous dead run or perish by the side of the road. Murray Sices, who at thirty-one is definitely a success, is no exception. He has little time for self-appraisal. On certain rare occasions when the machines are idle, however, he likes to think of himself as the savior of thousands of American women who, being short, fat or otherwise at variance from the norm, have been left stranded by the women's ready-to-wear industry.

The figures of perhaps 75 per cent of the women in America, it appears, are not "normal." The majority, in other words, cannot wear regular sizes without extensive alterations, and Sices has taken spectacular advantage of this parlous situation. Because he is the largest exclusive manufacturer of half-size, or off-size, women's suits, which he calls Murray Sices Originals, he actually *has* rescued within the short space of six years any number of disillusioned women who had sorrowfully concluded there was something wrong with them.

Sices' concern over the predicament of the modern woman speaks well for his motives, although they naturally are not altogether altruistic, and in addition it has given him, at his tender age, the status of genius in New York's frenzied garment center. It does not, however, speak so well for the garment industry. In its haste to get to market, the industry obviously lost sight of some universal truths.

According to the Department of Agriculture, the average American woman is slightly more than five feet, three inches tall. About one per cent are "quarter-pints" under four feet nine and nearly 65 per cent are "half-pints" between four feet nine and five feet four. Statistics like these should have made things fairly clear to the people supplying America's women with their ready-made suits, but the industry apparently sized things for what *it* considered the average woman. Unfortunately, the difference between the industry's conception of the average woman and the woman herself turned out to be considerable.

The industry, moreover, cannot explain how it got so far off the track that the majority of ready-to-wear clothes should be sized for the minority. There has always been a half-size business, but it was merely a side line with most manufacturers until Sices took his long and breathless leap into half-sizes only and sprinted away to a commanding lead over his nonplused competitors.

Thanks largely to Sices, the half-size business has now grown to formidable proportions. Russeks, the New York specialty store, does 65 per cent of its women's suit business in half-sizes; before the war, it sold only 15 per cent in the so-called off-sizes. Since 1944, by his own estimate, Sices has manufactured and sold some 600,000 half-size suits and has entrenched himself in such other stores as Lane Bryant in St. Louis and Lord & Taylor in New York, Marshall Field in Chicago, the City of Paris in San Francisco and the May Company in Los Angeles. All told, more than 4,000 stores handle his apparel and more than 400 of them maintain departments which are devoted exclusively to Sices Originals at prices ranging from $39 to $69.

All this has naturally had a healthy effect on the books of the Murray Sices Corporation. In 1944, the first year of his geniushood, Sices grossed a mere $300,000. By 1946, he was up to the safer level of $900,000. In 1948, he topped $3,000,000. Last year was not an auspicious year for most manufacturers, but Sices swam confidently upstream and emerged with a gross of some $4,500,000. This year, he expects to do a business in excess of $6,000,000.

In the course of his career in half-sizes, Sices has acquired a certain wariness. Women are notori-

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN HUGELMEYER

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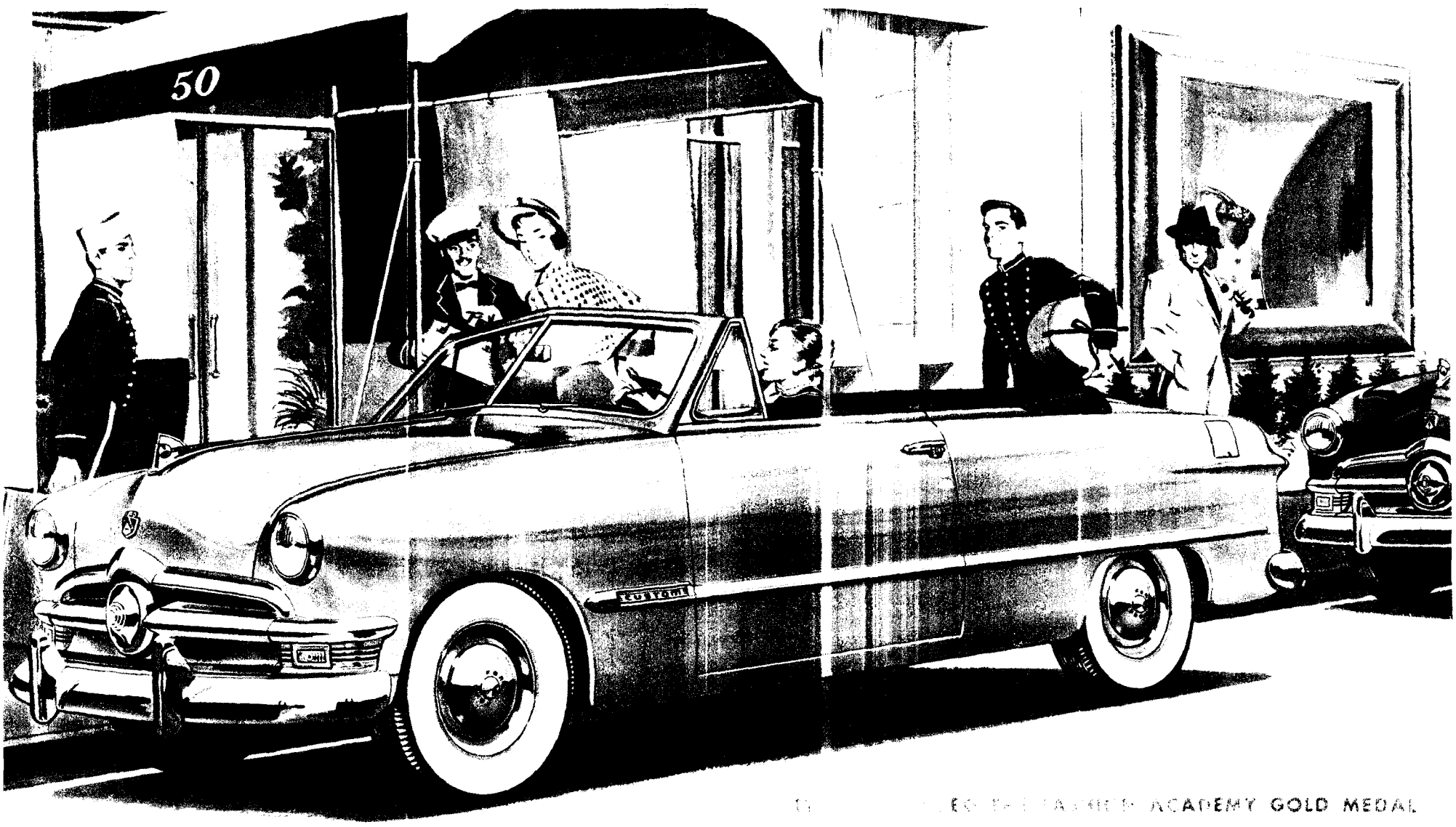
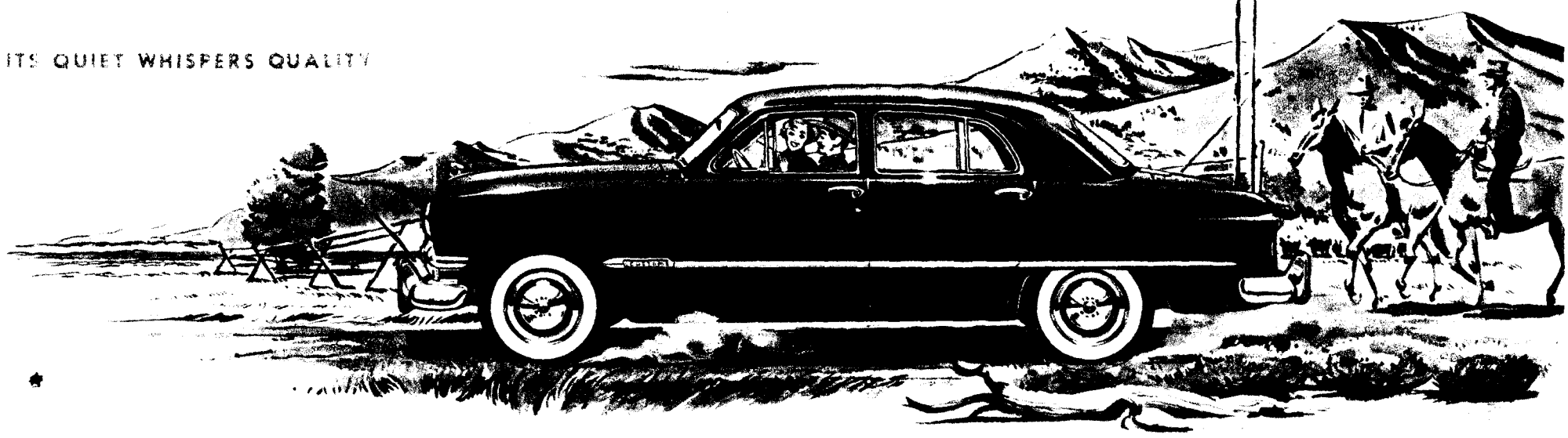


THE FASHION ACADEMY GOLD MEDAL

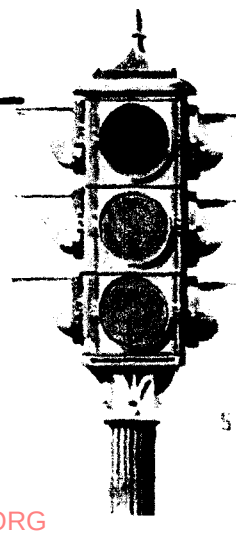
A Beauty on the boulevard
A Bearcat in the brush



One look will show you why New York's famed Fashion Academy has chosen Ford as "Fashion Car of the Year" for the second year in a row.

"Test Drive" it and you'll know it's in a class by itself for performance—on back road or boulevard! You'll thrill to the "feel" of the 100 h.p. V-8 engine or its companion in quality, the 95 h.p. Six! And you can measure the economy, mile after mile, in dollars and cents! It's economical to purchase . . . economical to operate . . . economical to maintain . . . and it's high in resale value!

"Test Drive" a '50 Ford at your Ford Dealer's today. It's the one fine car . . . the economy car . . . of the low-price field!



"Test Drive" the '50 FORD

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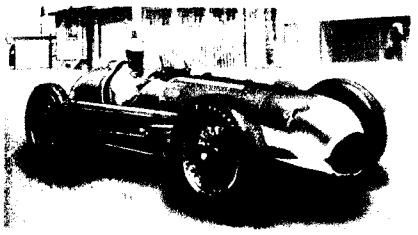
CHOOSE THE TIR



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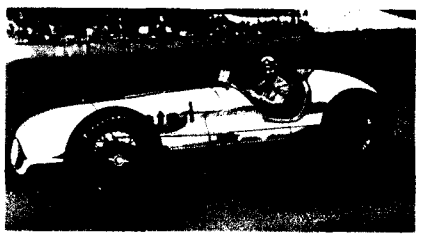

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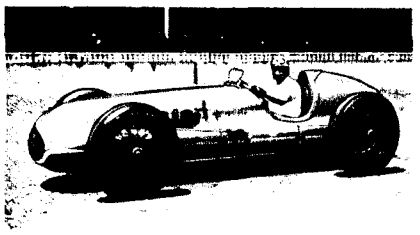

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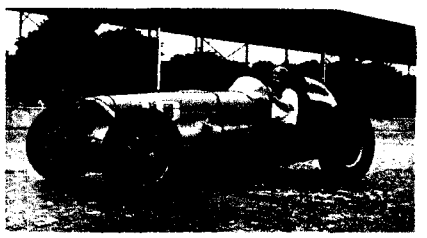

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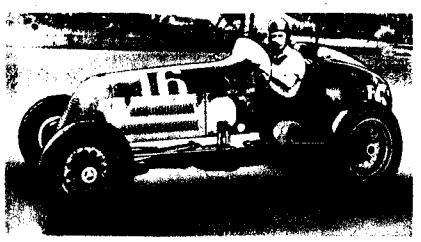

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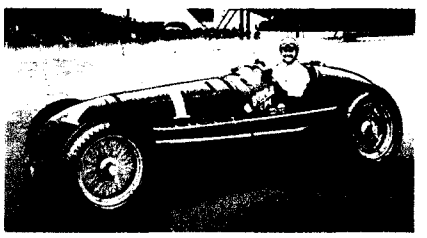

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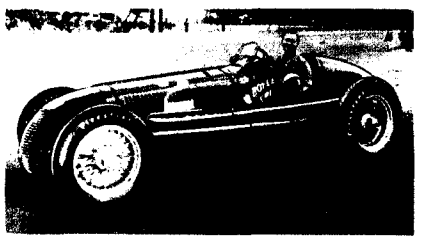

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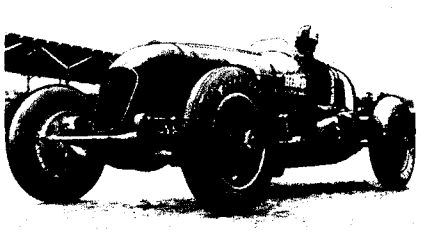

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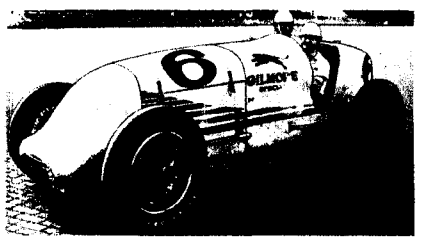

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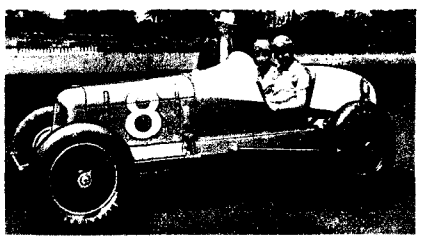

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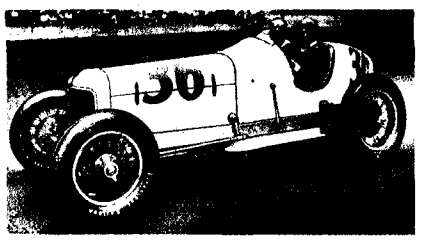

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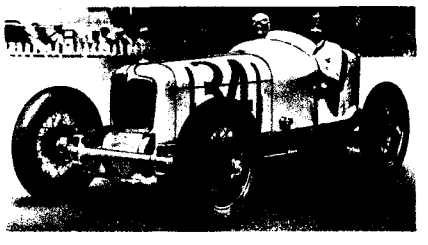

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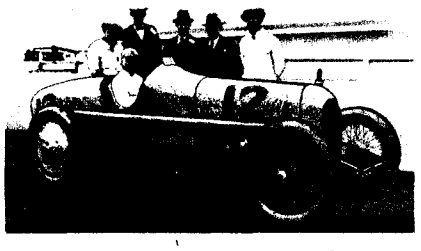

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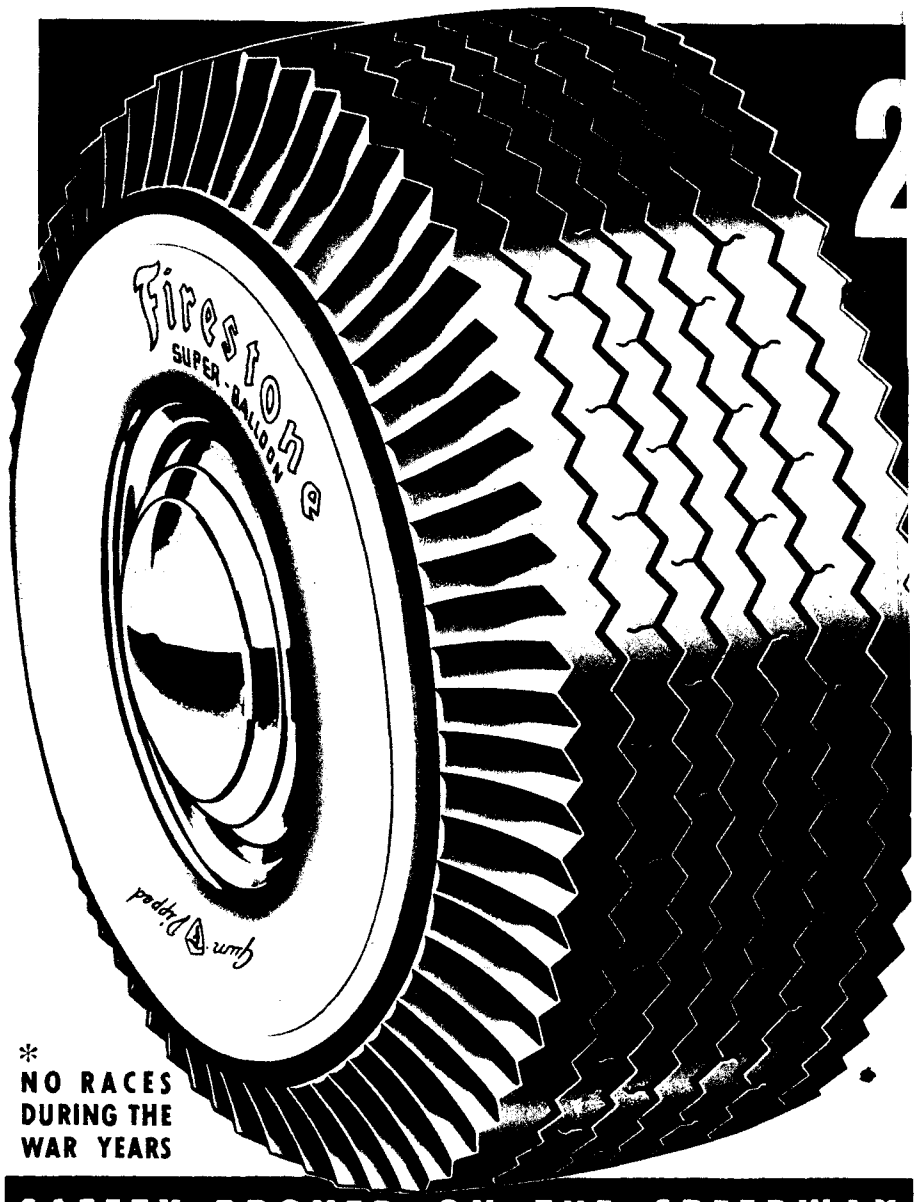
1924 98.23 M.P.H. JOE BOYER, L. CORUM



* NO RACES DURING THE WAR YEARS

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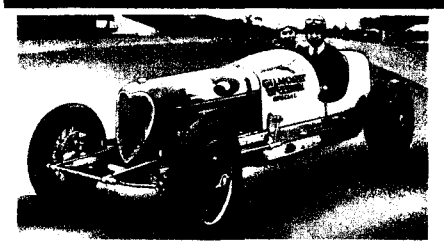

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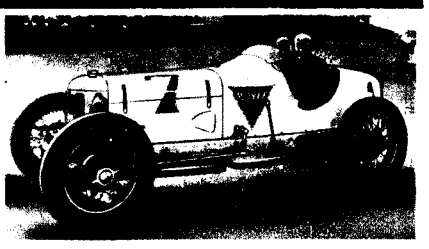

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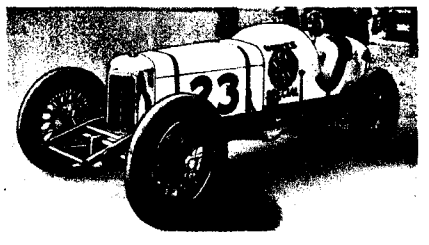

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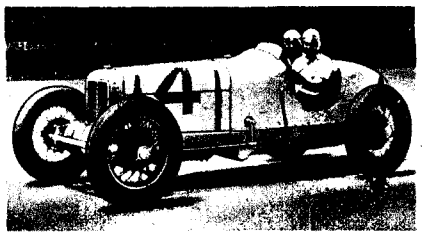

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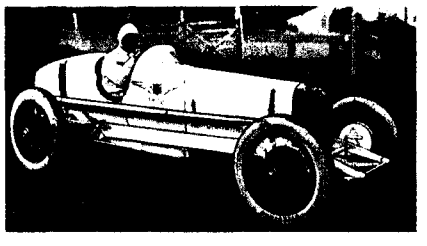

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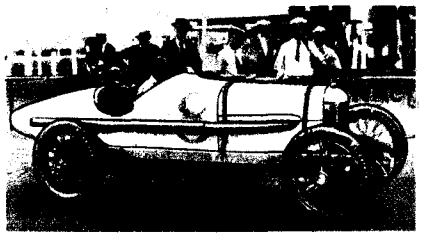

1922 94.48 M.P.H. JIMMY MURPHY

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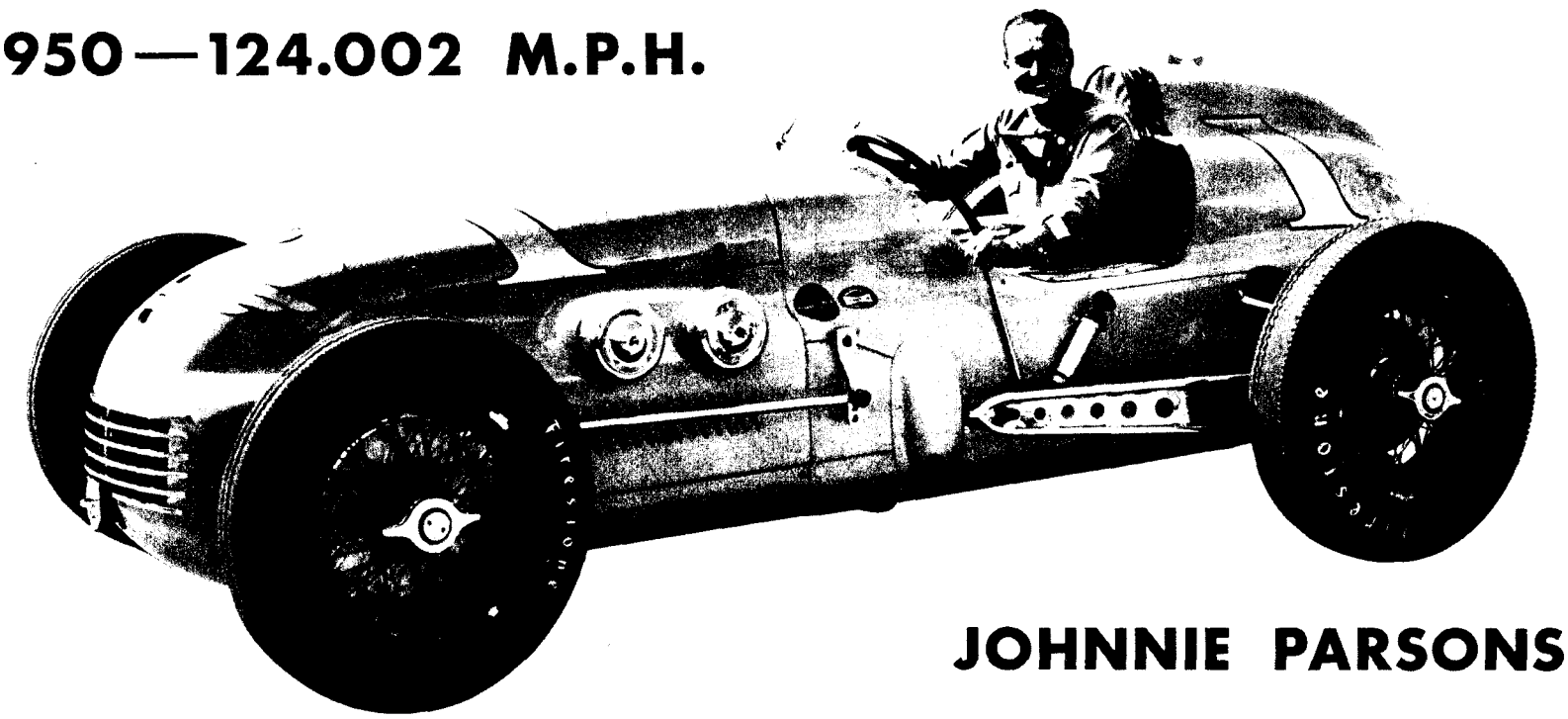
E OF CHAMPIONS

7 CONSECUTIVE INDIANAPOLIS RACES HAVE BEEN WON ON Firestone TIRES

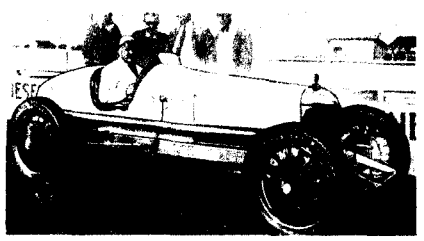
1950—124.002 M.P.H.



JOHNNIE PARSONS

THE Indianapolis Race is more than a breath-taking spectacle of speed; more than a colorful carnival of thrills and chills. It is not just a stunt. On the contrary, it is a practical, torturous test of new engineering developments before they are adopted for regular production. Authorities say that 500 miles on the speedway are equal to 50,000 miles of ordinary driving . . . 5 years of average service crowded into less than 4½ hours!

For many years, every driver in the race has *bought* Firestone Tires, because no driver is willing to risk his life or chances of victory on anything less than the safest tires that money can buy. Remember *that* fact the next time *you* buy tires. Protect your life and the lives of others by equipping your car with a set of new Firestone Tires.



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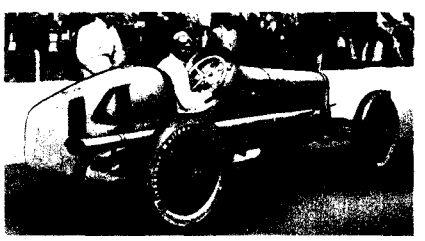

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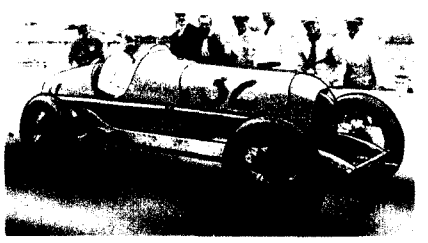

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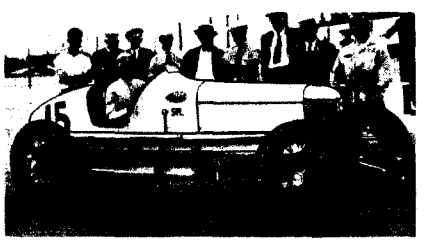

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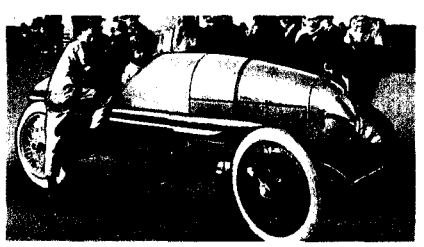

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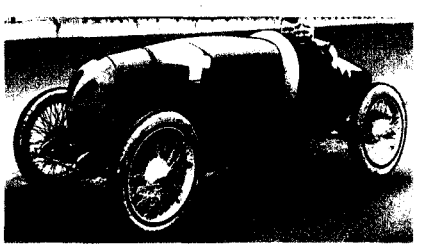

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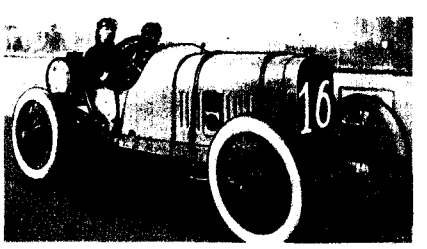

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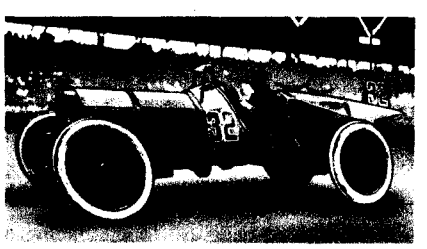

1911 74.59 M.P.H. RAY HARROUN

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ously sensitive about the size of almost everything they wear, and a woman who feels she is an inbetween is likely to be hypersensitive, especially if she thinks the ready-to-wear industry regards her as a freak. Sices is acutely conscious of this and other female reflexes, and if he could think of a suitable substitute he would not even use the term "half-size." So far, however, a more flattering designation has eluded him.

Retail stores have always recognized that there are fundamental weaknesses in lady shoppers. For example, it has been virtually compulsory in many stores to caution new salesgirls never to ask a potential suit buyer what size she wears. For reasons of ego, the woman is almost always tempted to name a size that is too small for her, and when she finds she cannot get into it her disposition suffers accordingly.

A New Form of Flattery

Other stores go a step beyond that and mark everything down one size to begin with. Thus, when even a regular-size woman comes in expecting to have to wear a size 40 and goes out instead with what appears to be a 38, she is, if the store has calculated correctly, teetering dizzily on the brink of pure ecstasy.

Besides making suits that fit the majority of women without the tedium of heavy alterations, Sices has also solved the problem of the psychology of sizes. He uses small numbers. Whereas many manufacturers witlessly incur the wrath of off-size women by starting their suit sizes at, say 32, Sices Originals begin disarmingly at 12½ and go only as high as an innocent-sounding 24½. The 24½, however, is really equivalent to a short 42.

"These are the gimmicks that Ponce de León was looking for," a buyer friend of Sices said rapturously not long ago. "When Murray found the half-size business, he found the Fountain of Youth."

Whatever it is, Sices agrees he has found something. In fact, the demand for his suits has been such that he is now feeling the first pangs of exhaustion. Although he is six feet tall, and the picture of health, he has ulcers and sustains himself largely on a diet of one-minute eggs. His blood pressure is inclined to register alarming upward swoops on occasion and he visits his physician frequently to have it stabilized. He also consults a psychiatrist regularly in the hope of finding out what makes him run, but the results of these visits have not been altogether satisfactory.

"It's funny about the psychiatrist thing," he said recently. "I went to him in the first place to get my nerves calmed down, and for a while I had an appointment every afternoon at five-thirty for 45 minutes. Well, about three o'clock I would start to worry about whether I was going to be able to get away from the office in time to keep the appointment. First thing I knew the whole idea was getting me jumpier than I was in the first place. Now I'm stuck, and it looks like the only good thing that might come out of this is that if I have a nervous breakdown I'll have it right in my psychiatrist's office."

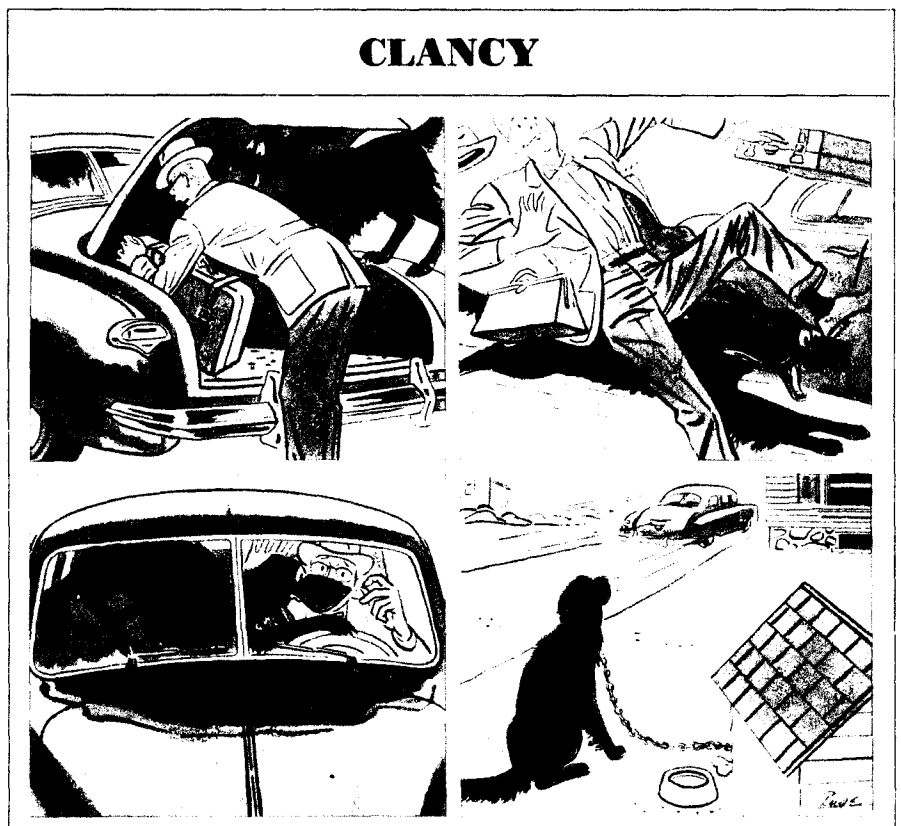
Sices' friends see no danger of his collapsing soon, but as an inveterate taker of pulses, he flies thousands of miles each year, dropping in at various stores to see how things are going, and this constant shuttling back and forth across the country increases the tension under which he works. Nevertheless, he considers the personal touch important, and as a result he has built up a wide acquaintanceship among buyers, retailers and others in the ready-to-wear business.

David Nemerov, the head of Russeks and a man who is considered something of an oracle among retailers, has been known to get downright rhapsodic at the mention of Sices' name.

"In a short space of time," Nemerov said recently, "this young man has impressed the American market second to no one I know of. He understands the body line of the half-size better than anyone I know and he is through with one season almost before the next fellow has started. I have seldom seen anyone equal his clear thinking, planning or timing, and it should be remembered that these elements are only valuable if they are co-ordinated. Almost all manufacturers think they possess these qualifications, but the difference is that Murray doesn't flounder. He concentrates more keenly than almost anyone I have ever seen."

Sices' single-mindedness has always been one of his dominant characteristics and he attributes his success in the garment industry to a purposeful and almost insatiable drive for security.

"In other words, money, success or any other term that means security," he said not long ago. "I hated school because it seemed silly to be doing anything without getting paid for it. I could get more security by hustling around poolrooms or playing semipro baseball for five bucks a game than I could get by going to school so I stayed 'on the hook' most of the time. I probably would have wound up being a bookmaker if it hadn't been for my mother and father. They were clean thinkers."



By 1935, when he was sixteen, his scholastic delinquencies had caught up with him. He had played hookey so often that the authorities at Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn decided to make the absence permanent. Sices, in his third year, was expelled. The baseball coach at another high school in Brooklyn saw an opportunity to bolster his team by enrolling Murray at his school, but when the principal took a look at the dismal record he had compiled at Erasmus, he said tersely, "Not here." Inasmuch as there were no further offers from other high schools in New York, Sices' fainthearted pursuit of learning was abandoned.

Sices' father, Harry Sices, a women's coat manufacturer who himself had been forced to quit school when he was in the seventh grade to go to work, was understandably dismayed by the turn of events, but as he says now, "The apples did not fall far from the tree." Murray and his two younger brothers, Reuben and David, have all gone into the garment business with their father's blessing, although David's participation is still limited to summer vacations, since he is in school, and all of them, including the elder Sices, are now working for Murray toward the greater glory of the Murray Sices Corporation.

"I wanted Murray to get a little more education, but when I saw he was determined to go into the garment business, I encouraged him," his father says proudly. "The average man in this industry tries to shield his children from it because it's a rough business. I didn't do that. If Murray was going to get into it, I wanted him to be prepared."

The preparation turned out to be more than even Murray's father had envisioned. Murray went to work for a Brooklyn clothing contractor at $12 a week, sweeping floors, wrestling packing boxes, cutting canvas linings, making out payrolls, matching skirts with jackets, marking tucks and gatherings, and wrapping packages with twine until his hands were bleeding. He often slept on a workbench in the shop because he had missed the last Long Island train home. "I said to the contractor, 'Make it tough for him,'" Harry Sices recalled a few weeks ago. "I never should have said it. The man was a slave driver."

At the end of the spring season, young Sices asked for a $2 raise. His employer was aghast at his cheek and promptly fired him. Sices then experimented briefly with selling neon signs and window lettering at $8 a week, plus commissions. For several months he diligently patrolled the streets of Brooklyn, watching out for new businesses which had moved into empty lofts and were in need of some sort of identification. His success here, however, was something less than stimulating. Finally, when he discovered that his new employer, who took him out to lunch occasionally, was deducting the price of the lunch from his commissions, he quit in high disgust and went to work selling business suits to elevator operators.

This was obviously specialization to a precarious degree. He not only had to show the elevator operators swatches and convince them that they needed new suits, but he had to measure them between floors. If the maneuver was successful, he would take a dollar down. Within two weeks, the owners of the business had been arrested for not producing any suits and Sices was again at liberty. With something akin to relief, he went to work for his father as a shipping clerk at $15 a week.

By 1943, Sices had become the top salesman of women's coats for his father's firm and he found himself running at full speed. It was in that same year that he met a merchandising expert in Detroit who, he feels now, did more to shape his career than any other person.

Sices had been talking one afternoon in New York with Harry Flanagan, a buyer for a Detroit store, when Flanagan mentioned Tom Stack, a merchandiser for the Ernst Kern Company in Detroit. "Is he a good merchandiser?" Sices asked.

"The best," Flanagan said.

"Then take me to Detroit tonight and introduce me to him," Sices said. The next morning, he was in Detroit being introduced.

The amenities disposed of, he called on Stack again a few weeks later to try to sell him an order of coats. Stack told Sices to write his own order for 500. When Sices had completed it, Stack looked at the order and said, "Go back to New York and cut the patterns. Only cut them in smaller sizes than the ones you have here."

Sices unquestioningly did Stack's bidding, although he did not understand Stack's insistence on smaller sizes. The coats were delivered to Kern's within two weeks and the store immediately advertised a sale. Over 350 were sold the first day. Sices was in Stack's office, going over the sales slips as they were brought in, and he was astonished to see that 70 per cent of the sales were coming in the smaller-size groups. Stack looked at Sices and grinned. "Write another order," he said.

Sices brooded over the results of the sale at Kern's for some time. The more he thought about it, the more he realized that the garment industry had betrayed the half-pint by not giving her clothes which fit. Since the half-pint was in the majority and since the coat business was something less than thriving, anyway, Sices saw the road ahead suddenly bathed in a great shining light.

The conversion from coats to suits, with its ultimate great effect on the ready-to-wear industry, was accomplished in 1944 in an atmosphere of great conspiracy. The heretical beating in Murray's breast for half-size suits was not evident to his father, who, being a coat manufacturer, would have taken steps immediately to stamp it out if he had detected it.

Father Gets a Severe Shock

In his innocence, however, he went to California for a vacation, secure in the belief that his coat business was in good hands. When he returned two months later, he discovered to his horror that his impetuous son had sold every coat in the establishment, taking a $30,000 loss in the process, and was busy manufacturing women's half-size suits under the old coat label of "Bobby Burns." He had, in fact, already shipped 5,000 suits and had cornered orders for 15,000 more.

The rest of the Sices saga is written in the bright little footnotes which indicate success. Harry Sices resigned himself to disaster and sold out to his overpoweringly self-confident son for $50,000. From then on, it was Murray Sices against the field. In 1946, the other manufacturers got a glimmer of what was going on in the suit business, but young Sices had already lapped them. Needless to say, having stolen the lead he is not anxious to give it back.

It is probable that Sices, for all his triumphs, has taken no more from the suit business than he has given it. There have always been women's suits, but because suits took more material and cost more to produce, most manufacturers were happier making coats or dresses.

Sices was largely responsible for changing that. He combined both style and fit, using only quality materials, and the end product proved almost irresistible to store owners and customers alike. Style is important to any woman, and he also knew that a tired salesgirl would much rather pick a suit off the rack which fits in the first place than circumnavigate a woman customer several times in a desperate effort to squeeze her into a regular-size suit which does not fit and will not fit until she calls for the tailor. Sices therefore was determined that the suit which fit would be a Sices suit.

To get his first suit, he took the best features from three suits which were already

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"Cooling Off In The Country," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 44 in the series "Home Life in America."

Beer belongs...enjoy it

In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer and ale are the kinds of beverages Americans like. They belong—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy them, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.

At mealtime, too!

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

The United States Brewers Foundation . . . Chartered 1862

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on the market and combined them into a plain, one-button suit which he hoped would flatter the short-waisted figure. Somewhat tentatively, he cut 400 of them and shipped the first allotment of eight to Logan's, in Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Logan's sold seven of the eight the first day, and at five o'clock that afternoon, the store owner phoned the twenty-five-year-old neophyte and said, "Young man, you've got something here." For Sices that was the clincher.

The garment business is naturally engaged in a never-ending plot to trick the American woman into buying new clothes, and Sices is now, inevitably, one of the leading conspirators. The general idea seems to be to produce new clothes as far in advance of the new styles as possible and then make them obsolete as quickly as possible.

Longer Jackets Are Outmoded

This past season, for example, the length of women's skirts was pretty well established and it was necessary to destylize the existing suits somehow. To accomplish this devilish aim, Sices made the jackets shorter this year. Thus, suits with longer jackets were suddenly last year's suits, and milady was trapped again.

There are other reasons, of course, why Sices Originals sell, although Sices' reputation is presumably a fragile commodity. "Reputation in this business doesn't mean a thing," a veteran buyer said not long ago. "Every season, every manufacturer is on his own again, and if you don't think so, look at the figures. I'd be surprised if 10 per cent of the suit manufacturers in America are in business consistently. Most of them are in business this year and out of business next year. A couple of years ago a manufacturer I know was going great. All of a sudden his line last year wasn't quite right and he's bankrupt already."

Sices has encountered some fairly rough storms himself, but he has invariably weathered them with admirable aplomb. Last year he bought enough plaid material for 17,500 suits and then found they weren't selling. Faced with a $40,000 loss, he patiently waited for his spot and then literally hurled the plaid suits at the market. Fortunately, they stuck. "I figure," he said blandly, a few weeks later, "that I can afford one mistake a season. After that, call the doctor."

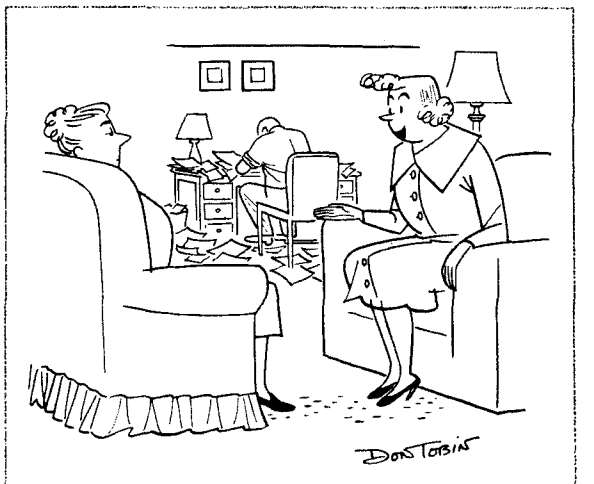
Sices does his own styling with the aid of two professional pattern-makers. He also employs two sketchers whose identities he guards from the rest of the industry with the jealous zeal of a man who has discovered uranium and is fearful of a rush. These mysterious operators turn out sketches under Sices' direction which he then personally dissects, borrowing from one, adding to another, until he has arrived at the finished style. By using his own designs he feels he gets a jump on the other manufacturers who visit various model houses to see the new designs and then rush back to their shops, all with the same idea.

Sices knows he has to follow the general trend up to a certain point, and it is a rather ticklish operation to depart on his own at precisely the proper moment, but whereas the other manufacturers frequently come up with a common design, Sices usually manages to turn out a style distinctive enough to set him apart. Generally speaking, to give the illusion of height, he employs unbroken lines wherever feasible, avoids sudden skirt flares, deftly raises waistlines, and performs other feats of magic which are calculated to take years off a half-size woman's figure.

Sices' sense of anticipation is widely held to be one of the marvels of the garment industry, although actually he works more by concentrated common sense than by anything else. Last August, for example, in planning for the spring line this year, he shrewdly ordered 80 per cent of his fabrics in navy blue. So far, it has been navy four to one.

"There was nothing mysterious about it," he says. "Navy had been out of the market for several years because of a dye shortage and it figured to be popular again. It also finished strong last fall. Besides, it's a good all-purpose color. Why wouldn't I use navy?"

Sices is keenly aware of how his suits are selling in every store and he is quick to uncover soft spots. Perhaps the only phase of the suit business which really baffles him is the way his suits sell among the Pennsylvanians. For some reason, which so far he has been unable to explain, that section of Pennsylvania embracing such cities as York, Allentown and Lancaster, the site of his first triumph, is the only section of the United States where the suit business is rigidly seasonal. Whereas the women in the rest of the country buy suits the year around, the women in that part of Pennsylvania seem to confine their buying sprees to the spring, and this naturally worries Sices, although he has given up trying to do anything about it. He simply hopes the idea doesn't spread.



"Joe has a well-balanced program of sound investments planned for our future security, but it all hinges on a long shot in the seventh race tomorrow at Aqueduct"

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN

Sices is also extremely conscious of the value of good will and high-powered promotion. Frequently he is able to combine the two with excellent results. If, for example, he gets an emergency call from a store in Dayton, Ohio, which needs more suits in a hurry, he is apt to throw a pile of them into the rear of his private plane and take off for the disaster area personally.

Such service naturally pleases the store owner, and since Sices' plane is identified by "the Flying Suit Label" on the fuselage and has the words, "Murray Sices Originals," boldly lettered under the wing, it is also entirely possible that a half-size woman will see it and in her curiosity will inquire for a Sices Original the next time she visits her store. If, by chance, the store does not sell Sices Originals and she writes him to complain, he will send her a card by return mail directing her to the nearest store which does sell them. Taking no chances, he will also write the store to alert them that there is a prospective customer loose in Dayton. He then supplies the store with her name, address and other pertinent details, and leaves the rest to fate.

Worried About an Allergy

The honesty of Murray Sices is often spoken of in the industry with something approaching awe. Sices himself is especially proud of the fact that he uses only the best fabrics in his suits. Recently, he developed an allergy and decided to visit a doctor. Before departing, he confided nervously to a friend, "I hope he doesn't tell me I'm allergic to wool. I couldn't think of using a cheaper fabric."

His honesty expresses itself in other phases of the business. He not only refuses to skimp on material but he refuses to sell his suits to stores which make a habit of underselling other stores he sells to. This, of course, is eminently sensible. Other manufacturers have tried to play both ends against the middle and have wound up in another business.

On the other hand, he will never be accused of knuckling under to buyers, retailers or anyone else. He is, in fact, a particularly rugged individualist who can be belligerent on almost any issue if he thinks he is right. Last November, for example, a store in Birmingham, Alabama, bought 300 Sices Originals from one of Sices' salesmen. At the same time, it disregarded the short-jacket line which Sices himself thought was the best of all. Since he puts no special confidence in the judgment of salesmen in the first place, he suspected the salesman was pushing the wrong models. He therefore wrote the store and summarily canceled its order. He then wrote a second letter, telling the manager of the store how he, Murray Sices, wanted him to order.

Adopted by almost any other manufacturer, this cavalier attitude would be tantamount to bankruptcy. Not, however, with Sices. A day or two later in a letter to Sices, the store manager congratulated him on "the way you stood up for short-jacket suits" and confessed that "it's not too much on my part to tell you how wrong we were."

Similarly, several weeks ago, Sices dispatched telegrams to 600 buyers, informing them that he had an especially good buy in a fabric called Milateen. The response was overwhelming, with nearly 10,000 suits being sold in one day, but a store in Des Moines, Iowa, declined the offer. Sices was outraged and immediately sent the head of the store an angry wire: "Cannot understand how any store can pass up this terrific Milateen promotion at $33.75 for consumer consumption, overstocked or otherwise." Startled by this blast, the store quickly replied with an order and Sices was mollified.

Boosting Two-Button Suits

He admitted later, however, that perhaps the store had been overstocked and that perhaps he had been a bit highhanded. "I got mad, though," he said. "That store wasn't looking out for the consumer." Only recently, when a New York store refused to buy one of his two-button suits, Sices lost his temper again. He badgered the president of the store so unmercifully that the latter, in desperation, finally ordered several dozen two-button suits and apologized.

A buyer who represents some 200 stores has explained this phenomenon. "Murray thinks for retailers who can't think for themselves," he says.

Sices himself agrees with this. In view of his success, he considers it only meet and right that he should help those retailers who cannot help themselves. Toward this end he publishes a newsletter which he distributes to all his clients and which he describes as a "monthly assemblage of important trends and factual information about your business, analyzed by Murray Sices."

In it he advises on the desirability of putting advertising messages atop parking meters, for instance, or considers the various aspects of pension plans. He criticizes the garment industry for being backward, warns it when he thinks it is going too far in one direction or another, suggests what he feels would be beneficial changes, and otherwise tries to shepherd it along the smoothest path to prosperity for all.

Recently, he became particularly aggravated at the thought that many stores sell furs in August and mess up his suit sales when they might very well wait to sell their furs when it gets cold and people are more prone to buy them.

Sices is not so naïve as to assume that the stores of America will immediately stop their August fur sales simply because Murray Sices thinks they should, but he thinks that if he reminds them often enough that they are getting in his way they might do something about it. This is the sort of blow he would like to strike for the half-size woman and the Murray Sices Corporation together.

"After all, somebody has to stay awake in this industry," he said not long ago. "And it may as well be Murray Sices." THE END

"I liked the part near the end where you held my hand for a few minutes"

COLLIER'S — JERRY MARCUS

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PAYLOAD LEADERS

Chevrolet P•L trucks earn their keep. Rugged Advance-Design construction enables owners to cut the cost of maintenance . . . keep them rolling to rigid schedules. Chevrolet trucks are economical to buy and operate. They're low in price and go light on the gas and oil. Owners figure to save on every trip and every job, for these trucks really trim the cost per ton per mile. That's why they're America's fastest sellers. That's why they're America's Payload Leaders.

CHEVROLET

P*•L*

ADVANCE-DESIGN TRUCKS

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Corporation*, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

PERFORMANCE LEADERS

The new Chevrolet P•L trucks are the most powerful in Chevrolet history. Two great Valve-in-Head engines give you high pulling power over a wide range of usable road speeds—high acceleration to cut down total trip time.

POPULARITY L*EADERS

Chevrolet trucks, for the last full year, have outsold the next two makes combined—convincing proof of the owner satisfaction they have earned through the years—proof that Chevrolet is America's most wanted truck.

P*RICE L*EADERS

From low selling price to high resale value, you're money ahead with Chevrolet trucks. Their rock-bottom initial cost—outstandingly low cost of operation and upkeep—and high trade-in value, all add up to the lowest price for you.

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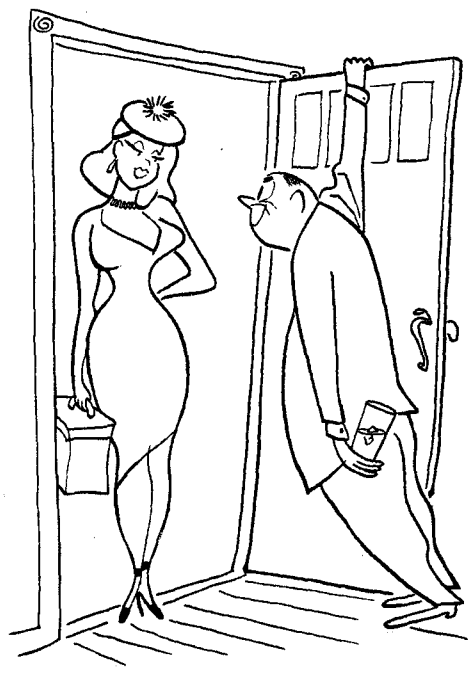
"COME OFF IT, SISTER!"

By DON TOBIN

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

The whodunits will get you sooner or later



Standing in the doorway was a dame

MY WIFE shouted, "For Heaven's sake! If you'd turn off that radio maybe you could hear what I was saying!" I got up, twisted the dial on The Pink Beret Caper, and the voice of Sam Speed, greatest private detective of them all, sliced off the air like a knife cutting through a taut jugular vein.

"And put down that trashy book, too," she added.

Resignedly, I laid down Murder Is a Hang-over, latest adventure of Michael McGee, New York's toughest private investigator—"he's rough on rats but a wow with classy dames."

"That's better," she said. "Now tell me, where is my bread knife? I'll bet you've been using it to sharpen pencils again."

My eyes narrowed to slits and I gulped down two fast shots of rye before I got to my feet and pushed my face into hers. She smelled of onions.

"Come off it, sister," I barked, blowing a fast hunk of cigarette smoke in her eyes. "Who you coverin' up for?"

"Why," my wife muttered, "can't you leave those silly detect—" A shrill ringing bounced around between my ears and I knew it was the doorbell.

"In there—quick!" I said, pointing to the bathroom door.

Standing in the doorway was a dame. And what a dame! My heart did a back-flip against my spine, nose-dived into my solar plexus and zoomed up to my throat. I downed two quick hookers of brandy and she smiled—a slow, meaningful smile.

"Is the lady of the house in? I'm demonstrating a nice new line of . . ."

Sister, I thought, you've got the lines all right. Solid. Like the George Washington Bridge. But I didn't say anything. I looked into her eyes and she looked into my eyes and it was real cozy for a while. Then she swayed slowly toward me and her eyes clouded over. Her perfume filled the room and I did what any red-blooded American man would do. I pulled her close to me with my left hand and let her have it full against the mouth with my right. Smack!

". . . of cosmetics," she said.

"Okay," I said. "Play it your own way! But what about that night in Jersey? The First National heist. Fifty G's it was. And the guard was sprawled there with a bread knife sticking out of his back like a toothpick in a stuffed olive."

I could see her face blanch, but you got to hand it to her. She was a real dame.

"I just wanted to see the lady of the house. New line of cosmetics. If she's not in . . ."

"Okay, okay," I said wearily. "If you won't talk, you won't. Maybe you'll sing the cops a different tune."

Just then the guy in the uniform slid around the porch corner. Not fast, but like he knew where he was going. My gorgeous dame sneaked a quick look in his direction and was down the steps and into the street. Quick.

"I'll call again later," she said over her shoulder.

I leaned against the doorjamb, grabbed the bottle off the hall table, mixed myself a double Scotch and water, downed it in one quick gulp, spit out the ice cube on the floor, and said casually, "Hi, Duffy."

He was fumbling at a pouch by his side, and I braced myself against the door. My stomach muscles tightened—the way they always do when they know a .45 slug's going to tear them apart any minute. If you never had a .45 slug tear into your stomach, you won't know what I mean. But it ain't like eating marshmallows, brother. Definitely, it ain't like eating marshmallows.

"Not much today," he said. "Couple of bills and a post card from Jimmy. Wants you to increase his allowance. Algebra books cost like the devil."

His hand was out of the pouch and he held out the letters to me. But I was too fast for him. I grabbed the outstretched hand with my left, pulled hard, twisted, and threw my right shoulder into his groin quick at the same time. He flew over my shoulder, banged the door hard with his head and sprawled there loosely, like soggy macaroni.

"Don't get cute with me, copper," I snarled, pulling him to his feet.

"By Joe, I don't have to put up with this!" he said. "If you want any more mail . . . We got regulations at the Post Office . . ."

"Listen, Duffy, and listen good," my nose was boring into his eye. "I'm one P.I. with P-U-L-L around this town. I got connections, see. And I don't want you messing around here just when I've about got this case wrapped up. Stick to escorting those school kids across the street and you'll stay healthy."

"Just try and get any more mail around this house," he was saying. "You find your letters in the gutter some dark morning, don't come crying to me."

And suddenly I realized I was tired. Dead beat. My head felt like the inside of a shaker full of Martinis and questions splashed around in it like small boys paddling in a millpond.

Sixty-five days and nights without sleep. I can't take much more. Like a broken shoelace. I groped my way to the desk and slapped six aspirins and a handful of Benzedrines in my mouth and chased them down with a half magnum of champagne. After that my tongue felt less like an old bathrobe and more like a pair of new nylons, and I felt pretty good.

Good.

She was standing in the doorway and her starchy white uniform couldn't conceal the full, lush curves of her body. Some guys might call her fat, but they'd be guys with 20-20 vision. She was like the Venus de Milo and weighed about the same. I pulled her to me and her lips were soft like hollandaise sauce. I felt better. This was getting to be a good case.

"Your wife wants to know if salmon croquettes will be all right for dinner," she murmured.

And right then it hit me, like twelve Manhattans on an empty stomach, and I wondered how I could have been so stupid. Of course this was it! The missing piece in the jigsaw puzzle. And it had been right there in front of me all the time. Like the Waldorf in front of Astoria. But I had to play it cagey.

"Can you cut 'em," I said and I mouthed each word slow and easy like it was fine old brandy, "can you cut 'em with a *bread knife?*"

I had hit home and I knew it and her eyes widened and her mouth sagged and I knew I had the case right in the palm of my hand. She was staring into space over my left shoulder and then I heard it, a faint scuffling on the carpet behind me, and I twisted fast but it was too late. Too late.

Wham! I felt a searing pain in my head and there I was floating down a deep dark river with ten million blackbirds screeching in my ears and, bang, the moon went down behind a black cloud. I was out. . . . But out!

I WAS swimming up through the dark water and the sun was shining and I thought how wonderful a Tom Collins would taste right now. A double with a rum float. I reached out my hand to mix one and I couldn't move. I was paralyzed. I was dead.

"When did you first notice these—ah—peculiar actions?" It was a strange voice.

"He was a good man at heart, Doctor," my wife answered. "And I've tried, *Heaven knows I've tried*, but I can't get him to leave the stuff alone. Years ago, when they were two dollars apiece, he wasn't so bad, but then he found out about those rental places. You know, five cents a day. I used to bribe the librarians not to give him any. You'll never know . . . it was awful . . ." She broke off sobbing. "Then for a long time he was a lot better—just magazines and the radio, you know, and that wasn't so bad—but then . . . but then . . ." She shuddered. "But then they came out with those pocket books for a quarter each. On every newsstand. He was a good man, Doctor, but he was weak—just weak."

"I know, madam," he said cheerily, "it's an old story nowadays. But a little rest, proper medication, a few shock treatments, and we'll pull him around. And don't you worry about that strait jacket. Really, it doesn't hurt him a bit."

It didn't. THE END

He sprawled loosely

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You Tell Me How to Run a Railroad

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

What the remark about his lack of experience indicated to Canadians was simply that their man Gordon was right in the groove. They had heard the line before, notably when he first appeared in the national spotlight in 1941 as chairman of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, Canada's OPA. On October 18th of that year, Prime Minister Mackenzie King announced the government's decision to lay on an across-the-house price ceiling. "Then," says Gordon, "having shown everybody their shiny red wagon, they led in the horse. I was the horse."

His first statement as prices boss, made to Ottawa correspondents at one of the briefest press conferences in history, was completely in character. "Everybody might just as well go on home while I think this thing through," he said. "Down to here I don't know anything about price ceilings, or how you make them work."

A Summons to Publishers

What happened after his thought processes had been exercised revealed a natural instinct for public relations which not even long years in government service has dulled. Instead of releasing a handout, or holding a run-of-mill meeting press conference, Gordon wired every newspaper and magazine owner in the country to come to the capital for a meeting "in the national interest."

When the session opened, the Prime Minister led off. At first he had demurred, contending that the meeting was purely to explain policy, and the chairman of the Prices Board was the one to do that. "Look," replied Gordon, "a lot of these fellows are traveling an awfully long way to come to this affair. Somebody's got to put on a show for them. That means you, sir." Unaccustomed though he was to such blunt advice, the Prime Minister moved into the act.

After the visitors had been suitably impressed by Prime Minister King's welcome, Gordon gave the publishers an inside view of his plans. The only answer to runaway inflation in a rapidly expanding war economy, he insisted, was to nail down the ceiling and sit on it. "Some of you," he said finally, "probably came here thinking that inflation is the only healthy answer. So we will break off for 10 minutes and give those who still feel that way a chance to leave the room."

Nobody left. The invitation to depart had been regarded as tantamount to a request to walk out on the country. "All right," Gordon said. "We'll go ahead on the assumption that everybody present accepts the basic credo of controls and ceilings." From that moment forward, not one Canadian paper spoke so much as a sentence in criticism of the ceiling policy, as such. Even newspapers violently opposed to the Administration went along.

"When you run into something you don't like or consider unfair," Gordon told the publishers, "phone me personally and let's talk it over." When letters of complaint reached his desk, no pinch-hitting executive assistant dictated answers for the boss to sign. The pungent nature of replies left no doubt in recipients' minds as to the identity of the author. Gordon knew the control policy's only hope of success was country-wide team play, and to get it he had to have a friendly press. "They were swell," he recalls. "Everybody knew I didn't want any part of the czar business and they were sorry for me. The newspapers figured that since we were all working for the country, we'd better work together and get the war won as soon as we could. We got along fine."

A little later, with OPA on the drafting table, Washington asked Ottawa if Canada's Prices Board chairman could drop around and look things over. The first port of call, after going over the blueprints with OPA boss Leon Henderson, was the White House, where Gordon promptly fell under the spell of President Roosevelt, but was never hypnotized to the point of forgetting to speak his mind. "In five minutes," he says, "I felt as if I had known the man all my life." In the sixth he was talking to the President of the United States as if he had. "You can never make a thing like this work in a democratic society," he said in effect, "if you load it with snafu. And if you want the co-operation of business, you have to let business name its own policemen."

This was precisely what Gordon had done in Canada. In setting up control of, say, metals, he sent for the leaders of the mining and metallurgical industries and said, "Go into the next room and pick the man you want. He'll be your controller." One result was that industrialists had confidence in the controls system from the outset, because every group had its own man sitting inside. Another, which Gordon likes to point out with a chuckle, is that when any industry yipped about the deal it was getting, he had a ready-made retort: "My God! Is one of your own boys doing *that* to you?"

After Pearl Harbor, with the U.S. and Canada merged as war partners and the two economies closely meshed, Henderson and Gordon functioned as "opposite numbers" in their respective countries, in what the latter describes as one of the "happiest explosive relationships" he has ever had.

Between bouts with Washington, spells of smoothing down industry's pinfeathers and labor leaders' short hairs, and keeping his press contacts sweet, Gordon operated as the man between the Canadian government and the people in practically everything related to the war economy. This was a novel practice in a country where policy statements had always been made by elected Cabinet members.

Occasional critics asked how come a citizen not responsible to the electorate for his job was being allowed to make up policy as he went along. Gordon invariably back-cracked that he wasn't doing anything of the kind, but simply giving effect to overall policies set up when the government hitched him to its controls wagon. Others claimed he had become the politicians' triggerman, firing the bullets which could embarrass the politicos, come election time.

Annoyed—but Cheerful

Although many phases of the complex war society annoyed the chairman of WPTB, he always professed to find such criticisms cheering. "It all goes to show you can't keep democracy down, even in wartime," he used to tell friends, "and what else are we supposed to be fighting for?"

If his job was unique in Canadian administrative annals, so was his technique for dealing with the people. Consistently he eschewed the bureaucrats' habit of meeting any crisis head on with a press handout, an off-the-record conference, or an obliquely phrased directive. When Gordon had things on his mind, he went to the nearest microphone and talked to the nation in blunt but homey phrase, and his auditors loved the feeling that they were being taken behind the curtain.

At his urging, the housewife became a policewoman to rout out black marketeers and ceiling busters. The miscreants they tracked down were tossed into the courts, which dealt out extremely short shrift—part of a campaign to make people believe the price ceiling existed to protect the great law-abiding majority, which was the chairman's own estimate of it

At war's end he could point to a Canadian economy in which the black market was infinitesimal, goods fairly distributed, hoarding practically nonexistent. The overall wartime rise in living costs had been

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held below 18 per cent (most of it incurred before the ceiling went on), a better showing than the United States made. Despite his own success, however, Gordon speaks of Henderson's results at OPA as "miraculous," pointing out that Canada had to control the yearnings of a mere 12,000,000 people, as compared to 12 times as many in the United States.

What OPA did was accomplished without an across-the-house ceiling.

Why Control Worked Smoothly

The Canadian system was simpler and more flexible. It had no opposition press to combat. Business was policed by its own nominees. Labor accepted the wage freeze, thanks to a fluctuating cost-of-living bonus system. When Donald Gordon went back to his prewar job as deputy governor of the Bank of Canada, an institution comparable to the Federal Reserve, he took with him a public reputation for frankness, recognition as a controller who despised controls and a cherished wire from his friendly enemy Henderson which read: "I still think you're the best damned price controller in the world."

Between war's end and the fall of '49, when he agreed to become CNR's chief, his name was constantly being linked to big jobs with private enterprise in Canada and elsewhere, with international organizations and with Canadian politics. The last he has repeatedly dismissed with, "Wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole!" Montreal financial district gossip in 1948 had him turning down the presidency of the CNR's mammoth privately owned competitor, Canadian Pacific, and the newspaper guesses were never denied. While rumor ran amuck, Gordon took life somewhat easier at "the Bank," sat in on international monetary and credit conferences, drew his $30,000 taxable salary when he could have been earning three times as much, and told his friends he was settling down to the quiet life.

To prove it, and in search of privacy, he acquired 150 acres of virgin forest near Lustre Lake, northeast of Ottawa, built a comfortable cottage and then added to his possessions, of all things, an authentic Dutch windmill. The mill was transported to the lake and anchored to a rock, 35 square feet in area, offshore. Its sole article of furniture is a bed long enough to contain Gordon's six feet four inches and built to bear a weight in excess of 240 pounds. Beside the bed, the ex-chairman of WPTB cut a trap door in the floor through which to fish while taking his ease.

Such pleasant inactivities have won him the name, around the Canadian capital, of being the country's easiest loafer as well as its hardest worker and once brought from Hon. J. L. Ilsley, Canada's wartime Finance Minister and Gordon's titular boss, the statement that "if it were not for his extraordinary powers of relaxation he would have been dead long ago."

On such occasions Gordon likes to, and does, sing in a lusty baritone, long on volume and Scottish burr, over the protests of his friends. With practically no encouragement, he will recite the works of his homeland's beloved bard, the immortal Robbie Burns. Cheerfully admitting his love of play, Gordon insists that his reputation for liking work is part of a myth built up during his wartime sojourn in the public eye.

Shortly after taking over the CNR presidency, the huge, joyous forty-nine-year-old man suffered a knockout blow in the death of his wife from a heart attack. Like her husband, Maisie Gordon went all out on any chore she undertook. In wartime Ottawa she had been a Red Cross leader and organizer of a war workers' canteen, where friends say she would work shifts which began one morning and ran into the small hours of the next. A grateful government decorated her, but Maisie Gordon had destroyed her health in the country's service.

The end came suddenly, just as the Gordons met their greatest challenge. Only a few weeks before, her husband had said to the writer, eyes twinkling affectionately: "Maisie has the infuriating effrontery to assume I can do anything I set my mind to, and has been making me prove it for more than 20 years." Now he has only his two boys, who expect their father to succeed in his new job as a matter of course. Gordon would add that he still has to prove it to himself and to the Canadian people, his shareholders.

Presidency of the Canadian National is no man's sinecure and certainly no job for a pitcher lacking a good fast ball, plus a deceptive change of pace. What it has to offer is a grueling grind, probably unduplicated in North American transportation, with the added privilege of living in a show window, to be shot at by every disgruntled passer-by. On every other railroad the president is under the scrutiny of a few thousand shareholders. Gordon has more than 13,700,000 owners to satisfy, all of whom are his steady customers and, as taxpayers, participants in the dubious privilege of paying the road's deficits.

COLLIER'S — **"Try to speed up a little, Jake, before she falls off his shoulders"** — GLENN R. BERNHARDT

To keep the picture in focus for the owner-customer-taxpayer is likely to pose major problems even to a virtuoso like the new president, which is precisely why he was offered the job and why he accepted it. The cliché usually used is "challenging." In Gordon's lexicon, which scorns the prettily trite, it would come out "tougher than hell," his synonym for wonderful.

The Canadian National has been called everything from Canada's problem child to its noblest work, depending on the color of the glasses worn by the beholder. Federal elections have been fought on the issue of what to do about it. Once it was proposed to sell it for a dollar, but no takers appeared willing to assume its debts.

Warnings That Went Unheeded

In prewar days an editorial series in the Montreal Star, titled The Whisper of Death, claimed it was bankrupting the country and some of the enthusiastic Jeremiahs actually suggested tearing up the rails and forgetting the whole thing, which would have written finis to the career of Canada as a nation. Without its physical equipment and operating efficiency, Canada's effort in World War II would have been cut to a trickle, and Gordon's ceilings would have covered an empty house.

It carried more than 463,000,000 tons of freight, including every pound to enter the key convoy assembly port of Halifax by rail from the interior. It transported 184,000,000 passengers, more than 15 times the Canadian population, of whom 4,000,000 were troops, riding in 6,540 special trains. Its best ships were converted into armed merchant cruisers, army transports and floating hospitals. It built 10,000-ton freighters and mine sweepers in its Pacific Coast shipyards; naval guns and gun carriages in its Montreal shops. As a result, the CNR came out of the war with a high reputation for operating efficiency. But the mountainous debt remained.

Today's Canadian National stems from five separate major entities, oldest of which was the Grand Trunk, chartered in 1852 to develop a transportation system in Ontario and Quebec, tying in with American lines at Chicago and reaching the Atlantic at Portland.

Next came the Intercolonial, undertaken as a public enterprise for the purpose of connecting the Atlantic area with the interior, at the time of confederation and the birth of Canada in 1867. Two other lines, the National Transcontinental and Grand Trunk Pacific, were packaged from the outset, the government building the former from the Atlantic west to Winnipeg and the owners of the Grand Trunk the latter from Winnipeg to the Pacific. The purpose was to open the country lying north of the CPR, with operation in Grand Trunk hands on a lend-lease deal covering the government-built section.

The fifth of the trunk lines, the Canadian Northern, was put together piecemeal by two ambitious entrepreneurs, Sir William Mackenzie and Sir Donald Mann, who, at the close of two frantic decades of promotion, turned up in 1915 with a transcontinental system of sorts that was almost broke before it ran its first through train.

Following a series of dollar transfusions which had no visible effect on the railroads' health, the patient was lugged into the surgical ward during the depression following World War I. The government took over, for the excellent reason that no private enterpriser wanted any part of the tangle, and hired American-born Sir Henry Thornton, an established specialist in curing sick railroads, to unsnarl the chaos.

Thornton built cutoff routes, modernized equipment and rolling stock, on one occasion moved a divisional-point town across country and set it up again in a more advantageous spot. He pioneered the Diesel locomotive and in 1925 hauled a train from Montreal to the Pacific Coast, 2,937 miles, in 67 hours without changing its Diesel power unit. He installed the world's first two-way phone service for passengers' use on trains, the first barbershops, shower baths, women's smoking compartments and reclining coach seats. By the middle 1920s the CNR was showing operating profits and the once lackadaisical spirit of the personnel of the jigsawed bankrupt lines had been converted into an *esprit de corps* verging on the evangelical.

What Thornton couldn't lick was the obstructing Himalaya of debt, the fixed charges on which, representing interest payments on fantastic prices paid for properties under the hammer, were a pea-soup murk obscuring the picture of the patient's miraculous recovery. A change of government brought Thornton's dismissal—crucifixion is the term preferred by most people who worked for him.

For a citizen who touts himself as "just another passenger," Gordon moved in with a headful of notions not peculiar to the ordinary rider. One is that the old ideas of what railroads are about is as dead as last Sunday's roast. The day of the get-rich-quick promoter is out. Transportation is strictly a public service and when nobody else feels like providing it, the task falls to government.

"The main trouble is that communications have moved so fast we haven't had a chance to digest them," he says. "What is clear, however, is that the mode of transport required anywhere is the one that will give the best kind of service to the most people and, in Canada's case, open up the country. The essence of this business is providing transportation that makes economic sense, from trains to ships and from pipe lines to airplanes."

Resents Tag of Socialism

To call his railroad a Socialist enterprise, simply because the public owns it, is unadorned nonsense, says Gordon, who calls himself a free enterpriser from the heels more than six feet up, and proved it by his mode of operation as a wartime controller. "What the hell were you going to do with a public utility that nobody could make a dollar with, simply because the promoters had skimmed off all the cream?" he inquires, mustache abristle.

That Gordon will fight hard to get the picture of the world's greatest railroad network into focus for its owners, nobody in Canada seems to doubt. A wartime Cabinet minister, reflecting on the ex-price controller's flair for straight-line action, recalled an incident predating his arrival at the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. Gordon was still at "the Bank," where his principal preoccupation was to supervise rigorous controls designed to prevent the escape of precious American dollars for any but direct war purposes.

"France was tottering to its fall," said the ex-minister, "and a French cruiser had just put into one of our Atlantic ports carrying $300,000,000 in gold bars to be delivered to the Bank of Canada for safekeeping. Apparently someone in France had signaled the captain not to unload, but to skip out to sea and await new orders. The British and Canadians were just as anxious to hold the cruiser and keep the money from falling into Hitler's hands. The situation in France was still obscure and nobody seemed to know quite what to do. While the brass argued, the ship, the Emile Bertin, slipped off to sea and ran to Martinique, where it stayed the rest of the war.

"You should have heard Donald when he learned that the cruiser had got away," the ex-minister added. "When somebody over at the Navy asked what he would have done, his mustache practically stood on end. 'Done!' he barked. 'I'd have shot the s.o.b. clear out of the water! What kind of pussyfooting way is this to be fighting a war?'"

In Canada, nobody was surprised when Gordon appeared in Ottawa a few weeks after his appointment to demand a sharp downward revision of the railroad's capital structure to give its shareholders, the Canadian people, a true picture of how their business is doing. The rumble of gunfire has started. THE END

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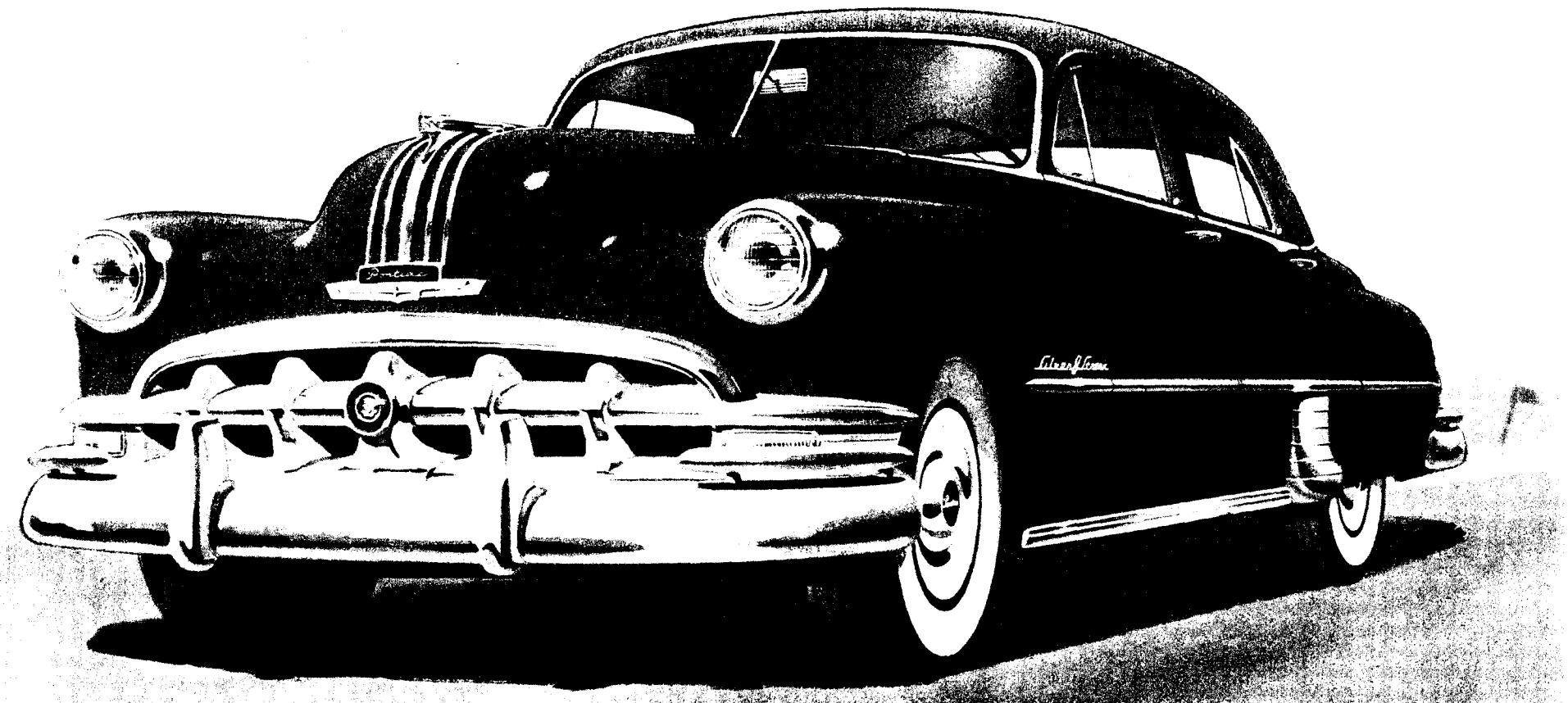

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The Left-Handed Curse

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

quail shot in town, and when Jabbo bogs down on his boatbuilding the Old Man salvages it for him. The Old Man evidently thinks the Lord is going to give him a free pass for being so kind to one of His afflicted.

"We'll work on the boat later, Jabbo," he says. "We got to pick up some more screws down at the store anyway. Besides, with this twenty thousand you can buy yourself a yacht." Jabbo is hooked.

ABOUT an hour later we're on the park diamond. I'm warming Jabbo up and the Old Man is knocking out flies to Mr. Sparks, who turns down a fishing trip just to come along. Sue is sitting on the bench, jabbering like a mother magpie, telling Jabbo how good he looks. He's ready, all right. His fast one looks like a moth ball and his curve is like a snake on a hot stove. When he can't stand Sue calling him Lefty Grove any longer, he says he's ready.

The Old Man swaggers up to the plate. "Get back, Moby Dick," he yells at Mr. Sparks, "I'm gonna run some of that blubber off of you."

I call for a curve the first thing. Jabbo hitches up his pants, goes into that scarecrow-with-cramps windup of his, and lets go. Instead of a curve it's one of those big, floating, puckered-up knucklers. The Old Man loves 'em. Wham! Mr. Sparks starts running back. He hasn't got a chance. Sue looks like the Old Man has hit her instead of the ball. He's real nonchalant, though. "Cut a little under that one!" he hollers.

"All right, Jabbo," she says, "that's your duty dance. Now throw him your curve!"

He tries a medium-fast one. The Old Man nails it. Wham! Mr. Sparks is beginning to trip over his tongue. Then comes a little old slider. Same business. Jabbo just won't throw me a curve. Sue is so mad she can't talk. Just scream.

"Jabbo Johnson, if you don't throw him a curve, I'm never going to speak to you again. You're just a big coward, Jabbo! Won't you please think of me? I'll have to leave home!"

"Honey," the Old Man gloats, "he is thinking about you. If he throws that little old schoolboy curve over here, it'll shatter your last illusion."

Well, even the most devout disciple don't like his idol kicking him too hard, especially with a clay foot, so Jabbo rares back and turns loose a curve. The ball goes crazy. The Old Man's backbone pops like a pea sheller. He misses it a good foot and you can hear him grunt a block away.

Mr. Sparks lets out a whoop. "Load him up again, Jabbo! He shot his wad on that one!" Sue is just jumping up and down, screeching. The Old Man has gone back twenty years. Jabbo is Lefty McGrath all over again. "Just throw that dinky little thing one more time, Jabbo!" he snarls. "I'll take your tonsils out with it!"

Jabbo's eyes are like two fried eggs. The look on the Old Man's face has got him. He doesn't know what he's doing so I call for another dose of the same. The second he lets go I know there's hell to pay. It's not going to break right. It's smoking too. The Old Man is dug in so that he can't get out of the way. He tries lurching back but . . . *splattt!* It catches him right in the seat of the pants, right where it's the tightest.

He goes about eight feet in the air and comes down clutching at the hot spot. Then he bounces around on one foot, trying to beat out the flames.

Sue runs over, trying to keep a straight face. Mr. Sparks is rolling around in the grass out in center field. Jabbo, though, acts like he has slugged J. Edgar Hoover.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Flannigan," he wails. "You know I didn't mean—"

"Jabbo, don't pay a bit of attention to him," Sue snickers. "He's tickled to death you hit him. Now he won't have to bat any more."

The Old Man glares at her. "The poor man's King Lear, that's me!" He starts home, still fanning his back pocket.

"Now see what you made me do!" Jabbo wails.

"Don't worry about it, Jabbo," Mr. Sparks laughs. "Never saw a prettier pitch. He'll get over it. If it hadn't been a curve ball he wouldn't have minded at all."

All of us go back to our place. The Old Man is in his bedroom, trying to put some salve on a big, red splotch.

"By George," Mr. Sparks says, "that is a beauty! You throw a harder ball than I thought, Jabbo. You can even see the trademark. Turn around to the light, Fred."

"When I turn around," the Old Man snarls, "I better be the only one in this room."

"Okay, okay," Mr. Sparks laughs, "but just tell me one thing. Is this contusion going to keep you out of the big game?" The big game is the town team playing the high-school team the last day of school.

"It is not," the Old Man snaps. "If Jabbo gets all that dodge ball out of his system, I'm going to finish up what we started this afternoon."

"Well," says Mr. Sparks, "I'm mighty glad to hear that. There's going to be an old friend of yours at the game. He'd be mighty disappointed not to see you do your stuff."

"Who's that?" the Old Man says real suspiciously. He always doubles the guard when Mr. Sparks starts getting nice.

"Your old buddy, Lefty McGrath!" Mr. Sparks says.

The Old Man looks like the roof of his mouth has caved in. "You're lying!"

"Oh, no," Mr. Sparks smiles. "Got a wire from him this morning. He's scouting for the Sox now. Says he's coming down for some fishing. I think he wants to land a left-handed fish that throws curve balls."

The Old Man just stares at him. He can see Lefty sitting in the stands and Jabbo chunking that curve. The Sox are the team Jabbo's been wanting to go with since he was four years old.

For the next few days our place has all the peace and quiet of a zoo at breakfast, everybody growling and snapping at everybody else. Mother nearly goes crazy. "Won't you two please get mad enough not to speak to each other?" she keeps pleading with Sue and the Old Man. "I'm so tired of this wrangling over Jabbo I could scream!"

"Well, he's using child psychology on Jabbo," Sue rages, "and the poor dope is falling for it. It's just plain cheating."

What she means is the Old Man being so nice to Jabbo. He does all the work on Jabbo's boat, won't let Jabbo do a thing. "You might smash a thumb, boy," he says. "We wouldn't want that to happen, would we? No, sir, we want you to be in tiptop shape for that game. Doesn't matter about me. I'm just a washed-up old has-been!"

And while Jabbo sits there with a lump in his throat, the Old Man keeps talking about all the hunting and fishing they've done together and how he's going to take us down to Georgia for some real quail shooting come fall. It's a low, dirty trick all right but he weasels out of it. "I just want him to realize that I'm his friend," he says, "and that when I show him up in the game I'm doing it just for his own good!"

Then Thursday night Lefty checks in at Mr. Sparks's. They come over after Sue and Jabbo go out. He and the Old Man laugh about old times but the Old Man's eyes don't join in the chorus. He knows the reason Lefty gets almost hysterical at times is that Mr. Sparks has told him about Sue and Jabbo. The game is the next day, and all night I keep hearing Mother telling the Old Man to quit turning and tossing so. . . .

It's just about the biggest turnout we ever had for a game. There must be fifteen hundred people on hand and scattered among 'em are eight big-league scouts all drooling at Jabbo. The rest of the crowd, though, is watching the Old Man take his practice swings. He's having one of his lucky streaks and golfing pitches all over the place.

I'm warming Jabbo up, and every time the crowd gives the Old Man a hand he shakes his head. Then he looks up where Lefty is sitting and shakes it again. I try acting like it's just another ball game. "Jabbo," I tell him, "you got stuff you never had before. All you got to do is throw what I tell you and you'll have those scouts trampling all over one another."

He knows what I'm driving at. He gives a long sigh and mumbles, "Okay." We go over to the bench and Harry Green, our coach, tells him the same thing. Then Sue pops up in the stands and yells, "Jabbo, if you know what's good for you, you'll—" Mother yanks her down. Then Mr. Sparks, who is going to umpire, yells, "Play ball!"

Well, we're first up and they sit us down fast. Not as fast as Jabbo sits them down, though. His fast one has got more hops than a barrel of beer and his control is strictly pinpoint. Then we go down in order again and the first crisis is at hand. The Old Man comes out swinging a bunch of bats and looking real fierce.

"You got your brace on, Flannigan?" Mr. Sparks mumbles from behind me.

"You keep your big fat mouth out of this!" the Old Man snarls. "Why they let you umpire—"

"They wanted somebody neutral."

I call for the curve right away. I don't see any sense in messing around. Jabbo looks like I'm asking for both kidneys but he nods his head. He winds up real slow, rocks way back and whangs it in. It's a beaut. The Old Man tightens up, starts to go for it, pulls up and quivers like a dog passing up a poisoned T-bone.

"Stee-rike one!" Mr. Sparks bellows.

"You umpiring or calling hogs?" the Old Man growls.

"When you pass 'em up like that it pains me, Flannigan, it pains me!"

I call for another one. The Old Man can't resist this one. Whoosh! He nearly goes to his knees. The crowd whoops.

"Stee-rike two!" Mr. Sparks bellows.

"Quit slobbering in my ear!" the Old Man says. "They know it was a strike!"

"It looked more like a stroke. Keep a civil tongue in your head, Flannigan!"

NOW Jabbo is ashier than ever. He knows the next one is the bloody one. He tries shaking me off but I keep calling for that curve. It comes in like a drunk homing pigeon.

"Stee-rike three and you're out of there!"

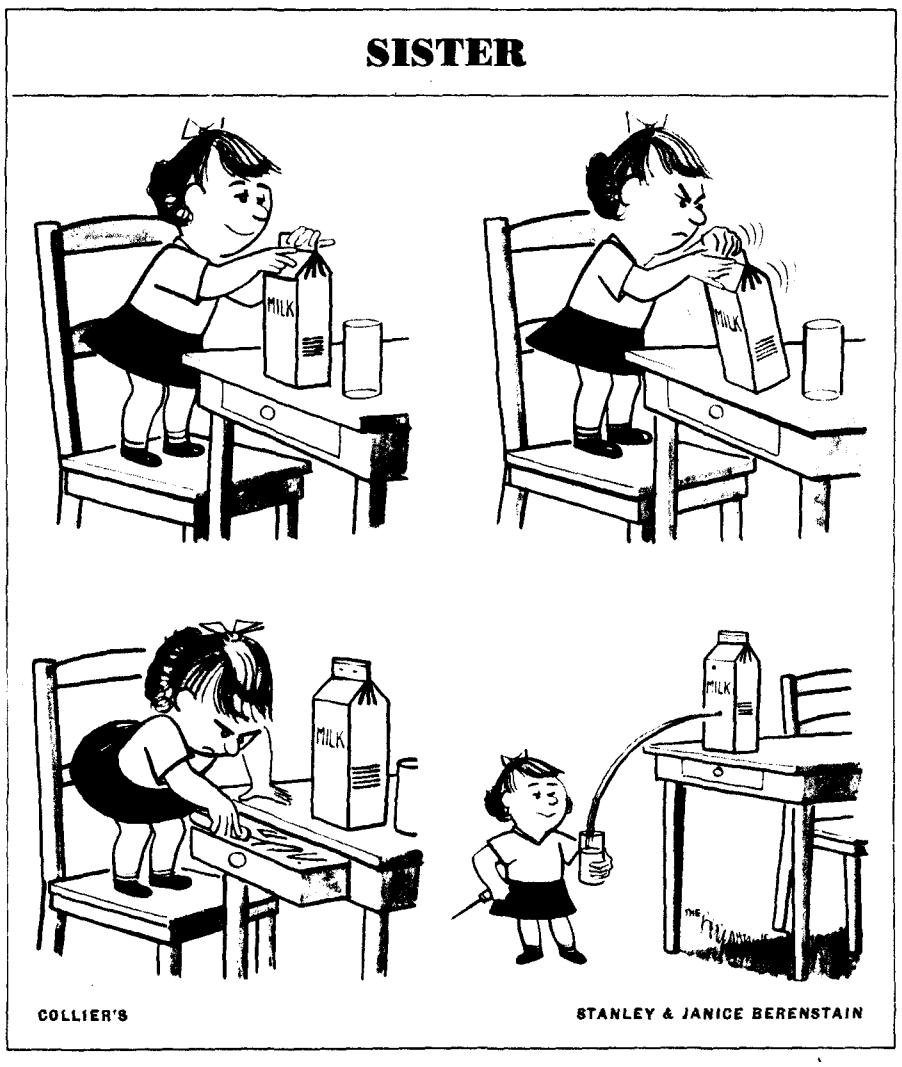
The Old Man straightens up real slow. "You're coming closer, Flannigan!" Mr. Sparks says. "Another eighteen inches and you would have had it."

Everybody's whooping. Jabbo is so unnerved he walks Ed Rudolph on five pitches. He settles down after that and the next two men pop out. It goes like that again in the third—one walk, one strike-out, and two easy infield chances. In the fourth, we put a run across. Things look rosy. Jabbo is getting hotter. He's walked two men but he hasn't given up that first hit. When he comes out, though, I notice he's got that death-house look on his face again. The Old Man is on deck.

Well, Joe Clancy grounds out and St. George swaggers up for another whack at the dragon. It's the first ordeal all over again except this time there's no cross ventilation. Jabbo throws three straight doubtfuls and they all go for called strikes. The Old Man screams like he's been stabbed.

"Flannigan," Mr. Sparks says, "you're raising your voice at me. Now go sit down before you hurt my feelings." He gives him a fatherly pat. The crowd howls.

It's a load off Jabbo. He figures Mr. Sparks will get the blame for that one. He turns it on and strikes the next man out. The crowd really starts screaming. In the fifth and sixth he strikes out two more and the others don't get out of the infield. In the seventh the Old Man comes up again, with



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one out. His face looks like a thundercloud with ears

I go out for a talk with Jabbo. The boat-building and the Georgia quail hunt has got him. "I ain't going to strike him out again," he says. "I've done enough to him already. I'm gonna walk him."

Mr. Sparks tries hard but he has to call 'em balls. After that Jabbo is like a new pitcher. The next two men don't scratch. We don't improve on our one run in our half of the eighth and nobody cares. Everybody is too wrought up about Jabbo. There all these scouts are in the stands, and he's got a no-hitter right in his hands. And the pressure isn't getting him. In fact, he doesn't figure there's any pressure at all because there are just six more outs and the Old Man is seven batters away.

It's three up, three down, in the last half of the eighth. We don't do any good in our half of the ninth, and the town team comes up for their last bats.

Well, Berry Baldwin goes down on four pitches. Then Vance Little comes up, swings blind and hits a long, hard fly out to Tom Bagshaw in center. Just poor Joe Clancy between Jabbo and his no-hitter.

Jabbo gives it everything he's got. Joe swings by ear on the first two. It sounds like they're wrecking the stands. When Jabbo winds up for the finale, there ain't a sound. He turns her loose. His whole soul is in it. It dips, swerves, slides—and when it gets to Joe it just seems to disappear.

He cuts at it, I grab at it, and the next thing I know the whole town bench is screaming for him to run—the old third-strike passed-ball business. I fall all over Mr. Sparks trying to get to the ball. It's like a nightmare. Everybody moaning and Jabbo looking sick.

He's really pitched a no-hit game but there he is with a man on base and the Old Man coming up. I go out and try to brace him up. He just keeps looking over at the town bench, hoping that Bob Ridgeway, their manager, will send in a pinch hitter. That's silly. Bob works in the Old Man's hardware store.

"Jabbo," I plead with him, "just once more and you'll never have to pitch to him again as long as you live."

"Why don't we just walk him again?" he moans. "I can get the next man out."

"Sue won't ever speak to you again, that's why. The Old Man will say you were scared to pitch to him. And besides, you don't want McGrath and them to think you're scared to pitch to the batter."

When I get back to the plate, Mr. Sparks is dusting it off so he won't be subjected to any more piteous screaming. The Old Man has spotted Lefty sitting behind the backstop and is shaking his bat at him. I can tell by the way he steps up to the plate that he has convinced himself that he can hit a curve ball if he really tries.

"Tell Jabbo to throw that thing in here just one more time," he growls.

"That's just what I'm gonna do," I say.

Well, Jabbo comes out of his wilt and fills my order. The Old Man takes such a cut at it that the bat flies out of his hand and lands way down by third.

"Nice try," Mr. Sparks says. "You're at least getting the bat out of the infield."

The Old Man snatches the bat from the bat boy and goes into a Horatius-at-the-bridge crouch. He's gonna hit that ball, if it kills him. I never saw anybody take such a cut as he does when it comes smoking in. He comes clean around twice, gets his legs all crossed up and is just about to fall on his face when Mr. Sparks props him up.

"Get your thieving hands off me, Sparks!" he snarls. He straightens up, steps out of the box, turns to the crowd, and pulls a Babe Ruth. He waves one finger in the air to show that it takes just one to hit and then he points toward the left-field fence. You never heard such a roar from the stands.

Jabbo looks like a zombie late for coffin-call. If the Old Man comes through he'll be a bigger man around town than the Babe. If he doesn't, well . . . I can just see Jabbo thinking about the Old Man's crack about how he is nothing but a washed-up old has-been. I toss him the ball. But just as Jabbo steps to the mound this voice screams out:

"This one's for me, Jabbo! I'll build you an old boat!"

It's Sue. The Old Man steps out of the box, looks up, and shakes his finger at her. Nothing's quiet any more. Everybody sounds like they're glad I muffed the one on Clancy. Then they calm down again. I get set and call for the same old curve at the same old spot. The Old Man crouches for the kill and there she comes.

Without a doubt it is the biggest, fattest, juiciest pitch I have ever seen. Right down the middle and not a thing on it. I close my eyes. That's all of it.

THAT night Mr. Sparks and Lefty come over. "Flannigan," Lefty says, "are you always going to hate me?"

The Old Man grins at him. "What are you talking about?"

"You know what I'm talking about. Sparks knows and so does your boy. I mean that magnanimous strike-out of yours in that ninth inning. You didn't even make it look good. You missed it further than you did them curves and Lord knows—"

"McGrath, you're not insinuating—"

"Hell, no, I'm not insinuating. I'm telling you. You missed that pitch on purpose and it's going to cost me money."

The Old Man laughs. "McGrath, when I heard my daughter scream out that treason, I knew I was doomed. Any poor child who is that bent on marrying one of God's afflicted needs all the help her father can give her. It nearly killed me but I gave it. And, McGrath, before you consult with Jabbo tomorrow you'd better see me. I'm his financial adviser now!" THE END

Phipps to the Rescue

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

the Mugg or something like that, just posing as a butler for your own subtle ends?"

"Oh, no, madam. I have been in service from a very early age. Domestic service is a tradition in my family. I started my career as what is known as a hallboy in a large establishment in Worcestershire."

"Where the sauce comes from?"

"I believe the condiment to which you allude is manufactured in that locality, madam."

Phipps stood silent for a moment, his thoughts apparently back in those happy days when life had been simple and free from problems and complexities. Apart from having to carry logs of wood upstairs and deposit them in bedrooms, hallboys in English houses have it pretty soft.

"In due course," he proceeded, coming out of his reverie, "I rose to be an under-footman, then a footman and finally a butler. And it was after I had achieved that position that I entered the employment of an American gentleman and came to this country. I had always had a desire to visit the United States of Northern America. That was some ten years ago."

"And when did you learn to bust safes?"

"About five years after that, madam."

"What gave you the idea?"

Phipps looked cautiously over his shoulder. Having done this, he directed a searching glance at Jane as if he were weighing her in the balance. He seemed to be asking himself whether it would be wise to confide in a woman who was, after all, a stranger. Then the benevolence of his companion's rugged face overcame his doubts. There was that about Jane Shannon which

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always encouraged people to confide in her.

"It came to me quite unexpectedly one evening when I was reading a volume entitled Three Dead at Midways Court, madam. I have always been fond of that type of literature, and in the course of my perusal of these fictional works—known, I believe, as whodunits—I was struck by the frequency with which the butler proved to be the criminal."

"I know what you mean. It's always the butler. It's an occupational disease."

"The criminal in Three Dead at Midways Court turned out to be the butler, and until the final chapter nobody had suspected him for a moment. It started a train of thought. I mused, madam. Butlers, I told myself, never are suspected for a moment, and it occurred to me that a butler in a wealthy household who had acquired the technique of opening safes would be very advantageously placed. There he would be, if you follow me, madam, with the valuables at his elbow, if I may use the expression, and it would be extremely simple for him, by leaving a window open, to invest his operations with the appearance of what is known as an outside job. So I made cautious inquiries and eventually found a practitioner in Brooklyn who in return for a fee was willing to impart his skill to me."

"In twelve easy lessons?"

"Twenty, madam. At first I was not a very apt pupil."

"But you picked it up all right as you went along?"

"Yes, madam."

Jane drew a deep breath. She was no rigid moralist, her temperament being one that always inclined her to take a tolerant view of the straying from the straight and narrow path of those with whom she associated, but she had a rudimentary conscience. And though she had never been fond of her sister Adela, she could not but feel that a word of warning should be given that exasperating woman.

THE generosity of the late Albert Cork, combined with her personal and private fortune, the outcome of years of pulling down a huge salary in the days before there was any income tax to speak of, had left Adela with enough jewelry to equip half the blondes in Hollywood, and it seemed unfair to allow her to go on giving board and lodging to a butler who could open safes with a twiddle of his fingertips.

"I ought to tell Mrs. Cork," she said.

"There is no necessity, madam. I have put all that sort of thing behind me."

"Says you, if I may use a homely phrase indicating doubt and uncertainty."

"No, madam, I assure you. Apart from the moral aspect of the matter, I would not dream of taking upon myself the risks inseparable from my former activities. My experience of American prison life has left me with no desire to repeat it."

Jane's face cleared. This was sense.

"I see what you mean. I remember reading an article about the Reformed Criminal. The writer pointed out that there is nobody with such a strong bias toward honesty as the man who has just come out of prison. He said that if someone had been laid up for a year in a hospital as the result of going over Niagara Falls in a barrel, the one outdoor sport in which he would be reluctant to indulge on emerging would be going over Niagara Falls in a barrel. Or, putting it another way, the burned child fears the fire."

"Precisely, madam, though the actual quotation is 'A burnt child dreadeth the fire.' It occurs in Lyly's Euphues."

"Yes, he wrote some good stuff. But tell me all about your college days, Phipps. What's it like in Sing—?"

"Hist, madam."

"How do you mean, hist? Oh, I get you."

Outside the French window a voice had suddenly made itself heard, singing a gay melody. A moment later, a long, lean young man, who appeared to have giraffe blood in him, came in, carrying a bag of golf clubs.

"Good morning, m'lord," said Phipps.

"Good morning, Lord Topham," said Jane.

"Oh, good morning," said the young man. Then, as if to clarify his meaning, he added the words, "Good morning, good morning, good morning." He beamed at Jane and the butler. "Well, Miss J. Shannon," he proceeded, "and you, Phipps, this is the maddest, merriest day of all the glad new year. I say this to you without reserve, Phipps, and you, Miss J. Shannon. Not only the maddest, but also the merriest day of all the glad new year. I broke a hundred this morning, a feat which has eluded my every effort since I first took driver in hand at the age of twenty. A whisky and soda would not come amiss, Phippsy. You might take it to my room."

"Very good, m'lord," said Phipps. "I will attend to the matter immediately."

Lord Topham gazed after him admiringly as he disappeared in the stately manner habitual with him.

"You know, that chap makes me feel homesick. Absolutely. I never expected to find an English butler in Hollywood."

"All sorts of English oddities turn up in Hollywood," said Jane. "Excuse me." She picked up the mouthpiece of the Dictaphone and began speaking into it. "Who could have dreamed that in a few short years the name of Adela Shannon would have been known to the whole wide world from China to Peru? Who would have supposed that before I had made my third picture I would have become loved, worshiped, idolized by the prince in his palace, the peasant in his cot, the explorer in the jungle and the Eskimo in his frozen igloo? So true it is—so true— Ha!" said Jane. "So true it is that one touch of Nature makes the whole world kin and that courage, patience and perseverance will always find a way. I will now describe my first meeting with Nick Schenk." She lowered the instrument. "Sorry," she said. "I have to jot these things down when the inspiration comes."

Lord Topham was impressed, as the layman always is when privileged to observe Genius in the throes of composition.

"What are you doing? Working on a picture?"

"Not on a picture, no. I'm ghostwriting the story of my sister Adela's life."

"How's it coming?"

"Not too smoothly."

"Pretty much of a somewhat ghastly sweat, I imagine? I couldn't write anything if you paid me, much less talk it into that sewing-machine thing. Mrs. Cork was a big pot in the silent films, wasn't she?"

"One of the biggest. They called her the Empress of Stormy Emotion."

"Must have made a lot of money."

"Quite a good deal."

"I mean, you don't get a house like this for nothing."

"No. But here she is, to give you all the figures, if you want them."

THE door which led to the main portion of the house had opened, and a strikingly handsome woman of about Jane's age was sailing in with that air of confidence and authority which is so noticeable in Empresses of Stormy Emotion, even when the passage of time has made them ex-Empresses. Adela Cork was tall and stately, with large, dark, slumberous eyes which could, and did, light up in a baleful blaze when things were not going exactly as she desired.

Formidable was the word to describe Jane's sister Adela. Each of her three husbands, even the late Alfred Cork who was as tough a citizen as ever owned an oil well, had curled up before her like carbon paper, and directors who were getting on in years sometimes woke trembling in the night, having dreamed that they were back in the pre-talkie days arguing some technical point with the former Adela Shannon.

At the moment, her mood was reasonably benevolent, though she proposed later on to have a word with Jane about those slacks. Her lecture had been well received, and she was still in the gentle glow of amiability induced by the applause of two hundred intelligent Pasadena matrons.

"Good morning," Adela said. "Good morning, Lord Topham."

"Good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning."

"Hello, Adela," said Jane. "Lord Topham was just saying how much he admired this house."

Adela smiled rewardingly on this worthy guest. She was fond and proud of Lord Topham. She had been to great trouble to extract him from the clutches of a prehensile hostess who had seemed at one time to have acquired permanent possession.

"It is nice, isn't it? I bought it just as it stood from the estate of Carmen Flores, the Mexican star who was killed in that plane crash last year."

Lord Topham was interested. He was a great reader of fan magazines.

COLLIER'S "Are *you* anybody?" KATE OSANN

"Oh, really? Carmen Flores, what? Fancy that."

"You have heard of Carmen Flores?"

"Absolutely. Well, I mean to say, one would, wouldn't one? She, as it were, lives in legend and song. By way of being what Americans call a red-hot mother, was she not?"

"Absolutely," said Jane. "I have often thought that if walls had tongues as well as ears— Walls do have ears. Did you know that?"

"No, really?"

"Absolutely," said Jane. "I had it from a reliable source. Well, as I was saying, I have often thought that if walls could speak, these walls could say a mouthful. Not that what they said would ever get past the Johnston office."

"Absolutely not," said Lord Topham, nodding sagely. "So this is where she lived, is it? Well, well. Who knows but that on that very sofa—I forget what I was going to say."

"Just in time," said Jane. "Quickly changing the subject, tell Adela about your triumphs on the links this morning."

Lord Topham required no coaxing.

"Oh, ah, yes. I broke a hundred, Mrs. Cork. Do you play golf?" he asked, though a glance at his hostess should have told him that it was a foolish question. Women like Adela Cork do not lower themselves to these trivial pastimes. With a stretch of the imagination one could picture Mrs. Siddons or the mother of the Gracchi playing golf, but not Adela.

"No," she said. "I do not."

"Oh? Well, the idea of the game is to bash the old ball around the course in a minimum of strokes, and anyone who can accomplish the enterprise in under a hundred bashes is entitled to credit and respect. I did it for the first time this morning, and the news will stun my circle of friends across the sea. If you'll excuse me, I'll be going out and telling old Twingo about it."

"Twingo?"

"A pal of mine in London. May I use your telephone? Thanks awfully," said Lord Topham, and hastened out to shoot the hot news across the Atlantic.

Jane smiled sardonically. "Pal of mine in London . . . May I use your telephone? . . . Just like that."

ADELA bridled. She resented criticism of her favored guest.

"Very rich men don't bother about these trifles. Lord Topham is one of the richest men in England."

"I'm not surprised. His personal expenses must be very small."

"And I do wish, Jane," said Adela, changing the subject, "that you would dress decently when you are in a civilized house. Slopping about in those dungarees."

Jane was one of the few people whom Adela Cork could not intimidate.

"Never mind about my dungarees," she said. "Just tell yourself that they cover a warm heart and let it go at that. How was your lecture? Did you massacre them?"

"It was a great success. Everybody most enthusiastic."

"You're back early. Couldn't you touch the girls for lunch?"

Adela clicked her tongue.

"My dear Jane, have you forgotten that I am giving a big luncheon party today? All sorts of important people are coming, including Jacob Glutz."

"Of Medulla-Oblongata-Glutz? The man who looks like a lobster?"

"He does not look like a lobster."

"Pardon me, he looks much more like a lobster than most lobsters do."

"Well, whatever he looks like, I don't want him mistaking you for one of the gardeners. I trust you intend to change into something reasonably respectable before he arrives."

"Of course. These are just my working clothes."

"Have you been working on the Memoirs?"

"All the morning."

"Where have you got to?"

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"Your first meeting with Nick Schenk."

"No further than that?"

Jane felt that this sort of thing must be checked at the outset. It was bad enough being compelled by poverty to write those Memoirs at all, without having Adela biting at her heels and baying after her like a bloodhound. A pang shot through her as she thought of that literary agency, now gone beyond recall.

"My good woman," she said, "be reasonable. The story of your great career will be a very important contribution to American literature. It is not a task that can be hurried. One proceeds slowly. One chisels and polishes."

"I see. Yes, I suppose you're right."

"You bet I'm right. I was saying to Kay yesterday— What's the matter?"

ADELA had uttered an exclamation. She was looking cautiously over her shoulder. It seemed to Jane that her life these last days had been passed exclusively in the society of people who looked cautiously over their shoulders. She watched her sister, mystified, as she went to the door, opened it quickly and peered out.

"I thought Phipps might be listening," said Adela, closing the door and coming back into the room. "Jane, there is something I want to ask you. About Kay."

"What about her?"

Adela sank her voice to a stage whisper.

"Has she ever spoken to you of anyone called *Joe?*"

"Joe?"

"I'll tell you why I ask. Yesterday afternoon the telephone rang as I was coming through the hall. I answered it, and a man's voice said, 'Kay? This is Joe. Stop me if you've heard this before, but will you marry me?' "

Jane clicked her tongue.

"The boy's crazy. That's no way to—"

"I said, 'You are speaking to Mrs. Cork,' and he said, 'Oops! Sorry!' and rang off. Have you any idea who it could have been?"

Jane was able to supply the information. "I can tell you who it must certainly have been. A young writer of my acquaintance name of Joe Davenport. We were at Superba-Llewellyn together but he got fired. Shipped out to Hollywood at the same time in a crate of twelve. There is nothing surprising in the fact that he should have been asking Kay to marry him. I believe he does it every hour on the hour. He loves her with a fervor you don't often see off the Superba-Llewellyn lot."

"Great heavens!"

"Why? Don't you approve of young love in springtime?"

"Not between my niece and a Hollywood writer who hasn't even got a job."

"Joe may be out of a job, but he has a glittering future, if he can find some sporting soul to lend him twenty thousand dollars. If he had the capital, he could buy a lucrative Authors Representativery. Would you care to lend him twenty thousand dollars?"

"I would not. Is Kay in love with this man?"

"Well, she gives a sort of rippling laugh whenever I mention his name. Maybe that's a good sign."

Adela bristled.

"What do you mean, a good sign? It would be a disaster if she became entangled with a man like that. I am hoping she will marry Lord Topham. That is why I invited her here. He is one of the richest men in England."

"So you told me."

"I went to endless trouble to get him away from the Gloria Pirbrights, just so that Kay could meet him. Gloria was sticking to him like flypaper. I shall speak to Kay very seriously. I am not going to have any nonsense."

"Why don't you get Smedley to speak to her?"

"Smedley!"

"I always think a man can do these things so much more impressively. Women are apt to get shrill. And Smedley is the brother of the husband of the sister of Kay's father. Puts him almost *in loco parentis,* you might say."

Adela uttered a sound which in a woman of less impressive beauty would have been a snort. "As if he could do anything. Smedley is a poor sheep who can't say bo to a goose."

"Well, name three sheep who can."

"Oh!"

"Yes?"

Adela was looking at Jane accusingly. Her manner was austere. In a hundred silent pictures she had looked just like that at a hundred heavies who had attempted in their uncouth way to have their horrid will of her.

"Smedley!" she said. "I knew there was something I wanted to ask you, but talking about Kay put it out of my head. Jane, have you been giving Smedley money?"

Jane had hoped that secrecy and silence might have been preserved on this point, but apparently it was not to be.

"Why, I did slip him a hundred dollars."

"You idiot!"

COLLIER'S

". . . Then this character not only follows me into the automatic laundry and tries to make a date, but he puts his white shirts in the same machine with this blouse and—well, you know how it runs"

LEE PURCELL

"I'm sorry. I couldn't resist his pleading eye."

"Well, you will be interested to hear that he was out all night on what I suppose was a drunken orgy. I went to his room after breakfast, and his bed had not been slept in. He must have sneaked off to Los Angeles with your precious hundred dollars."

Jane did her best to soothe.

"Well, why agonize? He hasn't had a night out for years. Where's the harm in going on an occasional bender? Boys will be boys."

"Bah! Stuff and nonsense."

"Yes, I suppose that is one way of looking at it."

Adela went to the bell and pressed it.

"The only bright side of the thing," she said, "is that he will probably not return in time for lunch, and if he does he will be in no condition to be at the table, to bore Mr. Glutz with those interminable stories of his about Broadway in the thirties."

"That's right," said Jane. "Always look for the silver lining. What are you ringing for?"

"I am expecting my masseuse. Oh, Phipps," said Adela, as the door opened, "has the masseuse arrived?"

"Yes, madam."

"She is in my room?"

"Yes, madam."

"Thank you," said Adela coldly. "Oh, Phipps."

"Madam?"

Adela's face, which had hardened as she spoke of Smedley, grew harder. "I wanted to see you, Phipps, to give you a piece of news which I think will be of interest to you."

"Yes, madam?"

"You're fired!" said Adela, allowing the stormy emotion of which she had been Empress to leap from her eyes and scorch the butler like a jet from a flame thrower.

BUTLERS, as the chronicler has already had occasion to remark in his observations on these fauna, are trained to hide their emotions. Whatever the turmoil in their souls, outwardly they aim at the easy insouciance of the Red Indian at the stake, and it is consequently not often that anyone is privileged to see one of them look aghast. But Phipps was now looking definitely aghast. His jaw had fallen and his eyes were round and horror-stricken.

He cast a tortured glance at Jane. "Have you betrayed your promise?" the glance said. Jane's eye met his. "Good heavens, no." said Jane's eye. "I haven't said a word. This is something completely new, and nobody more surprised than the undersigned." Adela, having exploded her bomb, continued to ferment in silence.

"Fired, madam?" faltered Phipps.

"That's what I said."

"But, madam—"

Jane intervened in her robust way. As Roget would have put it in his Thesaurus, she was surprised, astonished, perplexed, bewildered and at a loss, but she was not the woman to accept this sort of thing with meek detachment. She liked Phipps and wished him well, and he had told her that he particularly desired to remain in Adela's employment. Why this should be so, she could not imagine, but if that was how he felt, this totally unexpected thunderbolt must have been devastating.

"What do you mean, Adela? You can't fire *Phipps.*"

"Can't I?" Adela said crisply. "Watch me."

Jane became vehement. There were moments—this was one of them—when she had a nostalgic yearning to be back in the days of their mutual nursery, to return to the golden age when, if Adela annoyed her, she had been in a position to put a worm down the back of her neck or to smite her shrewdly with one of those hard objects that lie about nursery floors.

"You're crazy. You're like the base Indian who threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe. I haven't been long in this joint, but I've been here quite long enough to have got Phipps taped as the Butler Supreme."

"Thank you, madam."

"He's terrific. He lends luster to the whole establishment. That harsh, grating sound you hear from time to time is the envious gnashing of the teeth of all the other Beverly Hills employers who haven't got him. Fire him? Absurd. What on earth put a silly idea like that into your head?"

Adela continued stony. "Have you quite finished?"

"No. But go on."

"I am firing Phipps for a very good reason. Wouldn't you fire a butler who spends his whole time sneaking around in your bedroom?"

"Doing what?"

"That's what Phipps does. A couple of days ago I found him in my room, routing about in one of the closets. He said he had seen a spider."

"Madam—"

Adela silenced the wretched man with an imperious gesture. She went on speaking in a voice that rose and vibrated with stormy passion.

"Yesterday he was there again. He said he had seen a mouse. As if there was the slightest possibility that there could be mice and spiders in my bedroom. And if it had been brimming over with mice and spiders, what business was that of his? I told him that if he ever put his ugly nose in my room again, I'd fire him. And this morning, as I was leaving for Pasadena, I went back to get a handkerchief, and there he was, if you please, under the dressing table, with his buttocks sticking up like a mesa in the Mojave Desert. You leave at the end of the week, Phipps. I trust," concluded Adela, her hand on the door handle, "that I am a broad-minded woman, but I'm not going to share my bedroom with the butler."

THE sound of a door vigorously slammed died slowly away, leaving silence behind it. Jane was endeavoring to adjust her faculties to these sensational happenings. Phipps was standing rooted to the spot to which he had been rooted since his late employer's opening remarks, still exhibiting all the symptoms of having received a powerful blow in the solar plexus.

"What's all this, Phipps?" said Jane.

The butler came slowly to life, like a male Galatea. His face was pale and drawn.

"Would you object if I took a sip of your highball, madam?" he said in a low voice. "I do not often indulge, but this has come as a shock."

"Help yourself."

"Thank you, madam."

"And now," said Jane, "supply a few footnotes." There was something of severity in her manner as she eyed the butler. "Does this mean that you have been going back to your old activities? I thought you told me you had put all that sort of thing behind you."

"Oh, no, madam, nothing like that."

"Then what were you doing, routing about in closets and crawling under dressing tables?"

"I—er—I was looking for something, madam."

"I gathered that. But what?"

Once again the butler directed that searching glance at her. And, as before, the scrutiny apparently proved satisfactory. After the briefest of pauses he replied, speaking in the hushed voice of a man who knows that walls have ears.

"The diary of the late Miss Flores, madam."

"Good lord!" said Jane. "Isn't this where I came in?"

Phipps, having decided to be confidential, was now in the mind to hold nothing back.

"It was a remark of Mr. Smedley's that gave me the idea, madam. Mr. Smedley chanced to observe one night at dinner that it was highly probable that the late Miss Flores had kept a diary and that, in the event of her having done so, the volume was presumably somewhere on the prem-

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ises. I was handing the potatoes at the moment, and the dish literally trembled in my grasp, madam. For the thought occurred to me immediately that the sort of diary kept by the sort of lady the late Miss Flores was would be worth a great deal of money to whoever found it."

Jane eyed him gravely. "Have you ever had that odd feeling, when somebody tells you something, Phipps, that you've heard it all before somewhere? Like hearing the familiar strains of some grand old anthem to which you have listened in childhood?"

"No, madam."

"It happens sometimes. Well, go on."

"Thank you, madam. I was saying that such a diary would be extremely valuable. The late Miss Flores, madam, was hot stuff, if I may venture to use the expression. In one quarter or another there would be a ready market for any diary of hers."

"True. So you looked for it?"

"Yes, madam."

"But didn't find it?"

"No, madam."

"Too bad."

"Yes, madam. Thinking the matter over, I reached the conclusion that, if the late Miss Flores had kept a diary, she would have secreted it somewhere in her sleeping apartment, the room now occupied by Mrs. Cork."

"So you said to yourself, 'Yoicks! Tallyho!' "

"Not precisely that, madam, but I proceeded to institute a diligent search, confident that I would eventually succeed in discovering its whereabouts."

"That was why you were so anxious not to lose your job here?"

"Precisely, madam. And now I am leaving at the end of the week. It is very bitter, madam," said Phipps with a sigh that seemed to come up from the soles of his shapely feet.

Jane reflected.

"You've still got a couple of days."

"But Mrs. Cork will be on the alert, madam. I really could not go through the ordeal of being caught by her again."

Jane shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, my heart bleeds for you, but I don't know what to advise."

"No, madam."

"It's a problem."

"Yes, madam."

"You might—" Jane broke off. She had been about to suggest that the butler might slip into Adela's bedtime chocolate drink what is known as a knockout drop or mickey finn. She had one in her possession, the gift of a Third Avenue bartender with whom she was on cordial terms, and would have been delighted to lend it to Phipps. But at this moment Kay came in through the French window, a bag of golf clubs over her shoulder, and the conference had to be suspended.

"Hi, Jane," said Kay.

"Good morning, my child."

"Good morning, Phipps."

"Good morning, miss."

ROSY with exercise, tanned by the California sun, Kay presented an attractive picture. Jane, looking at her, could follow Joe Davenport's thought processes and understand his habit of proposing to her every hour on the hour.

"You two look very serious," said Kay. "What goes on?"

"Phipps and I were discussing the situation in China," said Jane. "He has been holding me spellbound."

"Well, don't let me stop you."

"Quite all right. Some other time, eh, Phipps?"

"Any time that suits you, madam."

Kay threw her bag of clubs into a corner.

"Well, Jane. Working away?"

"Like a beaver."

"On the Memoirs?"

"On the Memoirs."

"Are they interesting?"

"Not in the least. I never realized before what dull lives silent screen stars led. It's agony, debasing my God-given talents with such hack work."

"It's a shame they let you go from the studio."

"The loss is theirs. I've just got an idea for the finest B picture ever screened, and Superba-Llewellyn could have had it if they had not madly dispensed with my services. I shall write it up for one of the science magazines. It's about a sinister scientist who gets hold of a girl and starts trying to turn her into a lobster."

"A lobster?"

"You know. Those things that look like studio executives. He collected a covey of lobsters and mashed them up and extracted the juice, and he was just going to inject the brew into the gal's spinal column with a hypodermic syringe when her betrothed rushed in and stopped him."

"Why did he do that?"

"He didn't want the girl he loved to be turned into something that looked like a studio executive. Isn't that good psychology?"

"I mean why did the sinister scientist act that way?"

"Oh, just a whim. You know what these sinister scientists are."

"Well, it sounds fine. Full of meat."

"Full of lobsters. Were you ever turned into a lobster, Phipps?"

"No, madam."

"You're sure? Think back."

"No, madam. I have not had that experience."

"Well, go and ask the cook if she ever was."

THE butler said courteously, "Very good, madam," and left the room. He had resumed his professional mask, and not even Sherlock Holmes, looking at his impassive face, could have guessed what vultures were gnawing at the bosom beneath that form-fitting shirt.

"Why all this research?" asked Kay.

"I'm a conscientious artist. I like to get my stuff right."

"You're a disreputable old bird, aren't you, Jane? I wonder Aunt Adela has you in the house."

"I'm doing those Memoirs of hers cheap. She never could resist a bargain. However, as a matter of fact, the real reason why I sent Phipps away to chat with the cook was that I wanted to take his mind off his troubles. Adela has just fired him."

"Fired *Phipps*? Why?"

"It's a long story, too long to tell now. We'll go into it later. How was your golf game?"

"Weak and sinful. Lord Topham trimmed me. He broke a hundred."

"Yes, he has just been releasing the story."

"So you've seen him? Where is he?"

"Still at the telephone, I imagine. He went off to put in a transatlantic call about it at Adela's expense to a friend of his in London called Bingo or Stingo or something. And, while on the subject of telephones, Adela informs me that your young man called up yesterday. She wants to discuss it with you."

"What young man?"

"Have you a dozen? Joe Davenport. Adela intercepted a proposal of marriage from Joe to you yesterday, and you wouldn't be far out in saying that she is exercised in her mind. She's hoping you'll marry that pleasant but quarter-witted ornament of the British peerage, Lord Topham."

"Really? I suppose that's why she invited me here."

"She specifically told me so."

"Well, of course, it would be wonderful to be the wife of a man who can break a hundred. On the other hand—"

"Exactly. On the other hand. Don't overlook the fact that if you marry Topham, you'll have half a dozen imbecile children saying, 'Absolutely what?' all the time in an Oxford accent."

Phipps appeared. "The cook desires me to say that she has never been turned into a lobster, madam," Phipps said.

"We must face it like men, Phipps. Stiff upper lip, eh?"

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"Yes, madam. I wonder if you could inform me of Mrs. Cork's whereabouts, madam?"

"I imagine she's in her room. You know that room of hers. She was going to have a massage, if you remember."

"Ah, yes, madam."

"Do you want to see her?"

"Yes, madam."

"I wouldn't at the moment."

"No, madam."

"What was it you wanted to see her about?"

"I wished to notify Mrs. Cork that a Mr. Davenport has arrived, madam."

Kay uttered a cry. "What!"

"Yes, miss. He is in the garage, putting his car away. His suitcases are in the hall."

"His suitcases?"

"Yes, miss. I gathered from the gentleman that he passed the evening with Mr. Smedley last night and Mr. Smedley invited him to spend a few weeks with us. Thank you, miss."

Phipps bowed slightly, and withdrew.

Jane was the first to break the silence which followed his departure. "Well, well," said Jane.

KAY did not speak. She was feeling a little breathless. Phipps's announcement had given her the curious illusion of being the heroine of one of the silent films popularized by her Aunt Adela, in which the great feature had always been the pursuit of Virtue by something pretty tough in the way of male pursuers. She had known that Joe was a pertinacious young man, but she had never suspected that his pertinacity would have carried him to such lengths as this. Even the most licentious of clubmen or the most bearded of desperadoes might well have hesitated to bring himself and suitcases into the home of Mrs. Albert Cork on the invitation of her impecunious brother-in-law.

"Well, well," said Jane. "The soul of hospitality, Smedley. You would think he was a Southerner."

"He must be crazy," said Kay. "He can't invite people here. This isn't his house."

"As Adela will no doubt point out to him."

Another facet of the mystery engaged Kay's attention.

"And what did Phipps mean, he passed the evening with Joe? Uncle Smedley never goes out. He told me so."

"He did last night. He was on a toot."

"So that's why he wasn't at dinner. I thought he had a headache."

"He probably has."

Kay was agitated. She was very fond of her Uncle Smedley, and the thought of what lay before him as the result of his thoughtless bonhomie touched her gentle heart.

"Do you think Aunt Adela will give him the devil?"

"If you want to bet against it, five will get you ten. But let's not discuss Smedley," said Jane. "Let us rather turn to the sacred meeting due to take place in a moment or two. So we are to have your young man with us for a few weeks, are we?"

Kay flushed. "Don't call him my young man. And it's more likely to be for a few minutes."

"You think Adela will throw him out?"

"Don't you?"

"No. Not after I have pleaded his cause. I shall use all my eloquence on his behalf. We alumni of Superba-Llewellyn must stick together."

Phipps appeared in the doorway. "Mr. Davenport," he announced, and Joe came in, bringing, in Jane's opinion, the sunshine with him. Though suffering from the slight headache inevitable on the morning after an evening passed in the society of Smedley Cork when that earnest reveler was making up leeway after five years of abstinence, he was plainly in radiant spirits. He beamed on Jane and Kay.

"Hello, there," he said.

"Hello, Joe," Jane said.

"And, as I live and breathe, if it isn't my favorite glamor girl, Kay. Hello, Kay."

"Good morning."

"Well, here I am. Where's my hostess?"

"Having a massage. Well, Joe, if I'd known you were coming, I'd have baked a cake. You could have knocked me down with a feather when Phipps told us you were to be today's big surprise for my sister Adela."

"Today's unpleasant surprise," said Kay.

Joe looked hurt. The wrong note, he seemed to be saying, the wrong note entirely. On this morning of mornings he wanted there to be smiling faces about him. And nobody, not even a reasonably modest young man, likes to be told that his arrival is going to cast a blight on the home.

"Is it my imagination," he said plaintively, "or am I getting a rather tepid reception? I haven't got bots, you know."

"You might just as well have," said Kay.

"You don't think Mrs. Cork will be pleased to see me?"

"You'll be lucky if you escape with a few flesh wounds. I warned you, you remember, that day at lunch."

Jane intervened. She, too, thought that

"Boy, will they be sorry! All it does is creep around in the dark for ten minutes!"

COLLIER'S — HANK KETCHAM

the conversation was taking too morbid a tone.

"Nonsense," she said. "You may expect a warm southern Californian welcome from Adela. Wait till I have reasoned with her."

"Can anyone reason with Aunt Adela?"

"I can. I will play on her as on a stringed instrument. Don't you worry, Joe. I guarantee you will be treated as a ewe lamb. So you ran into our Smedley last night?"

"Yes."

"An odd coincidence."

"Not so very. I was outside the gate here in a taxi, and he came along and we fraternized."

"What were you doing outside the gate in a taxi?"

"Just gazing. I gave him a lift down the hill. And when we found that he was at a loose end and I was at a loose end, it seemed the sensible thing to join forces. We started off with a bite at Mike Romanoff's."

"And then?"

"We looked in at Mocambo. He began to unbend rather at Mocambo."

"I can imagine."

"After that we went on to Ciro's."

"Where he unbent still further?"

"A good deal further."

"That was when he invited you to come and stay here?"

"Yes."

Jane nodded.

"I think I can reconstruct the scene. First, he climbed on the table and took his coat off and announced that he could lick any two men in the room."

"Any three."

"Then his mood seemed to soften. He climbed down, put on his coat, cried a little and invited everybody present to come and stay at his mountain home. 'Particularly you, my dear fellow,' he said to you."

"You might have been there."

"A pity I wasn't. What happened after that?"

"Well, all of a sudden I lost him. One moment he was there, the next he wasn't. Did you ever see the Indian rope trick?"

"No, but I know what you mean. He vanished?"

"Like a pea from under the shell. I don't know where he went."

"Probably to one or more of the numerous joints on Ventura Boulevard. I know Smedley on these occasions. Eyewitnesses have informed me of his habits. He likes to get about and see fresh faces. The faces are always nice and fresh along the Ventura Boulevard, and no doubt he felt that he would be able to express and fulfill himself better if he were alone. I think, Kay, it might be as well if you whistled up the bloodhounds and started a search, to see if he got home all right."

"I think it might."

"We know that his bed was not slept in."

"What!"

"So Adela says. She inspected it after breakfast. He was out all night."

"Why does he do these things?"

Jane could answer that.

"Because he's a fathead. I have watched Smedley Cork burgeon from boyhood to man's estate. As a boy, he was a small fathead. He is now a large fathead. Tell me, more," said Jane, as Kay hurried out. "Did Smedley do his imitation of Beatrice Lillie?"

"No, I don't remember that."

"He usually does on these occasions, I'm told. First, his imitation of Beatrice Lillie, then in response to gales of applause Gunga Din by the late Rudyard Kipling. It's terrific, I believe. How did you pass the long hours?"

Joe's face, which had become a little grave as the result of the introduction of the Mrs. Cork motif, cleared. He began to beam again.

"Jane," he said, "I have tidings of great joy. You remember those characters who brought the good news from Aix to Ghent? Well, they weren't in my class, simply not in my class. I have good news that is good news. This is where you leap about and clap your little hands, my Jane. You ask me how we passed the long hours. Well, as soon as I thought the time was ripe, I started talking business."

Jane's eyebrows rose.

"Business? With Smedley?"

"Selling him our authors' representatives scheme. It wasn't easy going, because his attention seemed to wander a good deal. I would put the thing with crystal clarity, and he would just sit back, looking glassy-eyed, like a fish on a slab, and when I said, 'Well, how about it?' he was rather apt to spring to his feet and utter what sounded like obsolete college yells. Putting the question aside, if you know what I mean. Which, of course, rendered it difficult for me to make a convincing sales talk.

"But I persevered, I kept at it, and you will be relieved to hear, pardner, that all is well. Snatching at a moment when he was having a comparatively lucid interval, I drove the thing home, and he's going to put up that twenty thousand we require as the first step up the ladder of wealth. For Heaven's sake, woman," said Joe, amazed, "why aren't you leaping about and clapping your little hands? Haven't you been listening? Pop Cork has definitely promised to put up that twenty thousand we need to buy the agency."

A sad, pitying look had come into Jane's face, the look of a mother forced to notify a loved child that his chances of obtaining candy are but slim, if not nonexistent.

"There is a snag," she said.

"Eh? What snag?"

"The fact that Smedley hasn't a cent in the world."

"What!"

"Not a cent."

Joe stared. He could make nothing of this. "But you told me he was a millionaire."

"Never."

"You did. At the hotel yesterday. You said your sister married a millionaire."

Jane's sad, pitying look deepened.

"Smedley isn't Adela's husband, my poor misled young friend. Adela's husband is no longer with us. Up there," said Jane, pointing heavenward. "The gentleman with the harp. Smedley is merely his brother, and, as I say, he hasn't a cent in the world. For I can hardly suppose that after such a majestic bender as he appears to have been on last night he has anything left of the hundred I slipped him yesterday."

Joe was rocking on his base.

"You mean that last night he was just kidding me?"

"I don't think intentionally."

"Purely accidental, eh?"

A SIGH escaped Jane. She was feeling like a mother who, in addition to having to notify him that there is no candy, has been compelled to strike a loved child on the base of the skull with a stocking full of sand.

"It's like this, Joe. When under the influence, poor Smedley gets delusions of grandeur. He believes he's back in the days when he really did have a lot of money—before he fooled it all away on musicals which closed on Saturday and repertory companies nobody bought tickets for and Czechoslovakian ballets and seasons of grand opera in English. He was at one time Broadway's leading angel. I suppose he backed more flops than any other two men in the business. Whenever there was anything more than ordinarily hopeless in the way of a dramatic opus knocking around, the cry immediately went up 'Where's Smedley?' It couldn't last. Five years ago his last few thousands went into a sweet little whimsical comedy adapted from the French, which ran from a Friday night till the end of the week, and since then he has been penniless and dependent for his three squares a day on the grudging bounty of my sister Adela."

She paused, and Joe, who had been

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clutching at the desk, slowly relaxed his grip.

"I see," he said.

"I'm afraid this is something of a blow."

"It is, rather. Yes, quite a disappointment. I believe I'll take a turn in the garden and brood on it a little."

"I wish I could have broken it more gently."

"Oh, that's all right," said Joe dully.

He passed through the French window with bowed head, and Adela, appearing simultaneously in the doorway, gazed after him in surprise.

"Who is that?" she asked.

"Eh?" said Jane absently. Her thoughts were still occupied with Joe and the collapse of his hopes and dreams.

"That strange young man who just went out."

Jane braced herself for combat.

"The young man to whom you allude," she said, "is not in the least strange. He is a perfectly normal, wholesome young man of the type which has made America what it is. That is Joe Davenport. You remember we were speaking of him not long ago."

Adela reeled.

"Davenport! That man! What is he doing here? Did you invite him?"

"Not I. Smedley."

ADELA'S beautiful eyes were bulging. Just so had she been wont to look in the old days when bursting in on a director in his office with the dreaded 'I should like a word with you, Mr. Marsupial!' on her lips.

"Are you telling me that Smedley—*Smedley*—has been inviting people to my house?"

"That's right. It appears that they ran into each other last night and hobnobbed, and Smedley insisted on him coming to take pot luck for a week or two. You'll like Joe. One of the best."

"Ha!"

Jane's manner became firm. "Now listen, Adela," she said. "I had anticipated that you might be a little difficult about this, and I have formed my plans."

"And I have formed mine. I shall order Phipps to throw this person out."

"You will do no such thing. You will welcome him in and treat him like a ewe lamb. Adela, you and I were children together."

"I have been trying to live it down ever since."

"And when we were children together," proceeded Jane, her voice cold and hard, "I used, if you remember, to put worms down the back of your neck from time to time, when such a corrective to your insufferable behavior seemed to be indicated. Persist in your refusal to become the genial hostess to my friend Joe Davenport, and I shall resume that practice."

"We are not amused," Adela declared haughtily.

"No, and you'll be still less amused after lunch when, as you show Jacob Glutz the rose garden, you find me sliding up behind you with a fistful of worms."

Adela gasped. Forty years of acquaintance with her sister Jane had left her with the unpleasant feeling that she was not a woman to be trifled with.

"I believe you mean it!"

"Of course I mean it. Not one worm, mark you, but a bevy of worms. Large, fat, sticky worms, Adela. Slithery, writhing, wriggly worms. Cold, clammy—"

Adela capitulated. "There is no necessity to labor your point," she said stiffly.

"You see reason?"

"I am prepared to be civil to this friend of yours."

"Good. Oh, Joe," called Jane, going to the French window. "Come here a minute, will you? Start practicing that sunny smile of yours, Adela. I want to see it split your face from side to side. And when you address your guest, let your voice be like that of a turtledove calling to its mate. Joe, I want you to meet your hostess. My sister, Mrs. Cork."

Joe's head was still bowed. Communing with Nature, as represented by the orange trees, the lemon trees, the jacaranda trees and the rattlesnakes, had done little to alleviate the despondency which had him in its grip. Dully he was aware of something large and feminine confronting him, and he bowed in its direction.

"How do you do?" he said.

"How do you do?" said Adela with a visible effort.

"I have just been telling my sister that you are to be her house guest," said Jane. "She is overjoyed. Eh, Adela?"

There was a momentary silence.

"Yes," said Adela.

"She says yes. So you may take up residence with an easy mind. Your status, as I foreshadowed, will be that of a ewe lamb."

"Well, that's fine."

"Yes, I think you will enjoy it. Ewe lambs live the life of Riley. Ah, Lord Topham," said Jane, as that gentleman entered with a brief what ho. "Come and shake hands with Joe Davenport."

"Hullo," said Lord Topham, doing so.

"Hello," said Joe.

"Hullo-ullo-ullo."

"Yes," said Joe.

THERE was another momentary silence. "Perhaps you would show Mr. Davenport his room, Lord Topham," said Adela, seeming to speak with difficulty. "It is the one next to yours."

"Right ho," said Lord Topham, for the task was well within his scope. He led Joe out. Through the open door he could be heard starting to tell his new friend how he had broken a hundred that morning.

Jane sighed the contented sigh of the woman who has got things done. "Well, Adela," she said, "I really must congratulate you. You were superb. Just the right note of warm but ladylike ecstasy. You might have been the Queen of Sheba welcoming King Solomon. But why do you look like that? Is there something on your mind?"

A wistful expression had come into Adela's face.

"I was only thinking," she said, "that a dozen times since you have been in this house I could have dropped something heavy on your head from an upper landing—and I didn't do it."

Kay came in, looking worried. "I can't find him anywhere. Good morning, Aunt Adela. I've been trying to find Uncle Smedley."

A whistling sound, like escaping steam, came from Adela's nostrils.

"I want to find Smedley myself," she said grimly. "I want to ask him what he means by inviting his revolting friends to my house."

Jane seemed surprised.

"Why, I thought you liked Joe. You were charming to him just now. Perhaps Phipps can help us," she said, as the butler came in bearing cocktail materials on a tray. "Phipps, have you seen Mr. Smedley?"

"Not since last night, madam."

"You don't know where he is?" said Kay.

"Oh, yes, miss," said the butler brightly. "He is in prison."

(To be continued next week)

Why I Am Not a Democrat

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

which are not directly competitive with private interests, or in which private capital has not adequately met the needs.

"So I would say that the yardstick for determining the extent to which government business operations are justified is whether or not such enterprises fulfill an unmet need in our economy in such a way as not to jeopardize the liberty and freedom of the individuals involved. Or, putting it another way, a government business enterprise is warranted only when it will result in greater expansion of private enterprise and greater prosperity for all the people. A good example of this would be the public development of the St. Lawrence River. . . ."

We have seen, in the field of farm credit, a fine example of how our government can move in and supply a needed service, then get out. The Federal Land Banks were established in 1917. At the start they were sponsored and controlled by the government, but they were so set up that government capital gradually was retired until in about 20 years they became wholly owned by their private borrowers, and the government withdrew except for examination purposes. The same procedure was used in setting up the Bank for Co-operatives and the Production Credit Associations.

But have you seen any recent plans of government to get itself out of something it has got into? The tendency now is the other way—to do more and more, even after the period of necessity has passed. Accompanying this dangerous tendency is the evil companion of party propaganda, illustrated daily in scores of "news" releases, by the St. Paul meeting I spoke of, and in other ways. A public spoon-fed with one-sided stuff is in danger of becoming a politically flabby public, first "conditioned" by propaganda, then maneuvered by the officeholders to suit their purposes.

It is because I want to stop the swift drift toward almost total dependence on government that I am not a Democrat. The United States Treasury is not the source of freedom. I told the boys at Amherst, "We cannot spend our way to liberty any more than we can purchase character or moral strength. Ours is the responsibility of seeing to it that freedom is not sacrificed at the illusory altar of security."

Generally, since 1932, the political life of Democrats has been easier and more secure than that of Republicans. The Democrats had the new social viewpoint required by the times when they took over with the inauguration of Roosevelt in 1933. Since then they have had a sequence of stirring crises to help them. And they have had the money! From less than six billions in 1933, 150 billions was available in wartime 1943; the latest figure is about 48 billions a year. Money talks, and money votes.

I recall a penetrating crack attributed to Al Smith. It was before the election of 1936, when the country was still excited over expenditures running in the low billions.

"Give me five billion dollars," Smith is quoted as saying, "and I'll elect a Chinaman, running on the laundry ticket."

In addition to an often sound social viewpoint and billions of dollars, the Democrats have developed a genius for political organization, they have an effective alliance with labor, with racial minorities, and they have the momentum of success.

It is not easy to buck all this successfully. It is not easy to make men fear that which has not yet happened. It is not easy always to distinguish between political expediency and economic progress. But it has got to be done if our political system is to survive.

Therefore I am not a Democrat, but a militant Republican, because the threat to our two-party system, hence to our liberty, seems to me the great domestic issue. It is time to change not because of incidental policies so much as because of fundamental policy. After we Republicans have been in office so long that we have grown greedy for authority, or conceited, or indolent or corrupt—as always happens when a party remains long in office—then turn us out again. That's the way democracy works. It cannot work any other way. THE END

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The Kissing Kind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

a little young for that. But distinguished was what he would probably grow up to be.

Bert sounded the horn of the car rounding the bend in the chipped shale road in front of the cottage. As the car scrunched to a stop, Nelson Carter disembarked negligently, opening the rear door of the sedan in the same movement. He and Bert toted two cases of canned beer to the cottage kitchen. Julia, by that time, was getting a drink of water at the sink.

"Oh, swell," she said, as Nelson ripped one carton open with a fruit knife and Bert put six cans on ice. "We always run out in the middle of the week, but always. And Mother, bless her, never thinks of getting any more when *she* goes into Wallville. With her it's just more health food and an afternoon at the antique auction. I think there's nothing like a beer in this heat."

SHE saw no necessity of documenting the fact that this was the first summer she had been allowed to drink an occasional glass of beer with the rest of the family. She leaned over, interestingly helpful, as Nelson wrestled more cans from under the corrugated cardboard.

"Sure cuts the thirst," he said, attentive. "Lordy, it's certainly good to get out of the city."

"You guys better wash your hot little hands," Julia said. "Almost lunch."

Her mother had come into the kitchen and was whispering audibly to Bert, "Aren't you boys going to put coats on? For lunch?"

"Don't we come here to relax?" Bert argued.

"Come on, Bert. Let's wash," Nelson said. He gave an understanding and reassuring side glance to Mrs. Baker.

Walking into the sun room, watching the retreating T-shirts on the stairs, Mrs. Baker smiled at Julia. "That Nelson Carter is a nice boy," she said. "I'm glad Bert brought him up this week end. I think Bert's getting away from Mary-Ann and the Turner boy and that gang."

"Huh?" Julia said, absent-mindedly. "Oh, excuse me, Mama. I think he's awfully nice. I met him at a party at the Fosters', remember? I think he's good for Bert. I mean, he's fun, but not cracking up cars and getting half tanked all the time." For a warm and suspended moment Julia and her mother paused by the porch door, two representatives of a species, two priestesses of an ancient rite, American Women dedicated to the unobtrusive manipulation of their males. . . .

Lunch at the Pine Ridge clubhouse was a crowded reunion on Saturdays. The middle segment of the male population was reunited with the resort. The working fathers, sons and brothers had arrived from the city in the morning or the night before and were assuming the familiar garments of their clan lives, as lovers, problem children, anecdotal bores, solid citizens and temporary country gentlemen. The continuing male population, those old beyond work or too young for it, once more settled into the background.

Bert Baker and Nelson Carter had added some respectability, enough to soothe Mrs. Baker, with seersucker coats over their T-shirts. A conversational murmur rose and fell through the tables of the now crowded dining hall, all along the knots of after-lunch talkers on the clubhouse porch.

Julia sat on the steps a little to the south side of the middle. At the extreme north end of the steps were the youngest kids, barely out of the toddling class, spitting at one another, singsonging their repetitious phrases, falling and skinning their knees, torturing insects and intermittently wailing. At the extreme south end were young marrieds still living with their parents, young about-to-be-marrieds and a few mavericks. The section Julia sat in represented transition, a blending of older prep school and younger college, of the surer or more aggressive subdebs, of the less certain or more gauche debs. No one had ordained these divisions, but they were religiously observed.

Julia stretched lazily, comfortably and prettily. Sally Ryan still had on her bare-midriff number, but it was already beginning to look a little tacky and wrinkled. Sally *did* show the heat so much. And with every wriggle the midriff betrayed a white pencil line of the fish-belly paleness of her untanned portions. She was trying so hard, chattering gaily with Bert and Nelson and Herb, all at once but with premium attention to Nelson. Heavens, next thing she would be shoving them playfully down the stairs.

Julia put a gentle hand on Bert's shoulder, somehow contriving to include Nelson in the gesture.

"What time swimming?" she said. "Are you going to play golf or come down early? I've got so I can do the one-and-a-half

HARRY DEVLIN

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gainer now, so you couldn't tell me from a newsreel."

"I dunno," Bert said. "What do you say, Nels?"

Nelson turned away from Sally Ryan's reminiscences of New Haven, where she'd been to a football week end last fall with this perfectly crazy Billy Bonin. I think he's a class or two ahead of you, though, and he shot off an air pistol right in the lobby of the Taft . . .

"I dunno either," he said, good-humoredly. "What do you say, Julie?" He looked at her appreciatively.

"I say golf is for old men," Julia said. "Varicose veins and that sort of thing. Unless, of course, you really enjoy it." She looked obliquely at Sally, who was Ladies Junior Champ. "But it's up to you two. Me, I'm going back to the cottage and put on my suit and spend the whole afternoon soaking up sun and wringing out water. So there."

"Sounds good," Nelson said. "Come to think of it, I've never seen you in a bathing suit. And that golf course looked pretty crowded this morning. Probably be worse in the afternoon."

The three of them rose and took the path to the Baker cottage together. Sally Ryan was left talking animatedly to Herbie and to Spencer Cowdin, a lank-haired blond girl who had come out in town the previous winter and, for all practical purposes, gone right back in again. . . .

The afternoon's swimming was wonderful. Julia's new suit, a silvery gray with little green frogs patterned all over it was an attention getter and a conversational peg without being in the least bit vulgar. Nelson made complimentary comparisons with Esther Williams. And Nelson, in trunks, with an even, deep tan, was something to look at himself. He didn't do any obvious showing off—no standing on his head or somersaults like a younger boy—but you couldn't miss being aware that here was a pretty sensational build. Herbie, who just didn't get tan but stayed a blush red all summer long, hung around the dock and the diving board dolefully, making little clumsy efforts at participation and then dodging away if everybody didn't laugh immediately at everything he said.

Julia's one-and-a-half was just as good as it had looked all week. Even Bert was moved to grudging compliment: "Well, for once you kept those legs straight." Sally Ryan came down late in a new bathing suit, the top of which, Julia gleefully overheard Nels remarking to Bert, looked like "two birds' nests."

"It's so *troublesome*," Sally confided loudly to Nels. "I keep thinking the top is going to float away any minute." That old line.

"Again, dear?" Julia asked. "Don't let it bother you. We're all friends."

Blink-eyed Billy Tinker, just out of Exeter, tried to pinch Julia under water and got a foot in his fat face for his pains. Nels laughed approvingly.

Toward the end of the afternoon, Julia swam out farther than usual and, surprisingly, when she paused to float awhile, found Nelson Carter bobbing effortlessly beside her. They had a good little talk.

"This is quite a lake," Nelson said. "Before this I've always liked the shore."

They were treading water, panting a little, and talk came in excited, breathless bursts that made its trivia sound more interesting.

"I love it," Julia said. "We've been coming here ever since I can remember. You haven't really seen anything yet. Wait'll tomorrow. Do you ride? I know I can borrow some horses, if you do. They have wonderful trails through the woods here."

"I'd like to ride, if you'd show me some of those old trails," Nelson said. "They sound—uh—interesting. Get way back there in the mountains away from everybody."

"I love that," Julia said. "It's awful peaceful, as if you were the only person in the world when you get far back."

"Only people in the world," Nelson said. "This is good here, too."

"Oh, it is," Julia said. She continued to tread water, pushing herself out high to look at the dock. She could see Sally Ryan's red hair and her brown suit. It was too far to tell whether she was biting her nails.

"Race you back," Julia said. "Bet I beat you to the diving board."

"Done and done," Nelson said.

THEY started the race seriously enough and strenuously, but halfway to the board, Nelson, level with Julia, flopped over on his back. "Let the kids race," he said. "Tell me about this dance tonight. Incidentally, I'm damn' glad you're my date. You are, aren't you?"

"Unless you mind," Julia said, as demurely as she could between gasps. "It's just a regular Saturday-night dance. We get a little band from Wallville and they know all last year's hits and none of this year's, but it's fun, sort of. You might find it—uh—amusing."

"I was afraid I might be saddled with that redheaded menace," Nelson said. "Sally Whatshername." He had floated toward her and put a steadying arm under her shoulders. It didn't feel so much different from Herbie's as she expected, but it was

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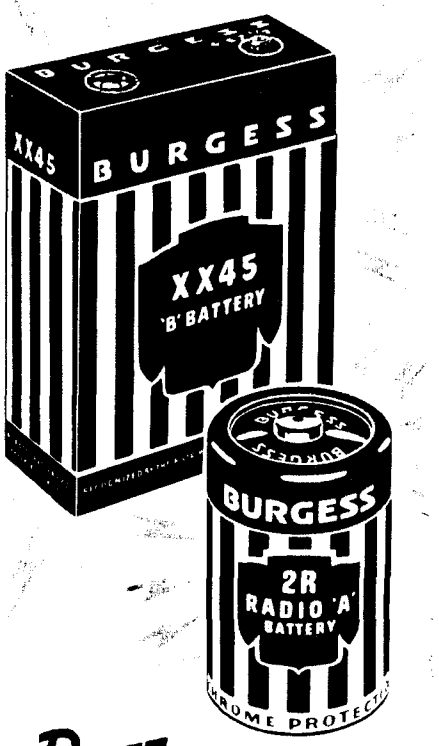

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pleasantly close and protective and provocative. "I'm sure I'll like it," Nels said. It was a little like what she sometimes scornfully called "movie voice," but from Nelson it sounded natural, a good voice, deep and without too much daylight in it, even in the afternoon.

"Do go on," Julia said, sinking comfortably against his arm. But they were almost to the dock and had to break apart to avoid a canoe battle in progress between the Judson kids and a gang of visiting urchins in the Tinker canoe.

And after the swimming, there was the drive back to the cottage, wet and sparkling, sitting in the back seat with Nelson's arm around her, singing Jolly Jolly Sixpence and Silver Dollar and Roll Me Over. And bounding into the cottage kitchen, bathing suits still clinging wet, to have a beer, sitting on the kitchen table as Nels brought her the freshly pierced can with its fuzzy goatee of foam.

"What're you going to wear tonight?" he asked. "I liked that black dress at lunch." He sketched the neckline with a finger across his bare chest. A man with clothes sense, or something.

"You can wait and see," Julia said. "You'll like it, though, I'm sure."

Mrs. Baker appeared in the kitchen doorway. "You children better get started dressing," she said. "The first bell will ring any minute now."

Children indeed, Julia thought, going upstairs. She would wear the strapless red number with the half-slip that peeked lace from under the skirt. She sort of wished the Ridge were more formal, so that Nels might be wearing a summer tux with a cummerbund, but she was sure whatever he wore would be impressive.

THE strapless brought a successful reaction of compliments from Nels, smart and crisp in a blue gabardine. They sparred with each other across the dinner table, Julia purposefully restrained as soon as she noticed her mother's indulgent, but sickeningly adult, approval. She and Nels smiled occasionally when they caught each other's eye, as if at private jokes they didn't have yet, and Mr. Baker, as usual of a Saturday evening, kept most of the dinner conversation centered around a hole-by-hole replaying of his afternoon's golf, while Mrs. Baker talked over her shoulder to Mrs. Brandt at the next table about a perfect break-front desk she had found in Abbeyville just beyond Wallville.

After dinner there was a two-hour hiatus before the dance began. The middle-of-the-stairs group congregated in its accustomed position, smoking, chattering, making plans.

"We could take off for Wallville after the dance gets started," Bert said. "Just for a while. We should be here to start the thing, but it'd be fun to get away for an hour or so and get some brew and dance to the juke down at Guthrie's." He had corralled Becky Hughes, a small, intense, black-haired girl with a heart-shaped face and deep, mournful eyes.

"Love it," Becky said decisively. "You, too, Julie?"

"Yes, but we ought to be cagey. You know how my mother is. She won't *mind*, but she does have such a conscience about supporting the dance. I think she's campaigning for Father to be president of the Ridge next year. And *your* mother! Wow!"

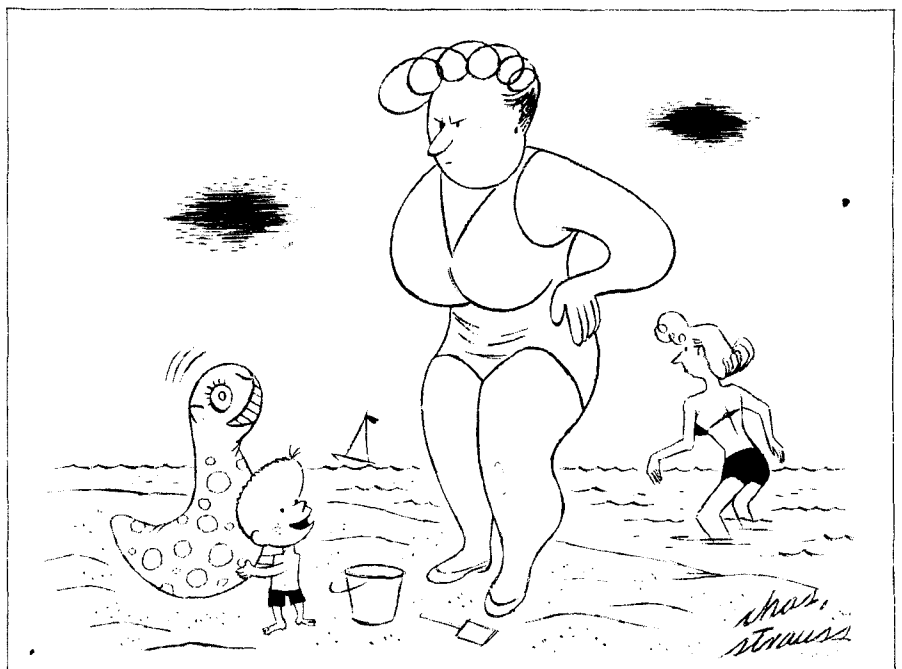
"We can just sneak out and come back before it breaks up, huh?" Nelson said. "Cigarette?"

"Wait'll we get off the porch," Julia said. "Mother knows I smoke, but she worries about what the other old biddies think. Let's all go to the cottage for a while. We can have some beer and play cards or something. No use just sitting here."

"Next time, you chip in on the beer buying," Bert managed to whisper to her on the walk to the cottage. "Nels and I paid for one case of that this afternoon, remember?"

Julia laughed happily. "Yes, brother," she said. There was a degree of acceptance and maturity even in being dunned for beer money. She and Nelson were walking ahead of Bert and Becky, holding hands. Nels was telling her a joke that was cute but didn't have any dirty words in it. From behind them she could hear the shrillness of Sally Ryan telling Billy Tinker that she was going to Hyannis with the Baileys in a week or two and of the fantastic time she had had there last year. "There was this older man, a lawyer or something from Provincetown, at the club dance, and, of course, I never dreamed he was drunk, so when he asked me to dance . . ."

They all came back to the clubhouse in time to start the dance. The Wallville band was already tuning up. The parental groups were skirmishing for positions in the chairs on the porch or at one end of the dining room. The younger kids had dirtied and mussed up their Saturday-night clothes and were beginning to achieve a querulous and unco-operative mood of tantrums and pinching. A discarded cigarette had started a small fire in one of the awnings. The orchestra swung into Amapola and the Saturday-night dance began.



COLLIER'S **"Who did you get to blow *you* up, Aunt Laura?"** CHARLES STRAUSS

Julia danced with Nels and then with Herbie, and with Bert and Billy Tinker and with both the Bailey boys. "I hear you're kidnaping Sally to Hyannis?"

"Aw, that's Mother and Mrs. Ryan. Every darn' summer."

And then Julia danced with Nels again. "When do you think we can break away from this shindy, Julie? It's getting a little draggy."

"You get Bert after this dance. I'll see Herbie and the Jolly Tinker. Meet you at the cars."

AT GUTHRIE'S, the tavern in Wallville, the juke had newer music and the boys could get beer and the girls could get beer which the boys usually finished.

"You look out for Sally, even if you are with Cowdin," Julie cautioned Herbie, dancing with him to Bert's nickel. "*I* don't think she should have another beer. You know how crazy she is, and if her mother ever even suspected that her darling daughter had a beer it'd get the bunch in trouble."

"I'll look out," Herbie said. "Are you having a good time? As if I need to ask." Herbie wore his best Sydney Carton expression. "Anyway, he seems like a nice guy."

"Herbie, don't give me anguish," Julia said. "I think he's real cute, but just for showing off. Haven't I got Ryan *sick* though?"

"You have that," Herbie said. "But that doesn't mean you have to hang on his neck every minute like you were drowning."

"I think that is deliberately disgusting," Julia said. "Please be good, Herbie-Pie."

Nels danced beautifully. Julia could smell the faint fragrance of that intriguing shaving cream past the beer.

"We better go, kids," Herbie was saying. "All eight of us gone at once, they'll begin to worry."

"Why don't you go with Sally and Spence and Billy?" Bert said. "In your car. We'll be along in a minute."

"I want to go now," Becky said. "Mother's still mad at me from last week end, and I have to be her little girl for a while longer."

NELSON looked nearly morose. Julia gave his arm a comforting squeeze. "Why don't you two go with Herbie?" she said to Bert. "Nels and I can take the car back. Lord knows Father'd trust him with it as much as he does you."

They argued for a moment and Julia's plan won. "Thanks, baby," Nels said after the others had left.

They danced alone to the juke box under the unsentimental eye of a sleepy barman, and had another beer and regarded each other with the sudden wariness of two people who have never been alone together before, who have been trying to be alone for some time, who finally are alone and aren't quite sure what the next move is.

"Certainly was a good swim this afternoon," Nels said.

"I loved it. Did you know they had snapping turtles in the lake?"

"Who has?"

"Silly. I mean there *are* snapping turtles in the lake."

"That suit of yours would have just made one good bite for one of them."

"Is that so? How about Sally's?"

"Oh, her!"

"Are you going to come up again? Bert comes up every week end and there's always room."

"Gee, I'd like to. Y'know, I didn't realize how pretty you were just seeing you at that brawl at Buzz Foster's. That's quite a dress, Julie. Quite a girl, too."

"Thank you, sir, she said."

They danced again, but Julia refused another beer.

"Honestly, I'd love to. I could stay here all night. But we'd better be starting back," she said. "If we don't we'll have the kids worrying about us, too. In addition to the rocking chair brigade, that is." . . .

On the short, paved stretch outside Wallville, Nelson put his arm around Julia and she snuggled charitably against him. "This is nice," she said. They drove quietly the rest of the way, and Nels snaked the car expertly into the far end of the parking lot at the clubhouse.

"Do we have to go right in now?" he said.

"We should," Julia said dutifully, "but we don't have to."

Nels slid his other arm around her and kissed her. It was a long, unclumsy kiss. Julia did not bother with routine protests, let her own arms move around the rippled cage of his ribs and fought only half successfully against parting her lips. Certainly not on the first kiss, she thought, and then stopped thinking and floated easily into the country of her own dreams.

"That was nice, Nels," she said, when he removed his mouth from hers.

"That was nice," he echoed without mockery and kissed her again.

They sat for some time in the car, holding each other. "We do go together well, honey," Nels said.

When Nels suggested moving to the back seat, Julia was firm in refusing. "We really ought to be back at the dance," she said. "We can sit here for just a minute more, Nels. But not in the back seat."

"Okay, Julia," Nels said. "Anything you say. I just thought it would be more comfortable. You know."

"Don't talk, Nels."

Then there were closer, longer kisses and only imperceptibly did Julia move out of her dream country.

"Don't muss," she said. "Please, Nels." He began fumbling with the clasp of her bra and she slipped out of his arms. But he held her quietly and closely again and she felt as if she couldn't twist away.

"Stop it," she said. "Please, Nelson. I'm not one of Bert's tramps—one of your tramps either." His hands went on, now away from the bra, squeezing her demandingly.

"Stop it," she said. "Somebody's liable to see us." He took the statement as a confession of willingness withheld only by lip service to convention.

"Don't you worry," he said. "Uncle Nels'll hear them. Please, Julie baby, don't be mean."

"Stop it," she said. "Stop it, I said. I'll scream." She opened her mouth.

Nelson sat back with the look of a hurt child. "Where do you get this stuff, Julie?" he said. "What're you so excited about? Babies don't come from kissing." He moved back against her.

Julia was well out of her dream country now. Her mind was in a hot rage. To be treated in the same moment like a child and like a woman was more than she could bear. His insistent, large, stupid hands and his urgent knees frightened her, but more than fright was anger, and humiliation and contempt. She pulled herself away from him so violently that he almost fell to the floor of the car. Opening the door she trembled for a phrase of annihilation. What would Dorothy Parker have said? What Tallulah? What, even, Elizabeth Taylor? Facts of life, indeed! Julia was near tears. She took one look at the confused figure of Nelson, scraping himself to a sitting position.

"Babies do, too," she said. "My mama told me. Aren't you glad you know now?"

IN THE dining hall the dance was going on its unexciting way. The powder room had restored Julia's crispness, and Tom Bailey grabbed her for a dance as soon as she came into the room. Afterward they went out on the darkened porch.

Julia could see Bert and Herbie and Bill and the girls at the far end. Nelson had probably gone back to the cottage, or, for all she cared, jumped in the lake. She steered Tom Bailey toward the group. Sally Ryan was telling a story, autobiographical as ever. Herbie was leaning against the porch railing, watching the fireflies, not really listening. Julia left Tom Bailey slumped into a wicker chair and went over to Herbie, tapped him on the shoulder.

"Herbie?" she said.

"Huh?" he said. "Yeah, Julia. What?"

"Just hello," she said. "And did you save a dance for me? And, look, Herbie, maybe we could take out the Ostreichers' horses tomorrow—Sudie isn't here and they'll need exercise—and just ride somewhere up in the mountains. A real good long ride, and we could take some fences in the back fields, too. Huh?" THE END

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Beef, Billions—And the Beginning

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

by a blow between the eyes with a sledge hammer, hoisted by the hind legs to an overhead rail and cut to produce rapid bleeding. Sheep and hogs are cut without stunning, but humanely.

The industry has sought new methods; they've tried electrocution and asphyxiation, but both these methods were potentially dangerous to the workers, so they were abandoned. One company even hired a Marine, a former sharpshooter, who sat in a chair before and above the cattle chute and shot the animals between the eyes with a rifle. He was doing this with monotonous regularity with nary a miss and his employers were about to congratulate themselves on coming up with a new and easier method of slaughtering when, as the fiftieth steer was approaching, one of the animals happened to turn its head at the moment the Marine shot. Now a steer's skull is a thick slab, and the bullet ricocheted upward where it hit a painter on a scaffolding.

They are still using sledge hammers.

The casual method of dealing in the stockyards is all the more remarkable when you realize that the industry operates on an extremely small profit margin. Never does it average a net of more than a fraction of a cent a pound on meat. Very frequently it actually sells a pound of dressed beef for *less* than the price paid per pound for the animal on the hoof. It has been able to do this because of the revenue derived from the sale of livestock by-products, but competition from synthetics and mass production have forced down the price of the by-products. Meanwhile, the price of animals on the hoof either has gone up, or has not gone down sufficiently to compensate. Hence the price of processed meat has risen to make up the difference.

The price of by-products, therefore, has a lot to do with the price you pay for meat. The value of by-products is credited to the meat, thus making livestock more valuable to the farmer. This offers him an incentive to grow more animals. High by-product values narrow the spread between livestock and meat values. Lower by-product values tend to widen the gap.

Tallow, for example, dropped more than 45 per cent in price in one year partially because synthetic detergents were moved into the market and were enthusiastically received by housewives. These synthetics doubled in use in one year, and now account for 25 per cent of all American soap consumption. Or take tennis rackets. Eleven lambs once furnished the gut to string a racket, but now nylon is used, and the meat industry has lost another market.

Stockman Got a Square Deal

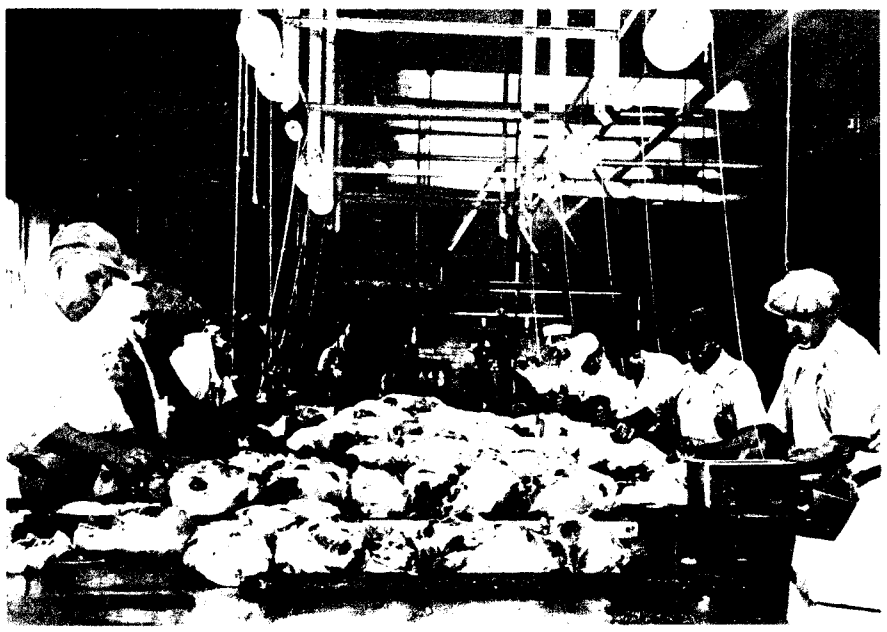
The importance of by-products is illustrated by a story told me by Norman Draper, director of public relations of the American Meat Institute, which is headed by the famous chemist, Dr. H. R. Kraybill. A stockman who sold his cattle to the Denver market, Draper said, held out two steers and asked the buyer to slaughter them for his deep freeze. The buyer accommodated him and, when he gave the stockman the beefs, presented him with $40. This represented the buyer's estimate of what he could get for the by-products of the two animals.

Actually, only a little more than 54 per cent of a steer, on the average, is used for beef, although in some cases this figure has run as low as 40 per cent and in others as high as 65 per cent. Of the remainder, 10 per cent is of no value, about 20 per cent is lost through shrinkage and 16 per cent is usable in by-products. About 70 per cent of a steer is utilized and about 80 per cent of a hog. The old bromide that the packer uses everything but the squeal is not literally true, but it is as near being true as the industry can make it.

From 1875, when Swift and Armour came to Chicago, the industry grew rapidly—and painfully. The panic of 1893 almost wiped them all out, as did the panic of 1907, but they survived, somehow, even with bankruptcy confronting them, as they have survived antitrust suits, labor troubles and all the other occupational diseases that harass big industry.

Mainly this was because of the colorful and dynamic personalities who pioneered the great industry. There were the stubborn, red-whiskered Armour; the hard-driving, chin-whiskered Swift; the Cudahys, only recently from Erin; the Morrises, Swarzchilds and Sulzbergers; Tom Wilson, tall and tough; and the itinerant hide buyer, George A. Hormel, who founded George A. Hormel & Company, now headed by H. H. Corey.

Philip Danforth Armour was a very determined man, indeed. They say Phil Armour once was on a trip with Marshall Field, the elder J. P. Morgan and G. F. Swift and that they were in a hot discussion one night when Armour suddenly pulled out his massive gold watch and looked at it.



Removing bones from cured hams at the Cudahy Packing Company

It was nine o'clock and Armour rose. "Gentlemen," said he, "I never let Mrs. Armour interfere with my schedule and I'm not letting you. Good night."

Armour addressed anyone who had the temerity to arrive at the office after seven in the morning with, "Good afternoon." He was always at work by six at the latest.

They were rugged in the packing industry's salad days; they had to be to survive the grinding competition. They still have to be. The Armour company, by the way, did a business of $1,870,000,000 in 1949.

Gustavus Franklin Swift, called the Yankee of the Yards, came from Cape Cod, the son of a long line of Cape Codders extending back to early colonial days. As a young man he got into the meat business when his father lent him $20 with which he bought a heifer. He slaughtered the heifer and drove up and down the country roads of Cape Cod, selling the meat. Later, he opened an abattoir in Cape Cod and purveyed meat to the natives. Liking the meat business, he later went to the Boston area and joined a larger packing firm. From there he eventually migrated to Chicago.

He was a familiar figure around the yards 60 years ago, driving his black horse and black buggy furiously, his long chin whiskers flying in the breeze. He drove himself and his men just as furiously. The black horse was always hitched just outside the old Swift office at Packer's and Exchange Avenues, ready to take off at a moment's notice.

People like G. F. Swift taught the packers to conserve all usable parts of the animal. And Swift & Company is in the forefront of research now, under Dr. R. C. Newton.

In 1916, the firm of Sulzberger & Sons got into financial difficulties and the creditors appointed a vigorous young fellow named Thomas E. Wilson to take over for them. He did, and operated it so successfully that he subsequently took it over for himself to form Wilson & Company.

Now chairman of the board, Tom Wilson, still very active although well into his eighties, is another meat executive who began as an office boy. His son, Edward Foss Wilson, is president of the company. "I didn't begin as humbly as Dad did," says Ed Wilson, "but I served my time in the yards and the slaughterhouse." Ed Wilson likes to recall the time, shortly after his graduation from Princeton, when Henry Ford, then fascinated with the possibilities of soybeans as an all-purpose food, told him there was no future in the meat business and advised him to get out of it before he was caught in a declining industry. He finishes the anecdote with: "We did $700,000,000 worth of business last year."

Tom Wilson, who celebrated his golden wedding anniversary last November 1st, is known as a highly successful industrialist; but it is likely that his success in a human research project is closer to his heart today than any other of his achievements. "Back in World War I," Mr. Wilson will tell you, "Secretary of Agriculture David Houston was much interested in improving the agronomy of this country and getting the farmers to accept new and improved methods of agriculture and livestock feeding, breeding and care. But farmers resented anybody telling them how to run their farms and he wasn't getting very far.

"The matter was pressing because the war had shown that we needed to improve our agronomy and we were feeding the world then as we did during World War II and after, so Houston came to me. It occurred to me that you'd never get the adult farmers to change; they were too set in their ways, but the youngsters might be taught.

"The young boys and girls of local stock clubs always showed their animals at the annual International Show in the amphitheater over in the yards, and at the show in 1918 I asked the 11 prize winners to have lunch with me. We talked the matter over and they were enthusiastic, so we formed a club. Since farming is probably more than any other activity a matter of health and head and heart and hand, we called our club the Four-H and there are more than 11,000,000 people who have benefited by membership in it. I think you'll agree, too, that it's made its mark in our national history by turning out better citizens as well as helping in the production of better crops and stock."

Since 1923, when Armour bought the assets and good will of Morris & Company, the packing industry has changed very little, except to expand to meet the demands of a growing population and to find new markets for its by-products, while constantly searching for new by-products. It also has improved its efficiency in production and distribution to a remarkable degree and is still improving them. This efficiency has benefited the nation and the world.

The Industry Meets a Crisis

At nine thirty in the morning of December 8, 1941, the quartermaster general's office in Washington sent an urgent order to the offices of the meat industry in Chicago. The day before was the date that "will live in infamy." The Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor had knocked out its refrigeration facilities. The need for meat would be critical in a very short time. Hence the urgency of the order. Could the meat industry fill it?

The meat industry could, and did. By five that afternoon 1,000,000 pounds of frozen boneless beef were rolling toward San Francisco in refrigerator cars. In seven and one-half hours, the industry had got the cars, packed the beef and cleared the shipment across more than half the continent.

Again, in 1942, the meat industry teamed up to handle an international emergency. This was in response to a cry for help from Britain.

Pharmaceutical houses in Britain then manufactured insulin for most of the British Commonwealth, except Canada. Insulin, a hormone found in the pancreatic glands of all mammals, is used in the treatment of diabetes. Before the war most of the pancreatic glands were obtained from the Argentine. By 1942 the German submarine campaign had choked off supplies of almost everything from South America. Moreover, about that time a German plane dropped a bomb that happened to fall on the plant of the Burroughs-Wellcome Company, the largest pharmaceutical house in Britain and one of the chief sources of supply of insulin for the Commonwealth. The bomb did little damage but it disrupted work at the plant.

When the bomb fell there was only a month's supply of insulin for the several million diabetics throughout the British world, who faced death if this supply became exhausted.

The British call for help went straight to the American meat industry, which responded immediately. The pancreatic glands of animals throughout the industry were pooled and sent to the pharmaceutical plants of Armour and Wilson and to drug manufacturers. The drug was shipped in convoys which got through, and the crisis was averted. The British continued to lean heavily on American packers for this supply until the end of the war.

Incidentally, one reason the wartime meat black market was so despicable was that it threatened to deprive not only our Allies, but this nation as well, of insulin and other drugs that derive from the endocrine glands of animals. Men who slaughtered animals for the black market did not save the endocrine glands. At one time, indeed, the black market was so dangerous that there was a threatened shortage of insulin in the United States itself.

If current research pays out, the quality of meat can be determined absolutely. Next week's Collier's tells the promising story. Order your copy from the newsdealer now

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War Shirt

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

man is Mason. Will you smoke with us?"

The young man answered, "He says yes."

Bije took a stone pipe from his possible sack and filled and lighted it with proper ceremony. He was relieved when they were through smoking, when Mason had finished his awkward performance with the pipe.

"Now you can talk," he told the Easterner.

MASON had been staring at the old Cheyenne. Now he said to the young one, with complete confidence, "Tell him I am his brother Francis."

Bije was embarrassed, but the young man translated and answered steadily, "He does not know you. He does not know what you mean. His brothers are the Cut-Arms, the Cheyennes."

"But the mark!" the Easterner cried. "I know him by the red mark on his face!"

When the young man translated that, the old one launched into a longer speech.

The young man replied, "The Great Medicine gave him the mark so that no man would kill him. He does not know why you want to see him. He wants you to go away and leave him alone."

Francis Mason cried in despair, "Tell him Father is dead. We want him to come home."

"He can't mourn with you, he does not know your father. He does not need to go home, because this is his home, this place where we are and farther than you can see. Where the Cheyennes go, there is his home, in the lodges of the Cut-Arms."

The old warrior moved as if to get up, and Bije thought: No! There's two things to find out yet: why you came out here, old hoss—you never told me, the winter we trapped together; and why you turned Injun—a thing I couldn't do myself.

Francis Mason was staring at the old warrior with tears running down his cheeks, weeping without shame. At last he said the right thing. Humbly he asked, "Will my brother the Cheyenne listen to my story?"

"He will listen. He is sad that you have lost your brother."

"There was a duel, many years ago," Mason began. "And a man was killed."

Bije prompted him: "Tell it easier. Duel's a hard word. Tell the story." And now, Bije rejoiced silently, I'm going to find out about a young fellow who called himself Cain because of the mark the Lord put on him.

Mason tried again. "Long ago two young men had a quarrel. I was one of them. The other man was named Cawshorne. We said we would fight about it. We shot at each other with pistols when the sun came up. The man on my side was my half brother, Charles. I shot the man named Cawshorne, and he died."

The old warrior had a question: Did the man who died have someone on his side, or was he alone?

"He had a friend, too. There was also a doctor. A medicine man. There were old rules to follow in a case like that. We followed the rules."

The young man interpreted Medicine Mark's querulous reply: "He does not understand what white men do. Was the man who died from an enemy tribe?"

Mason said in a choked voice, "He had been my friend until we quarreled."

Rules His Horses interpreted with a tinge of superiority: "Among the Cheyennes a man who kills another man of the tribe is put away from the people, because he has done a bad thing. My father does not understand."

Mason's voice had pleading in it. "Yes, it was a bad thing. We followed a custom that was against the law. My father said that someone had to be—put outside the tribe." After a moment he was able to continue: "He put Charles outside. He gave him money to go away and never come back."

"But the young man who was put outside, your brother—he had not killed anyone?"

"He had not done anything wrong, except be on my side in the fight. I asked him to do that."

"Then why did he go?"

Mason said slowly, "He saw that he was not wanted. It made his heart sick. He must have hated us for what we did to him!"

The old warrior thought for a while, then spoke, and his son said, "My father wants to know, did you try to stop your brother from going?"

"I didn't know he was going," said Francis Mason. "My father made me stay in my room—my lodge—and I didn't know until Charles was gone." He burst out, "I should have gone after him then. I could have found out where he went. But I was—afraid of my father."

"It is a bad thing to be afraid, but telling about it cleans the heart," the young man translated. "My father does not understand. Among the Cheyennes, a son is not afraid of his father. He wonders why your father loved one of his sons more than the other."

"Because," Francis Mason said in a tone almost too low to be heard, "because of the mark on my brother's face. It made him different from other men. A mark like a red hand. Like the mark on the face of my brother the Cheyenne war chief."

Medicine Mark and Francis Mason looked into each other's dark eyes. . . .

Bije Wilcox, looking at the face of Cain, saw what the years had made of it. Hauteur and conscious pride were in the tilt of the chin, endurance was in the set of the broad mouth. Mourning and triumph had seamed the cheeks. Bije noted the old man's honors and knew their making. The brown, tireless hands of an Indian woman had woven the dyed porcupine quills, sewed the beads and tanned the soft buckskin of the scalp shirt. A medicine man had chanted prayers when the fringes of hair were affixed to the sleeve seams, and the hair came from an enemy, dead by the hand of Medicine Mark.

I've lifted hair in my time, Bije recollected, but I never went so far as to smoke the scalps or sing songs over 'em!

The Cheyenne warrior murmured at length, and Rules His Horses said, "He does not understand how a father could throw his son away. He would not do that with one of his sons. He tells you this story.

"Three years ago the Cheyennes had a fight with white soldiers. Five soldiers were killed, and the Cheyenne camp was surrounded. The white chief said he would shoot into the lodges and kill women and children if he did not have five Cheyenne men to shoot.

"The Cheyennes who had killed the white soldiers had run away. But five Cheyenne warriors went to the fort anyway. The white soldiers killed them there.

"My oldest brother sang his death song that day. But it was not because my father did not want him any more. It was because my brother was a brave man, not afraid to die for his people."

Francis Mason murmured, "My father was cruel, and I was afraid and am ashamed. That is all I can say."

BIJE WILCOX broke the silence finally, saying in English, "Mason asked me to try to find a man with a red mark. That is why I went to the lodges of Medicine Mark's people. I know the warrior Medicine Mark."

Rules His Horses answered, "My father knows you. But he does not know a white man with a medicine mark on his face. Maybe the white man is dead."

Bije squinted toward the yellow hill, saw no danger signals there. He noted that Medicine Mark, like the younger man, was watching in the other direction for signs that might mean soldiers were coming. There had been smoking together, but in these days it meant truce, not friendship.

Bije said, "I will tell a story of a long time ago. The Cheyenne war chief remembers when there were not many white men. I was a young man then, a trapper. I had a fight with some Piegans, lost everything—horses and furs and gun."

The young Indian said, "My father thinks you counted coup that day."

Bije smiled grimly. "I counted coup four times before I ran. But I went hungry, because a man cannot eat scalps or anger. I came to the trading post after many days, but I had nothing to trade. I needed horses, traps, blankets, a gun, trade goods. I met a young white man at the fort who gave them to me. He had a red mark on his face like a hand; he said his name was Cain."

Francis Mason gave Bije a shocked look but managed not to speak.

"Cain never talked much. He had come up the river with trappers, looking for something, but he never said what he was looking for. He had learned to kill buffalo with a bow and arrow. He had a good rifle, a Manton rifle, and nobody could see why he wanted to shoot with a bow. He talked to the Indians at the trading fort and learned some of their words."

As the young Indian translated, Bije observed that the old warrior made no move to hide the rifle across his knees. The shattered stock was wound with copper wire, but the rifle was a Manton.

"We spent a season trapping," Bije went on. "He wanted to learn how to live in the woods."

WHEN this was translated, the old man laughed shortly, and his son said, "He says it is a joke. No one has to learn a thing like that. Everybody knows how to live in the woods."

"It was no joke for this young man I used to know. We trapped together and sometimes we froze and went hungry, but oftener we ate fat buffalo ribs. Once we fought the Crows, and once Shoshones, and twice the Blackfeet chased us . . . Cain used to write in a little book."

He wrote poetry in the book, Bije recalled, but there's no hurry about telling that. Go ahead, old man, tell him you're his brother.

It was not betrayal he had in mind, after all. It was going to be triumph for two men who were no longer young—for Bije Wilcox who needed a thousand dollars, and for the man who had been Charles Mason, who had been cast out by his own father.

Go back home now with your hair in braids and the ornaments sagging in your ears, Bije urged silently, and let them see what you've turned into! It's a chance to get even that few men ever have. Go back and be Charles Mason after thirty years. Your woman is old; your sons will look after her. Go back and be a white man before you die.

"We headed south for the rendezvous in the spring," Bije went on. "I had a Blackfoot arrowhead in my knee, and Cain cut it out with his Green River knife, but the flesh rotted. I couldn't ride any more, and there were Indians behind us.

"Cain was a brave man. He didn't know what Indians those were, but he went back and met them, and he brought a medicine man to cure my wound. In four days I was well again, I could ride."

Mason burst out, "For the love of Heaven, what happened to the white man?"

"Don't interrupt," Bije growled. "To Injuns, that's bad manners." He looked into the old warrior's face as he went on: "I don't know what happened to the young man called Cain. I don't know what Indians those were. I was too sick to know, and when the fever went away, I was alone with my horses and fur packs."

There would be time enough, a little later, to take back the part of that that was a lie. What Cain had said was, "I'm not going on with you, Bije. I've found what I was looking for. I've found my own people." Bije knew at last what he had meant.

And before they parted, Bije recollected,

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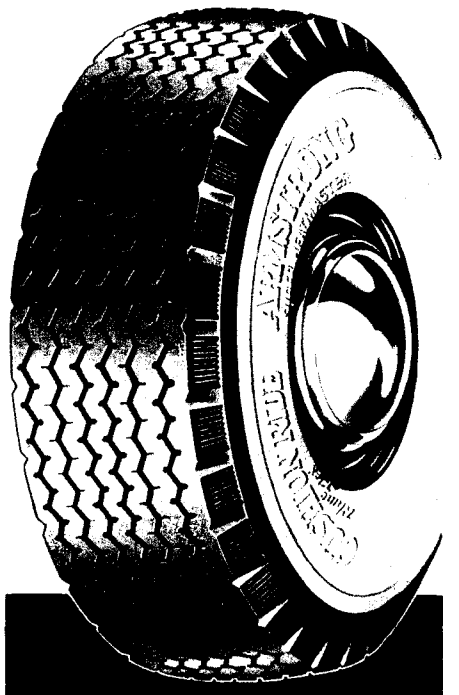

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Cain had burned the little book he used to write in, and the Bible he carried in his possible sack.

Bije said, "If he is dead, my heart is heavy. He was a brave man."

Medicine Mark spoke briefly, and his son said, "My father tells you he was born a Cheyenne."

Francis Mason looked stricken but said nothing.

The young Indian went on: "His father was Bull Man. His mother was She Sings."

Bull Man, Bije thought. He had been mourning for his son. So that's who adopted Cain!

The young Indian said, "Medicine Mark says he was born in a lodge of the Cheyennes. Bull Man and She Sings were pleased with him because he was their son and he had the mark on his face. It was good medicine. It meant no enemy would kill him."

Bije remembered something the young white man had said during that winter they trapped together: "The Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should smite him."

Medicine Mark got to his feet, and his son said, "He will tell you a story."

CHANTING, with the dignified gestures of Indian oratory, the man whose gray braids were bound in otter skin spoke, and Rules His Horses interpreted:

"When I was a young man, I was selfish. I was always looking for what I wanted, not for the good of other people.

"I went to war and brought back eight horses to the lodges of the Cheyennes. I wanted to have a wife. I wanted a girl named Grass Woman. All those horses I sent as a gift to her father, Stands Tall. But he would not take them."

Bije thought: He was afraid you wouldn't stay with the tribe. He couldn't trust a white man. Cheyennes was always careful of their women.

"I made up my mind I would hang at the pole in the Medicine Lodge. Then maybe I would get the girl. Bull Man was my teacher in the holy lodge. Bull Man wanted me to have what I wanted. For four days I did not eat or drink, but prayed and sang. Then Bull Man slit the skin on my breast and tied me to the pole and I danced, but I could not break the skin."

Francis Mason shuddered.

"I prayed to the Wise One Above to let me break the skin, but I could not. I hung at the pole until almost sunset. Then I had a vision. It was a red hand. I knew it was good medicine.

"While I hung there, my people brought gifts to hang on the thong that tied me to the pole, to make it heavier, to help me break away.

"My mother, She Sings, laid on the thong a painted robe for a gift to the poor. Her sisters laid on it other heavy things. My heart was strong then, to know how much they gave to let me be free. I pulled harder, but the skin was too tough to break.

"Then Grass Woman came, the girl I wanted for my wife. On the thong she tied a very valuable present for the poor, a heavy kettle.

"Then I knew she wanted me and her father would take the horses. I felt the great heart of my people, the Cut-Arms. I broke away, and the spirit left my body, but the hands of Bull Man caught me and did not let me fall.

"I was born again. Since that time I have not been selfish. I try to help my people. Now I am an old man. I wear the war shirt, and it is a heavy burden, but I will wear it as long as I live."

He sat down by the fire and covered his face with his blanket. . . .

Francis Mason sat with his hands gripped into fists, staring at the Cheyenne warrior with an expression between horror and admiration. Bije himself was as close to feeling horror as he ever got.

Injuns go through the torture, he meditated, but I never heard of a white man doing it.

Francis Mason said wearily, with more courtesy than Bije had expected of him, "I thank my brother the Cheyenne warrior for telling me the story . . . I wish my brother would come home with me." There was no hope in his voice, no belief—only stubbornness.

Rules His Horses translated: "Medicine Mark thanks his white brother, but he cannot go. It is too far, and he must look after his people. They have enemies and sometimes they are hungry because the buffalo herds are hard to find.

"My father thinks the young man named Cain is dead a long time."

Francis Mason nodded slowly without speaking. He glanced at Bije Wilcox, asking for instructions about ending the talk, but Bije waited. The end was for Medicine Mark to decide, because he had the most honors, the greatest prestige. And he was well aware of it. He spoke and his son interpreted:

"Medicine Mark says now he will look at the white man's presents, given because he came so far to talk."

The gray-braided Cheyenne walked with dignity to the spread gifts on the blanket.

Medicine Mark picked up the three Sharps carbines, one by one, nodding and murmuring, and handed them to his son. He examined the powder, the lead, the percussion caps, the bullet molds and good, strong knives. He took up the razor awkwardly, with an admiring exclamation, rubbed his thumb across the edge and cut himself. He sucked his thumb like a surprised child.

Bije Wilcox said in Cheyenne, "That gift is from me to my Cheyenne brother."

That brotherhood, he reflected, was worth a thousand dollars.

Medicine Mark answered in the same tongue, "An old man's face is tender, and when hair grows on a man's face he must pull it out."

"Indians don't have much hair on their faces," Bije reminded him, but the war chief answered patiently, "I was born a Cheyenne when I hung at the pole."

Francis Mason looked suspicious, and Bije spoke English again: "The three good ponies are gifts also from Mason."

Medicine Mark took his time looking over the ponies. He nodded acceptance. He handed his son more of the things from the blanket—the bolt of red cloth, the sacks of colored beads, the mirrors and awls and strong needles for sewing skins.

Bije said, "Those are for Medicine Mark's wife, Grass Woman, if he wants to give them to her."

There was nothing left on the blanket except the items that were the traps, the web spun by the spider.

Now, thought Bije, is the time you can get even. My pa whipped me and I run away, but he never put me out the way yours did. Now tell Francis Mason the truth. Whether you do it or I do, I get my thousand dollars. And you get your revenge.

He watched the man in the Cheyenne war shirt and felt the tenseness of Francis Mason. Medicine Mark bent at last to pick up the gold locket. He should have taken it before; perhaps even the greenhorn knew that an Indian would not delay so long before taking that small, bright bauble. ("This is a miniature of Charles' mother," Francis had said when he laid it there.)

The Cheyenne war chief let the locket turn on its gold chain and glimpsed the painting of a smiling white woman, long ago dead. But he looked without comprehension.

How long, Bije wondered, was he going to go on playing with the Easterner? Ah, the long patience, the cunning cruelty of a hating Indian! Medicine Mark tossed the locket to his son. It was only something bright to hang on a warrior's neck among beads and bear claws and small birds' feathers.

He picked up the big silver watch, hanging from its chain, and looked at it with innocent admiration. Hearing it tick, he put it to his ear. With an exclamation of dismay and anger, he threw it as far as he could.

Francis Mason gasped.

Medicine Mark scolded, and Bije translated: "He says that must be bad medicine or it wouldn't talk. Only living things talk, and ghosts. He don't want anything to do with white men's ghosts."

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The Cheyenne warrior stood scowling and suspicious, glaring at Francis Mason. Then he turned his back.

Twice he had evaded the web of the spider, but one more thing remained on the blanket—the small green book. He picked it up carefully, clumsily, with hands accustomed to the bow and the knife, hands that had dripped blood to match the red hand on his face.

Bije drew in a slow breath and held it as Medicine Mark politely examined the small book. He held it far away, he held it close, he turned it around, riffled the pages—reverently, as one handles a sacred object, a religious charm of feathers and fur.

Do you see the name Charles Mason on the front in gold? Bije wondered.

THE spider's web wavered but it caught nothing. Bije saw that the eyes of the Cheyenne were blind to the gold lettering of a white man's name. The Cheyenne's pride was strong. He had suffered in the Medicine Lodge. He had hung at the pole, and the hearts of the Cut-Arms had beaten with him and helped him tear free, and he had been born again.

He had hungered with his people and bled from wounds in battle—and from cuts self-made on his body to win the favor of spirits. He had endured with the Cheyennes, and he could also endure never to have the book the white man would have prized.

Medicine Mark handed the book of Charles Mason's poems to his brother Francis, saying politely in Cheyenne, "Maybe there is medicine in this for white men, but I do not know. It is not for my people."

Bije Wilcox wanted to yell, but he choked it down.

After Rules His Horses had wrapped up the gifts in the blanket and tied them to one of the horses, the old warrior made another speech:

"I can't understand the white men and I don't want to see them any more. They kill the buffalo, and my people go hungry. They shoot my young men, and our women wail in the lodges. Our children have no fathers to make meat. I don't want to see any more white men. I will kill all I can until I die.

"Mason should go back to his own place and mourn for his brother. I think the Pawnees killed that man when he was young. I was born a Cheyenne. My father was Bull Man, my mother was She Sings.

"I have gone to war many times. I used to go to war with only a lance, to show I was not afraid to die. But now I go to war with guns, because I am afraid my people will die."

The warrior went on, chanting, swaying. The hair fringe swung on the sleeves of his war shirt, and the sun shone on the red hand on his face and on the scars of the sacrifice cuts across his arms.

"I wear the war shirt. It is a heavy burden. A man who wears it must always be at the front in battle, he must be the last to go back. He must look after his people and give them what they need. He must never be angry if one of his people does wrong to him. A man took two horses from me, but I forgave him and gave him another horse. I keep peace among my people. I would like to put off the war shirt, but my people need me. I will wear it as long as I can."

WHEN Rules His Horses had finished translating, Medicine Mark said, "Now we will go back."

Awkwardly, an Indian trying to imitate white men's ceremonies, the warrior shook hands with Mason and Bije Wilcox. To each he said in Cheyenne, "My brother, good-by." He turned away.

Bije watched him go, thinking: I gave him his chance and he wouldn't take it. I can still call him back. Mason can't hurt him. All I need to do is say, "This is the man," and I've got a thousand dollars.

He glared after the Indians, who were getting on their ponies, and he argued silently: He saved my life that time, but it's paid for with the carbines.

The words formed in his mouth, but no sound came.

He sighed and said, "The young man I used to know must have died long ago. A man that took chances like he did wouldn't last long."

Francis Mason asked, "That hair on his sleeves—is that—"

"Injun scalps, and he took 'em himself."

Mason said flatly, "There *were* two men in the world with that birthmark, then. My brother Charles could never have become a savage. And I was so hopeful. So sure."

The Indians, leading the extra ponies, had almost reached the yellow hill.

Francis Mason brooded, "Strange, with all those hideous customs, that a heathen savage should follow the rules the old man mentioned, such as having to forgive one of his own people who does him wrong, because he wears the war shirt. A kind of Indian version of the golden rule."

Bije said harshly, "That man was born in a Cheyenne camp. He never heard of the golden rule."

The two Indians disappeared at last around the yellow hill.

As Bije went forward, a little lame, to get his horse and the greenhorn's, he understood finally why he could not speak to claim the Judas money.

We go by different rules, the old war chief and me, Bije thought. He goes by the Injun way he chose—but me, by God, I'm still civilized.

THE END

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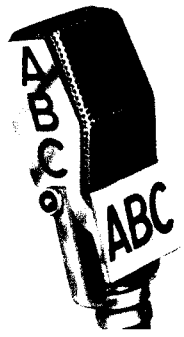

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New York, New York—It's a Wonderful Town!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

New York imagine New Yorkers continuously indulge in. The housewife and mother on noisy Eighth Street—the "Main Street" of the Village—can and often does devote as much of her time to the parent-teacher association as she would have done if she had never left her native Yakima, Washington. And her children are happy and healthy.

The family living in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, is likely not to see New York—i.e., Times Square or Radio City—except on school vacations. During a tour of the city I met scores of people who said, "Why, I haven't been to New York for *months*"—and, in many cases, for years! There are dozens of self-sustaining communities in New York City which offer their insulated residents everything that Manhattan does, from department stores to night clubs. And the "subway circuit" sees to it that they even get the Broadway shows.

The Consolidated Edison Company, which keeps a watchful eye on all New York, splits the city into 25 separate districts. Each of these, in turn, is divided into many neighborhoods, each with its own character. There are nine major sections on Manhattan Island, three in the Bronx, five in Queens, eight in Brooklyn. In addition there is Staten Island, which is about twice the geographical size of Manhattan. Together they cover 204,982 acres of land, or 320 square miles. Over them run 5,940 miles of paved streets.

Personnel of the Boroughs

On Manhattan alone 1,954,000 people of almost every known race or creed live. The Bronx is home for 1,511,000 persons. (Whether this takes in the huge baby-carriage population, Edison doesn't say.) Queens, the borough of small homes and gardens, has 1,484,000 loyal residents. Brooklyn, which is Kings County and king of all boroughs, has 2,864,000 almost all ardent rooters for "Dem Bums." Little Richmond (Staten Island), with its old-fashioned seaport and its rolling farms, has 192,000 lucky residents who, when they "go to New York," are privileged to gaze from the ferries on one of the awe-inspiring sights of the world—the Manhattan sky line.

The Commerce and Industry Association, which is to New York what the chamber of commerce is to Chillicothe, gave me some figures that reveal what these 8,000,000 people, plus the 500,000 or so daily invaders from Westchester County, Long Island, New Jersey and Connecticut, do for a living. According to the association's figures, which are based upon statistics provided by the Federal Security Agency, a minimum of 2,979,743 are employed by the 234,540 business establishments, big and small, which together make New York the greatest manufacturing center of the United States, the busiest seaport and the undisputed center of world trade. (These figures, by the way, do not include persons in domestic service, the self-employed, those working for city, state or national governments, or for the railroads.)

These 234,540 business establishments are broken down into 70 major classifications and they include the smallest of small businesses employing from one to 20 persons and the largest industries with 500 to many thousands of persons on their payrolls. The visitor to Manhattan, that huge managerial center with its thousands of offices, seldom sees the miles and miles of industrial areas that are sprawled throughout the five boroughs, and therefore finds it difficult to realize that there are more manufacturing establishments in New York than in any city in the United States. When the C.I.A. made its count there were 1,056,805 New Yorkers engaged in manufacturing of one kind or another.

New York is the fashion center of the world. (Paris papers please copy.) Right in the heart of Manhattan 365,964 men and women are engaged each day in making everything from the falsies to the expensive hats that make the American woman the beautiful creature she is. From the huge lofts with their busy sewing machines these thousands pour each night at five o'clock into the overburdened subways to spread to their homes all over the city, while all day long the trucks and handcarts of this tremendous trade jam the streets, making the traffic problem the city's greatest headache.

It may surprise you to learn that the second largest industry in New York, one employing 123,702 persons, is printing and publishing. One hundred and seventy-seven New York printing plants employ between 100 and 500 persons each, while 31 employ 500 or more persons. New York, of course, is the home of the advertising business and the publishing capital of the United States. Even with most of the larger popular weekly magazines printed elsewhere, New York, in spite of great rivalry from Chicago, Minneapolis and other printing centers, hangs on to supremacy in printing, lithographing and the allied trades.

The third largest manufacturing category is foodstuffs, employing 80,407. (A 20-minute walk from Times Square and you are in the heart of a huge district dominated by abattoirs!) There are 18 other main categories of manufacturing, ranging from the fourth largest, which is the chemical industry, to the smallest, which is petroleum and coal products. All of these together employ 372,488 persons. Other miscellaneous manufacturers, too diverse to list here, engage the remaining 114,214 employees.

How Labor Is Distributed

Since cold statistics tell the story of a warm city best, here is how the rest of New York's vast labor pool is divided:

Service Industries	378,609
Finance, Insurance, Real Estate	320,318
Wholesale Trade	347,713
Retail Trade	471,967
Public Utilities	285,230
Contract Construction	104,135
Mining	2,403
Agriculture, Forestry, Fishing	901
Other Establishments	11,662

To many, New York has the reputation of being an exorbitantly expensive place to live. The Commerce and Industry Association, naturally, waxes wroth when it hears such a statement. It also gets angry, probably with justification, when it hears anyone say that New York's labor costs are excessive.

The association's statistical experts say $3,517 a year is required to maintain a family of four in New York. This, they say, is only 11 per cent more than is required to live in New Orleans, where the cost of living is said to be the lowest of any of the 34 largest American cities. The association also claims it costs less for a businessman to hire a stenographer in New York, an average median of $46 a week, than it does in seven other larger cities. The cost of labor, the association's experts told me, is one of the reasons each year brings more new businesses to the city, and why more manufacturers remain in New York, for all its widely touted inconveniences, than move away.

But there are other reasons why New York maintains the industrial leadership which it has commanded for many decades. For one thing, New York manufacturers do not have to depend largely upon the New York city market for their sales. The metropolis is the center, economists point out, of the wealthiest and most productive part of the country.

Tremendous Buying Power

Within a radius of 350 miles live 30 per cent of the nation's entire population, accounting for the greatest concentration of purchasing power, not only in the country, but, according to Henry K. Astwood, industrial manager of the C.I.A., in the entire world. Retail sales are $39,954,544,500, or 31 per cent of the nation's total. "Effective buying power" is $64,579,467,166. In one year in this area, which of course includes New York City, 101,855 manufacturers turn out merchandise valued at $65,203,000,000, Astwood reports.

A further reason is that New York is indisputably the country's largest wholesale buying center, the place where most of the nation's department and chain stores have their purchasing headquarters. More buyers come to New York than salesmen leave from the Grand Central or Pennsylvania Stations. Almost anything you could want, from anywhere in the world, can be had in New York. I was told that nearly 90 per cent of New York's working population are connected in some way with world trade. There are thousands of foreign-trade brokers in downtown Manhattan.

Go down to the water front in the lower reaches of the city, watch the stream of heavy trucking on West Street, stand on a dock and count the barges in busy transit, ferry to the Jersey shore (which is, in effect, a part of New York through the two-state agreement that created the Port of New York Authority), and above the clatter of winches, the roar of trucks and the bleating of whistles the cold statistics take on an almost stunning reality.

But for all its tremendous vitality, competitive exhilaration, the warmth of its people and the richness of its cultural treasures, New York does not claim to be a perfect place. Its superlatives and statistics can be used to damn its faults as well as to praise its incomparable virtues.

The dark and dreadful streets of Harlem slums, the still disquieting squalor of the lower East Side, the vast ranges of veterans' Quonset huts along the dismal swamps of Brooklyn and the Bronx—all these add up to poverty, disease and crime. Like every city New York has its share of these, as well as its areas of violence and bigotry. It has its hoodlums, its organized crime. New York remembers shamefully that the headquarters of Murder, Inc., and the haunts of "Lucky" Luciano are as much a part of New York as Central Park.

New York is well aware of the problems,

Next Week

John L. Lewis Won't Let Me Work

By COAL MINER JOE DICKMON

Another Grand PETRACCA Story

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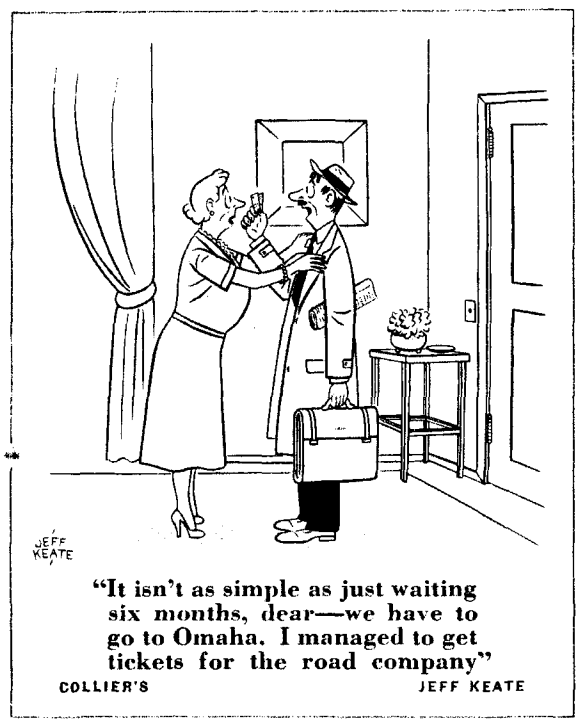
common to all urban areas, which such conditions impose. It knows that Manhattan can only expand skyward and that much further uplifting will only add to its troubles. It knows it cannot rip down its slums overnight, that it cannot wave a wand to rid itself of its thousands of obsolete tenements, its cold-water flats, its shacks and shambles, and build a dream city in their places overnight. But it can accomplish, and continually does, a great deal. In none of the five boroughs can you go far without coming upon new housing developments both publicly and privately financed.

Since January, 1948, the city has seen 76,372 housing units, publicly and privately financed, with a valuation of $585,078,752, rise up where once were slums. In its 16 years of existence the New York City Housing Authority has built 32 projects, containing 38,908 apartments. At the beginning of this year it had eight new projects partially occupied, 17 more under construction, six in the planning stage.

New York is not all steel and stone and heedless crowds. It is also a city of parks. One eighth of its total area, or 26,193 acres —which is a lot of land—is given over to parks. Some of them are as lovely as any in the Old World. There is that calmly



"It isn't as simple as just waiting six months, dear—we have to go to Omaha. I managed to get tickets for the road company"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

erudite oasis, Bryant Park, behind mid-Manhattan's lion-guarded library, Washington Park, where the querulous ghost of Henry James presides over countless games of chess and checkers, little-known Owls Head in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, where a single glance takes in the thrilling gesture of Miss Liberty, the majestic passage of the Queen Mary, the freighters pausing at Quarantine, and the Jersey shore, green to the south and lost in industry's murk to the north, Fort Tryon, overlooking the mighty Hudson, Bronx Park, with its excellent zoo, Riverside Drive, where my daughter (and thousands since her day) grew fat and healthy on mud pies.

Plenty of Recreation Spots

The list is long: it takes in 524 playgrounds, 10 golf courses, 17 outdoor swimming pools, 492 tennis courts, and concert and band areas, including famous Lewisohn Stadium.

The city has 710 elementary and high schools (New York needs and is getting many more), some in buildings of pre-Civil War construction, some in temporary wooden shacks, others among the most modern in the country. In them a yearly average of 866,725 pupils study under 34,777 teachers. There are four free colleges—led by City College of New York. These colleges have a total enrollment of 72,411 students and employ 3,349 teachers. Besides these facilities there are hundreds of private institutions of all kinds, from Diesel schools to Columbia and Fordham Universities.

Joining all these people together is the great New York transit system. New York keeps 7,034 subway and elevated cars bouncing over 242 route miles of tracks in Manhattan, Brooklyn, the Bronx and Queens. This service is reinforced with 789 trolley cars and 1,796 busses. In the first eight months of the fiscal year the city-owned rapid transit facilities carried—count 'em—1,106,260,749 passengers, while in the same period the surface lines hauled 429,190,395 persons to their destination.

City of the Eight Million

Mix the superlatives and the statistics and you have, if not New York, at least an approximation of it. For nobody has ever quite described the whole city as it wholly is. It's a tough and a rough city. It's a striving and strident city. It's cynical and blasé and very Broadway. It talks with a hundred accents and sometimes out of the corner of its mouth. It's a gyp town and a dirty town, if you want to think of it that way. It's full of grifters who will take your teeth. It's the Bowery and Bellevue. It's Gowanus Canal and Bronx cellar clubs. It's the bookie on the corner, the Commie in Union Square, the thug in Morningside Park, the blind beggar in the subway, the drunk in the doorway, the suicide on the sidewalk, and the staring crowds. It is 8,000,000 people—and it can be lonelier than a Nebraska farm. It can shove you around, beat you down, walk right over you.

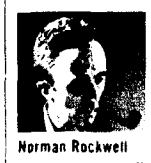
It's also George Washington Bridge, like a string of pearls in the night. It's the quiet of Trinity Churchyard and the roar of the newspaper presses on Forty-third Street. It's a neighborhood bar in Bathgate. It's a lodge meeting in the Bronx. It's dinner at Sardi's, a week end at the Waldorf, a bridge game in Jackson Heights. It's a kid going to school. It's two black nuns in the sun of Tenth Avenue. It's St. Patrick's Cathedral and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and the Little Church Around the Corner. It's a white and fundamental steeple in Flushing, a rabbi on Rivington Street, Temple Emanuel. It's a poem, if you want to look at it that way. A poem, and a painting, and a song.

It's a sentimental town that weeps when old friends and old landmarks go. It's the mob at Valentino's bier. It's the closed doors of the old Lafayette Hotel, the lost graciousness of Washington Square, the ruined rotunda of Castle Garden, and the Avenue of the Americas that will always be Sixth Avenue to New York. It's the Hippodrome and Pluck and Luck in Herald Square. It's the old World and the old Sun. But it's the new United Nations, too, and the housing project under way at South Beach, Richmond, and the sound of riveters on Park Avenue and Broadway and Fifth Avenue, and a thousand or more bricklayers crawling the scaffolds that are the symbol of Queens.

It's the books in the Public Library, the paintings on the Metropolitan's walls, a garret in the Village, Max Weber in his studio in Queens. It's Toscanini, it's Nick's, it's Goldman's Band. It's the gray New York Times and the red Daily Worker. It's Il Progresso, Jewish Daily Forward, the New Yorker. It's a sailboat on its side in a College Point back yard, a stratoliner at Idlewild, a rowboat in Van Cortlandt Park. . . .

All of which, I think, the song writer pretty well summed up when he said, "New York, New York—it's a wonderful town!" In every way. THE END

Jon Whitcomb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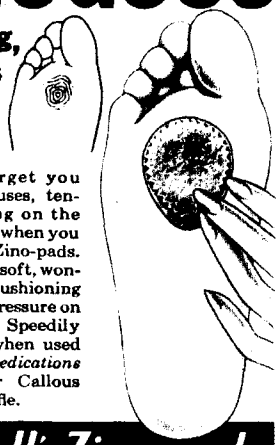

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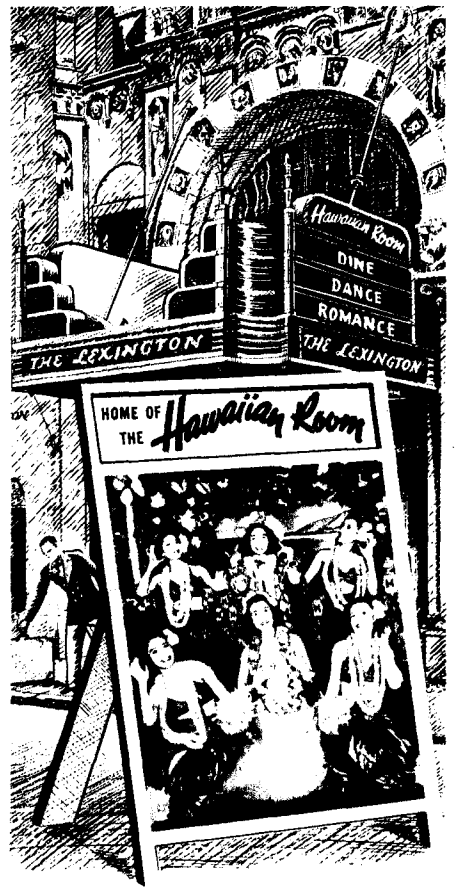

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The Treatment

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

me in the plays," Karla said honestly. "In the plays I'm always being burned at the stake, or dying of poison, or shamefully treated by scoundrels. Or else I'm dressed like a boy and saying the loveliest poetry. I suppose they make a what-do-you-call-it."

"Transference," Dekker said. He was expert at supplying the missing words in Karla's vocabulary of psychiatry.

"I suppose that's it," he said, "but we mustn't generalize. Tell me about this one."

KARLA rubbed Pontius' head thoughtfully. "He's just out of college," she said, "and awfully—well, muscular. You know the way they are from those big Eastern colleges? But downy, you know. Rather sweet."

"A little out of your line, isn't it?" Dekker said. "The others were a reedy lot of young pups, bursting with soul and self-importance. Called all their sensual impulses by high-toned names and talked like penny poets after a hard night of drinking."

Karla laughed again. "You do put things crudely, Dekker. But you're so right. The others were like that, mostly. But you can't go by the reediness when they think they're in love. Some of the skinny ones are just as hard to handle when—" She stopped, overcome by modesty.

Dekker laughed coarsely. "I've often meant to ask about that, Karla. Don't their ardors get a little strenuous?"

"Very," Karla said. "It's embarrassing, and that's when I know things have gone too far. Their eyes water and their tongues protrude, like Pontius when he's—you know." She looked at the dog, now too ill for libertinism, even if it were the season.

"But don't you give them any favors to quiet their passion?" Dekker asked, without malice or undue curiosity.

"Certainly not," said Karla coldly. "Do you think I'm a tart?"

Dekker relished the absurdity of the word and remembered that Karla had been dipping into Eugene O'Neill lately. "Go on," he said. "Tell me about this new one."

"I met him," Karla said musingly, "after the theater one night. He's a friend of one of the boys in the cast. The boy said Lennie—that's the new one's name, short for Leonard—had seen the play and was anxious to meet me. He said—oh, all sorts of enthusiastic things about my acting." She lifted her hand deprecatingly, as though to ward off any irony her next remark might arouse in Dekker. "The people in the play somehow seem to think that sort of thing pleases me."

Dekker nodded gravely.

"He took me to supper. It was one of the nights you were away lecturing, dearest. And then he took to coming around on matinee days when I don't come home for dinner. Pots of money, the boy has. He works for his father somewhere downtown, but I doubt that he does much work. And after he fell in love with me, he decided the work was crass and he would become an artist or a writer or something. He said I awoke his soul."

Dekker said, "He cribbed that from someone, don't you suppose?"

"Possibly," said Karla. "But I thought it was touching. And I must admit—looking back on it—that it might have looked as though I were leading him on."

"You went on a bit about your own soul, I shouldn't wonder," Dekker said.

She looked at him with some sharpness, but said mildly enough, "Well, Dekker, I do have an extraordinary amount of soul, you know. And I do have moods of wistfulness. Especially on matinee days, when I feel simply wrenched out, with one performance over and another still to do. I never get enough to eat, and naturally it makes me soulful. If you didn't have those silly lectures, you could meet me for dinner between shows and I wouldn't get into these awkward situations."

Dekker poured himself another drink. "Awkward?" he said. "They're the air you breathe. So he got the idea—somehow—that all wasn't well at home?"

Karla sighed again. "I don't know why it is, Dekker, but when I tell them my husband is a professor, they get the idea of—"

"Of advanced senility," Dekker said. "I know." He could be serene about it, being a mere forty-five, with looks that at least mirrored his good humor. "It isn't entirely your fault, Karla, though I can imagine the intonation you give to the word when you're in a wistful mood. But even without that, most people abandon all the evidence of their senses when they hear the word professor and think of some tottering old crock quavering pedantries from withered gums. I remember your other young men. They all expected to find a he-hag, debauching your young womanhood."

Karla had finished her drink. She crossed to Dekker and cupped his face in her hands.

"Tell me more about your big piggy bank"

COLLIER'S GUSTAV LUNDBERG

"Dekker, I try to explain to them—afterward. But by then they think I'm lying for noble reasons. So Lennie is sure to come tonight. Maybe that's best, after all. You managed with all the others. I can't think how. But after they talk to you, I never see them again. Or if I do, they tip their hats nervously and cross the street."

"You want me to give him the treatment?"

"Yes. And then when I get back from the theater, I want you to tell me what it is. You never would before."

He smiled and gave no answer.

BY EIGHT o'clock, Dekker was all ready for his visitor. As soon as Karla was out of the house and on her way to the theater, he had arranged the few simple props the treatment required; but the more important part of preparation was to get as many drinks into himself as possible.

Dekker could never go through with the treatment cold sober. And besides, he proposed to read as many term papers as possible before the arrival of Lennie. He switched from cocktails to whisky, and with every highball he was the more impressed by the sagacity and scholarship of the members of his seminar. He was laughing indulgently over the quite understandable error of one student in crediting Beaumont and Fletcher with the authorship of Doctor Faustus, when the doorbell rang. He gave the student B for effort, and then went to answer the bell.

Lennie was certainly muscular. In spite of the artificially poetic expression around the eyes, he looked like a man who had given many a rival football player the knee.

With gentle cordiality, Dekker invited him to sit down and fixed him a drink without asking whether he wanted one. Pontius, feeling better after having been sick in the fireplace earlier in the evening, padded over and began nibbling Lennie's shoelaces. He seemed to find them settling for the stomach, and chewed quite vigorously, slavering a lot on Lennie's shoe. Lennie patted his head indecisively. "Good dog!" he said with transparent hypocrisy.

Dekker, fixing a drink for himself, beamed at Pontius. The dog had never been involved in the treatment before; but he fitted in splendidly.

"Karla's pet," Dekker said. "She dotes on him. He sleeps with us every night—Karla insists on that, even though the poor beast has some odd disease. We rub in a sort of green powder every day and he's almost cured. Don't be alarmed. It's nothing dangerous to humans, though sometimes"—he scratched various places on his torso with convulsive fingers—"sometimes perhaps a little uncomfortable."

Lennie's own fingers twitched to his chest, and his foot, involuntarily or not, moved sharply, catching Pontius on the chin. The dog leaped away and squatted next to the chair in which Dekker was now seated. Lennie took a long pull at his drink while Pontius regarded the visitor resentfully.

"But of course," Dekker said in the same gentle voice that was always part of the treatment, "we have more urgent things to talk about than dogs, haven't we, old man?"

LENNIE stirred in his chair; his eyes were disquieted, but he began to speak boldly enough. "I think it's only fair to tell you—"

Dekker held up his hand. "Please," he said, "let's make it easy for each other, shall we? People like you and me and"—his voice quavered—"Karla can be civilized, surely. Karla has told me everything."

Lennie looked astonished. "Everything? She told me she wouldn't—"

"Everything," Dekker said firmly. "At first she thought she couldn't go through with breaking up our marriage. She didn't want to hurt me, you see. That's why she told you it was all off between you and her."

Dekker paused to savor the lines he was improvising for himself. This was only the beginning of the treatment, and he had never been in better form. He searched his brain for fragments of old triangle plays.

"But I knew, old man," he said. "A man who's lived as close to a woman as I have to Karla would naturally know when—when it was over."

"Over?" Lennie said, gaping.

"Over," repeated Dekker, thankful for the young man's echolalia: it gave Dekker more time to plan his effects. "I'm leaving here tonight. You can stay here. Karla will expect it. We'll have our little talk, you and I—there are things you'll want to know—and then I'll be on my way." He touched a finger lightly to his eye.

Lennie leaned toward Dekker. "You're being very decent about it—Webb. I thought you might take it hard."

Dekker smiled distantly. "There are different ways of taking things hard. As for decency—at least one always has that, hasn't one? At my age, I've learned that."

Still thoughtful, Lennie said, "You're a lot younger than I expected."

"I know," Dekker said, his voice gentler than ever. "People who know Karla are always shocked by the discrepancy in our ages. But it's really only fifteen years."

"I would have thought less," Lennie said. "You don't look that much older."

Dekker choked on his drink. "It's the other way," he said, and then stopped with embarrassed abruptness. "Good Lord, what am I getting into here?"

Lennie sat up straight. "The other way?"

Dekker stood up and strode back and forth between the two chairs, Pontius snuffling beside him. "After all, what does age matter?" Dekker said. "Of course, there was talk when Karla and I were married. The gossips called her a cradle snatcher, but—"

Lennie was on his feet. "You must be crazy," he said, calculating on his fingers. "That would make her about—she can't be. My God, man, look at her." He pointed to a cabinet photograph of Karla on a table.

Dekker looked. "It is remarkable," he said, "what photography can do."

"But it isn't photography! It's the way she is. Herself in person!"

Dekker turned to him. "Dear boy, don't get excited. What difference does it make where beauty comes from, illusion or reality? Karla is indestructible, as you'll find. Most actresses manage remarkable things, but catch them away from the footlights and the grease paint and what's left of their beauty? Karla has her little artifices, but the illusion is perfect. She seems a beautiful woman, so she *is* a beautiful woman."

Lennie's face was troubled. Dekker shrugged. "But what a turn for the conversation to take," he said lightly. "I must leave soon. I'm already packed. You'll want to look around, old man. Karla will keep the apartment, of course. I don't know what your *immediate* plans are, but there are things you'll want to know. Come along."

He walked to the bedroom door, and Lennie followed hesitantly.

Dekker pushed the door open and led the way into the room, after pressing a light button. He walked hastily to the dressing table near a window and began sweeping things into a drawer. There were dozens of jars of cream, lotions and ointments and, sprawled pitifully as though from the head of someone who had fallen afoul of a Comanche, a wig of lustrous black hair.

"Oh, dear," Dekker said, picking it up. "She wouldn't like us to see this. It's her extra, and usually she's so careful to put it away. But she was a little late getting started tonight, and I suppose—"

Lennie stared at him, then moved his eyes around the room. Dekker made another self-accusing exclamation when he saw the young man's gaze rest on the bed. He walked quickly to the bed and clumsily gathered up a complicated arrangement of elastic and leather; then he hurled it into a closet, and tossed the wig in after it.

"Abdominal support," he explained. "She just bought a new one."

Lennie, who was slumped dejectedly in a chair next to the bed, had almost automatically lifted a glass from the dressing table. He looked at it as Dekker stretched out a hand to take it. From the glass smiled a set of brilliant dentures, pearly with the liquid in which they nestled.

Dekker set it down. He picked up a box of powders. "Oh, by the way, old man, remind Karla to take this before she turns in tonight. Will you?" Dekker said. "You've no idea what she suffers from gas. Sometimes she's up half the night—"

He stopped. Lennie had turned and was walking toward the living room.

"Wait," Dekker called. "You ought to know about this. It's Seidlitz powders—"

Lennie was running now, Pontius barking at his heels.

"Wait!" Dekker called again, but the door to the corridor had already slammed. Dekker poured himself another drink, then went back to the bedroom to tidy up.

WHEN Karla came home he was in bed and half asleep. She turned on the light. "Did it work?" she asked.

"I think so," Dekker said drowsily, watching her as she took off her clothes.

"Tell me about it," she said, robed now and sitting at the dressing table, slender with a slenderness no artifice could have imitated. She could see him in the mirror as she combed her shining, solidly rooted hair.

"What did you say to him?" Karla asked. "Dekker, you must tell me."

"I talked to him, man to man," Dekker said sleepily. "Always the best way, don't you think?" THE END

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The Melody MUST Be Perfect

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

Jascha Heifetz, José Iturbi, Ezio Pinza, Lily Pons, Artur Rubinstein and Fritz Kreisler are just a few of the long list, which also includes such popular idols as Bing Crosby and Benny Goodman.

"To get the best out of such a group a man has to be not only a fine musician but also a great diplomat," Wallace Magill, producer of the show, told me.

There have been occasions when Don has needed not only an ambassador's tact but the presence of mind of a daredevil auto racer. One such moment came last fall when Guiomar Novaes, the Brazilian pianist, appeared on the program.

Pianiste Overlooks a Rule

During rehearsal Madame Novaes was told that her numbers were running overtime; she was asked to replace one of them with a shorter selection. She elected to substitute for her original choice Chopin's Butterfly Étude. But without informing Voorhees, she decided to do it as an encore, instead of as part of her set program, forgetting that in American radio there is no such thing as an encore.

During the broadcast that night, after music commentator Floyd Mack had announced that Madame Novaes would perform the Chopin work, he beheld the unnerving sight of the guest star calmly walking off the stage. Voorhees, on the point of giving the down beat, also noted what was happening. Without losing a second, he signaled the orchestra into the musical interlude that had been scheduled to follow the piano solo. Meanwhile, producer Magill dashed from the control room and caught up with the wandering soloist.

"Why?" he demanded.

Madame Novaes casually explained that her hands and wrists at that moment were just too weary to play the Chopin number. After Don had stretched the orchestral piece to fill the time left vacant by Madame's unscheduled stroll, she returned and gave a brilliant performance of the finale of Schumann's Concerto in A Minor. Neither studio audience nor listeners suspected that anything had gone wrong, save perhaps that the commentator had erred in introducing the number too soon.

Voorhees gave another exhibition of quick thinking during the radio debut of Pia Tassinari, opera star and wife of Metropolitan Opera tenor Ferruccio Tagliavini. After her last aria, Son Pochi Fiori ("I Bring You These Flowers") from L'Amico Fritz, the Italian diva was greeted with explosive applause. She unpinned her corsage of violets, and as Don bowed and smiled at her, presented the flowers to him, enthusiastically took his hand, and tried to draw him off the podium to share the plaudits of the audience.

Pia was merely following operatic custom, unaware that in radio every second is precious. Voorhees understood. Still smiling and bowing, he refused to budge. Simultaneously holding on to the violets and the lady, with his other hand he immediately cued the orchestra and led it, without delay, into the show's closing theme.

Don's ability to meet a musical crisis is most evident on those terrifying occasions when a singer suffers a lapse of memory. And let it be recorded here that even some of our most famous artists fall victims to this malady.

Once Ezio Pinza, the great lover in the Broadway smash South Pacific, lost track of his lyrics while singing the old Italian song, Scarlatti's The Man Who Would Turn Lover. He was so familiar with the number that he could have done it backward—which is almost what he did do during the broadcast. Whereas other vocalists do their warbling from sheet music while performing on the radio, Pinza insists on trusting his memory. On this night, however, he confused the first and third verses of the song and was about to find himself in serious difficulties.

But the Voorhees orchestra did some fancy covering for Pinza and at the end he found himself on safe musical ground. When the number was over, Ezio rushed into the wings muttering again and again, "I could kee-eel myself!"

Lily Pons, the coloratura soprano, also proved forgetful one night on The Telephone Hour. She had her music in front of her during the broadcast, but failed to consult it. Although she has sung the number hundreds of times, she blacked out while doing the cadenza of The Beautiful Blue Danube. Lily trilled a beautiful high note, but couldn't go any further. So she merely hung on to it, all the while frantically flipping the sheet music on her stand, trying to find her place.

Aware of her predicament, Don rushed across the stage to her side, deposited his score on the rack, pointed to the proper note and, as Lily took off from there, dashed back to his podium. In the meantime, he conducted the orchestra with one hand, losing not a beat.

Neither Voorhees nor Heifetz displayed the slightest perturbation when, during one broadcast, the E string of Jascha's violin snapped in the midst of an intricate solo. The conductor knew that the program would run overtime if he permitted even the slightest halt. So he gestured to the soloist and to the concertmaster, first violinist of his orchestra.

Heifetz continued playing on the remaining strings of his violin until the next pause, then speedily passed his Guarnerius to the concertmaster, who simultaneously handed Heifetz his violin. Jascha missed only the note he was playing when the string broke and Don, again, not a single beat.

Such hectic moments are, of course, the exception rather than the rule on the program presided over by the hard-to-fluster Voorhees. By and large, putting on The Telephone Hour is a complex job. Whereas a straight concert at Carnegie Hall has relatively few sudden switches in mood, the radio show requires many radical shifts within the brief half hour allotted it.

"For one thing," Don explains, "the program must be kept on schedule, without sacrificing interpretation or hampering the guest artist who may not be accustomed to radio timing. Then there is the problem of devising a program which will show the guest off to the best advantage and yet not throw the broadcast out of balance.

"This business of balance, by the way, is extremely important on a commercial radio show. You must have one or two selections to satisfy the high-brow concertgoer. Yet, one mustn't run too great a risk of losing the casual listener or dial shopper. Now and then you must program some new or overlooked piece that will intrigue your regular audience. This must be combined with a familiar selection with which the guest is perhaps identified in the public mind. Then there are occasions when you should schedule something from a popular Broadway musical or spice your half hour with a novelty such as Alouette, or Turkey on the Block."

A typical Voorhees rehearsal—held every Monday afternoon prior to the broadcast—is a compound of painstaking detail and informal good humor. Don's ability to assert his musical authority quietly and unobtrusively, without recourse to the flamboyant showmanship of other conductors, enables him to get along well with the highly assertive stars of the opera and concert worlds.

Ben Gross, radio and television editor of the New York Daily News, has been writing a daily column for that newspaper for twenty-five years. He is a native of Birmingham, Alabama

At a recent rehearsal, for example, Voorhees, jacketless and hair rumpled, worked with his orchestra until the evening's soloist, Heifetz, appeared. By now Heifetz is an old friend, having performed on the show 40 times. Only Lily Pons approaches his record, with 32 broadcasts to her credit.

Wearing a dark blue something that resembled a cross between a smock and a sport jacket, over a light blue shirt with collar open, Jascha strolled over to the piano. With Don playing the accompaniment, they began going over the Heifetz repertory for that night: Sinding's Suite, Dvorak's Humoresque and Sarasate's Habañera.

A half hour later the 56 men and the woman harp player of the orchestra resumed on the stage of NBC's Studio 6-A in New York's Rockefeller Center, whence the broadcast usually originates. Voorhees led them into a few measures of the difficult Sinding number.

Suddenly, he stopped them. "Letter E!" he called. For rehearsal convenience, a score is divided into sections, each one designated by a letter of the alphabet. This enables the musicians to know at a glance to which portion of the work the conductor is referring.

"Letter E!" Don repeated. "Pause in the fifth measure before it. You're taking it too strongly there."

The orchestra resumed and, after a minute, he stopped them again. "Don't sharpen those notes where it indicates staccato."

Later, in the midst of a passage, Heifetz abruptly quit playing and asked, "How is the balance?"

The voice of Wallace Magill, in the control room, boomed over the loud-speaker: "A little too heavy down at the end."

The soloist and the orchestra tried again.

"That's fine, Don," said Magill. "And you, Jascha, stay just where you are."

Heifetz smiled. "I don't know where I am!"

Don and the orchestra chuckled.

Now they played on, uninterrupted, for many minutes: Heifetz with calm, impersonal abstraction, easily, gracefully, without a superfluous motion; Voorhees, propped on a high stool and bending low over his stand, his eyes wandering over every section of the ensemble.

The major work finished, Don announced: "Humoresque." With a mischievous glint, Heifetz drew his bow across the strings and deliberately began in the wrong key.

The orchestra, caught off base, roared. "All right," said Don winking at his men.

Orchestra Gets Last Laugh

This time, Heifetz played it right, but the orchestra came back with a joke of its own. It started in a wrong key. Their laughter was broken by Magill's words from the control room:

"Do that tonight, Jascha, and we'll have another rare Mairzy Doates record!"

"It'll be even rarer," said Voorhees.

This Mairzy Doates platter is one of the legends of the radio world. During the war, Heifetz had been unable to buy a wall-type of pencil sharpener he wanted. Finally, Magill obtained one for him through the advertising agency in charge of The Telephone Hour. But before delivering it to him, both Magill and Voorhees stipulated, "You've got to play Mairzy Doates for us."

The next time Jascha appeared for rehearsal, the pencil sharpener was handed over and then Don insisted, "Now you've got to deliver." And deliver Jascha did.

Voorhees led the orchestra in an especially prepared arrangement of the wacky song that, in its day, was widely considered America's Musical Menace No. 1. Heifetz played it as none had ever done, before or since, winding up with a breathtaking hot jazz finish. Unknown to him at the time, a record was made. Sometime later, the virtuoso heard about it and demanded a copy of the disk, which Don duly delivered. Jascha regaled his friends with it for years.

The most amusing rehearsal incident that Voorhees recalls, however, is one that involved Helen Traubel. One afternoon, during a rehearsal with the statuesque Wagnerian operatic star, comedian Jerry Colonna wandered in. Jerry had been in an adjoining studio and had decided to refresh himself for a few minutes in an atmosphere of higher art. The comic gestured to one of the trombonists, Charlie Butterfield, and, unobserved by Don, sneaked into his seat.

As the orchestra started to play and the

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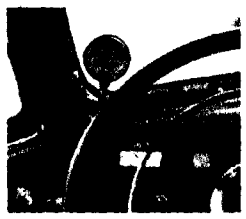

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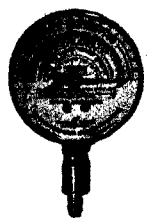

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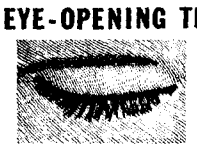

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soprano began to sing, above the volume of sweet sounds rose a horrendous mishmash of sour trombone growls. Voorhees was horrified; Traubel, transfixed. She stared wild-eyed at the offending musician. Undeterred by her homicidal look, Jerry stood up and gargled one of those long-held off-pitch notes which distinguish his act. Helen and Don then recognized the intruder and, during the next few minutes, the Olympian strains of Wagner gave way to hokum-ignited laughter.

The Voorhees talent for music goes back to his early childhood. Born in Allentown, Pennsylvania, in 1903, son of a railroad man of Dutch descent, Don began to study the violin at the age of five. Two years later, he started to master the piano and the organ. Soon, he was taken in hand by the late Dr. J. Fred Wolle, founder and conductor of the world famous Bethlehem Bach Choir. At thirteen, Don was playing piano and violin in Allentown's Lyric Theater. During his last two years in high school, before he was sixteen, he was simultaneously working as the leader of the theater orchestra and as choirmaster and organist of a local church. In his spare time he conducted a dance band.

It was his stint at the theater that provided his big opportunity. Many Broadway musical shows gave tryout performances there. As conductor of the orchestra, Don came into contact with many of the leading composers and arrangers of American musical comedy. One was William Baker, head arranger of Waterson, Berlin & Snyder, the New York music-publishing firm. Once he asked the youngster, "What are you going to do after you finish high school?"

"Go to work," said Don emphatically. "My folks already have done enough for me."

The impression he made on the New Yorker was evidently a strong one; for, a few months after his graduation, Voorhees received an urgent long-distance call from Baker.

"Hop a train at once," the arranger urged. "Come to New York." He explained to the startled youth that a big musical revue, Broadway Brevities 1920, was about to open in Manhattan. The score had been composed by Con Conrad, whose melodies Baker's firm was interested in promoting. But the whole project was facing a hitch: the original conductor had left and a replacement was needed fast.

Broadway's Kid Baton Waver

Don packed his suitcase and caught the midnight express. Two evenings later, to the amazement of that 1920 *première* audience, a seventeen-year-old boy rose in the pit of New York's prime musical-comedy theater, the Winter Garden, poised his baton, and led the orchestra in the overture of the song-and-dance show starring Eddie Cantor and Bert Williams. Voorhees probably was the youngest person ever to direct the music of a first-class Broadway production.

Don, to whom a shave was still a pleasurable novelty, created such a sensation among musical-comedy men, that thereafter he had his pick of flattering offers. The second edition of George White's Scandals, Spice of 1922, The Right Girl, George Gershwin's Virginia, successive editions of Earl Carroll's Vanities and Rain or Shine, starring Joe Cook, were among the many shows he conducted.

Here was a world that had none of the rarefied atmosphere surrounding Dr. Wolle or the works of the mighty Johann Sebastian Bach. But it gave Don know-how in getting along with persons of diverse temperaments and backgrounds. And, equally important, in the frenetic purlieus of Broadway he gained a precise, on-the-nose technique which proved invaluable to him when he later entered the split-second realm of radio.

In the mid-twenties, when broadcasting began its climb, one of the most popular programs of the day was a weekly concert from the stage of the Earl Carroll Theatre, directed by Don Voorhees. WEAF, in 1925, brought it to New York listeners and, a year later, when the National Broadcasting Company came into being, the show was heard on a network of 14 stations.

During this era Don led bands out of which came some of the most noted jazz artists in the country. Among the Voorhees alumni of those days are Joe Venuti, Eddie Lang, Miff Mole, Red Nichols and Benny Goodman. Benny, incidentally, appeared on The Telephone Hour in 1946 as a concert clarinetist, giving a highly acclaimed performance of Von Weber's Concertino.

In 1927, when the Columbia Broadcasting System was organized, Don joined it as a staff conductor. He departed after a year to become a free-lance musical director, eager for the rich pickings from commercial sponsors. Soon, he launched musically two of radio's most popular series, Ed Wynn's Fire Chief program and Showboat. He also presided over such radio landmarks

"Oh, I'm *very* familiar with the book you wrote, Mr. Gibson! I used to balance it on my head when I was taking my charm course!"
COLLIER'S LEW FOLLETTE

as the General Motors Metropolitan Opera Stars series; the weekly musicales presenting Albert Spalding, violinist; those starring baritone Lawrence Tibbett; the Ford Summer Hour Concerts and many other front-rank broadcasts.

Voorhees moved his baton out to the New York World's Fair in 1940 to become musical director of the patriotic spectacle, American Jubilee. In April of that year The Telephone Hour was launched and he became its first and only conductor. Since 1936, he has also been musical director of the program Cavalcade of America.

A big-boned 190-pounder, Voorhees makes an imposing appearance as he towers above his orchestra in white tie and tails. But in his street suits he could easily pass for a prosperous corporation lawyer. He and his wife live in a Park Avenue duplex apartment. They have two children, Dorothy, who is married, and sixteen-year-old David.

Away from radio Don's chief pursuits are two nonmelodic hobbies—dogs and horses. At one time he and his wife owned a kennel of prize-winning Scottish terriers, and Voorhees still officiates as judge at some of the leading U.S. dog shows. Every year he serves as steward for the Westminster classic at Madison Square Garden.

He is also celebrated as one of the country's best amateur handicappers. He is, in fact, reputed to know more about the money-winning prospects of the blooded nags than nine out of ten professional prognosticators, and his musician pals swear he is seldom wrong.

Voorhees insists there is no mystery about his "system." In fact, he denies that he has one.

"It's merely the result of 20 years of scientific study," he explains. "I do intensive research on the breeding of horses, their capacities for distance and speed. I also have friends among owners, trainers and jockeys. Leaving out the element of luck, which always exists, the winner of a race is determined by the respective weights carried by the horses, the distance of the race, the category and the quality of the animal. As to the latter, you may depend on it, a cheap horse, as a rule, can't stand up against an expensive one."

Don keeps ahead of the game three years out of four, and Voorhees admirers profess to see a direct and far from fanciful connection between his sure touch with the horses and his deft handling of another—and equally skittish—species of thoroughbred: the musical virtuoso.

A Radio-Shy Violin Virtuoso

One of the greatest tributes he got on this score was from the veteran Fritz Kreisler. This giant among violinists had held out against radio longer than any big name in music. His first appearance before a microphone was in July, 1944, under Voorhees' baton on The Telephone Hour, and since then he has been on the show 17 times.

"Kreisler had been listening to our program and he was impressed by Don's musicianship," Wallace Magill told me. "Now he has such a liking for him that he won't broadcast with any other conductor. He even insists that Don direct the music for all of his recordings."

This spirit of loyalty seemingly animates all of Voorhees' Telephone Hour associates. Floyd Mack, the music commentator, has been on the series for 10 years; Magill, for more than eight; Tom Shirley, commercial announcer, and Norman Rosten, poet and playwright who writes the script, for seven years. Of the 57 players in the orchestra, 43 have worked for Don for more than a decade and some were with him as far back as 1925.

Out of his long association with the stellar personalities of the opera and concert fields, Voorhees has found four performers among the "most memorable" characters with whom he has worked: Jascha Heifetz, Robert Casadesus, Fritz Kreisler and Ezio Pinza.

"Heifetz, of course, because of his superb musicianship and the most fantastic memory of any artist I know.

"Casadesus, because he has the best-rounded technical equipment of any pianist.

"Kreisler, not only because of his artistry, tradition and style, but because he is such a grand guy. Incidentally, he does less rehearsing on our program than any other soloist. Explaining this, he once said to me, 'If the orchestra doesn't know what I'm playing by rehearsal time, then it's too late for them to learn!'

"And Pinza, because his personality is as great as his voice, and also because he sings under the baton the way a musician plays his instrument."

Voorhees also has some trenchant observations to make concerning the virtuoso breed generally.

"Consider, for instance, the popular misconception that most famous musicians are temperamental. They have temperament, yes. But so has a businessman. The truth is I have never known a successful performer who was anything like the alleged musical characters one sees in the Hollywood movies. It's only the near greats, those who are not quite sure of themselves, who indulge in tantrums.

"Yes, sometimes a really fine artist will prove to be difficult, just as the late Grace Moore did, one day, when she exploded during one of our rehearsals. She demanded that the small audience be removed from the studio. But she had a right to be upset. They were talking loudly and hampering her work.

"As for jealousy, that's another legend. Those who are well qualified have no time to be jealous of their rivals. I especially recall one occasion when someone asked Zino Francescatti, the violinist, what kind of instrument Heifetz had played at his last concert—a Guarnerius or a Strad. Francescatti, who is the real comer in his field, answered simply, 'What difference does it make? He could play an old shoe box and make it sound great.'" THE END

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Untangling the Traffic Snarl

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

downtown area. If the city won't do it, you merchants *must*. I've spotted 10 locations from the air with which we can ring the business section with off-street parking."

The city wouldn't do it, so the merchants did. They formed an organization known as Park and Shop, Inc., which eventually halted the "exploding" of the city. First, Miller, Farr and Folwell drew up a plan under which all the downtown businessmen were to contribute funds according to their size and the degree to which they would benefit from off-street parking. The "assessments" ranged from $300 for a real-estate dealer to $50,000 for a department store.

Once the quotas were set, Park and Shop's air force took to the wild blue yonder again for further survey work; and the infantry, the Messrs. Farr and Folwell, walked about on foot, trying to convince the merchants that they should join the plan and fork over the money. The infantry assault was completely unsuccessful.

Then came Miller's "Decatur Plan" pamphlet, a psychological warfare gem that bristled with such phrases as, "We've got to have more parking space if our shopping district isn't to become a derelict of the automobile age," and "THE DREAM THAT SAVED A CITY!" The merchants were amazed that "the Dream" that saved Decatur was the same idea that Miller and others had been plugging—and they began to sign up.

To keep the offensive rolling, Park and Shop president Farr called a large dinner meeting for the merchants, and invited from Washington Laverne Johnson, nationally famed traffic engineer of the American Automobile Association. Johnson chilled the assemblage with the story of how traffic congestion had caused downtown Baltimore real-estate values to drop $60,000,000 in 15 years. Before long, Park and Shop had $250,000 and 32 merchants in the fold. (Later drives increased the cash contributions to $360,000, and the membership to its present total of 70 member stores.)

Once the organization had enough working capital, Miller and his cohorts began buying land for the lots. The aerial reconnaisance (plus some difficult footslogging and poring over the city engineer's charts) had turned up a dozen sites, all of which were within 300 steps of the T-shaped business section. The big job was prying the property loose from the owners, and it required skillful handling.

One deal, for instance, was for a 120-year-old stone hotel that had been condemned by the city. The hotel was in an estate owned by 19 people, and the Park and Shop negotiators patiently talked all 19 into signing. But in the middle of this a hitch developed. A chicken-market operator decided *he* wanted the property and he proceeded to outbid Park and Shop. The deal seemed dead, but at the last minute, Folwell hit on an idea.

A Deal for a Chicken Market

He went to the chicken-market man and said, "Look. Why do you want to go to the trouble of buying all this land? We'll build a chicken market for you on part of the lot, and then rent it to you for less than you're paying now." The fowl impresario enthusiastically agreed. So today, autoists pulling into Park and Shop lot "N" get cheerful morning cackling along with their parking space, and the merchants of Allentown jointly own an establishment known as the Chicken Ranch.

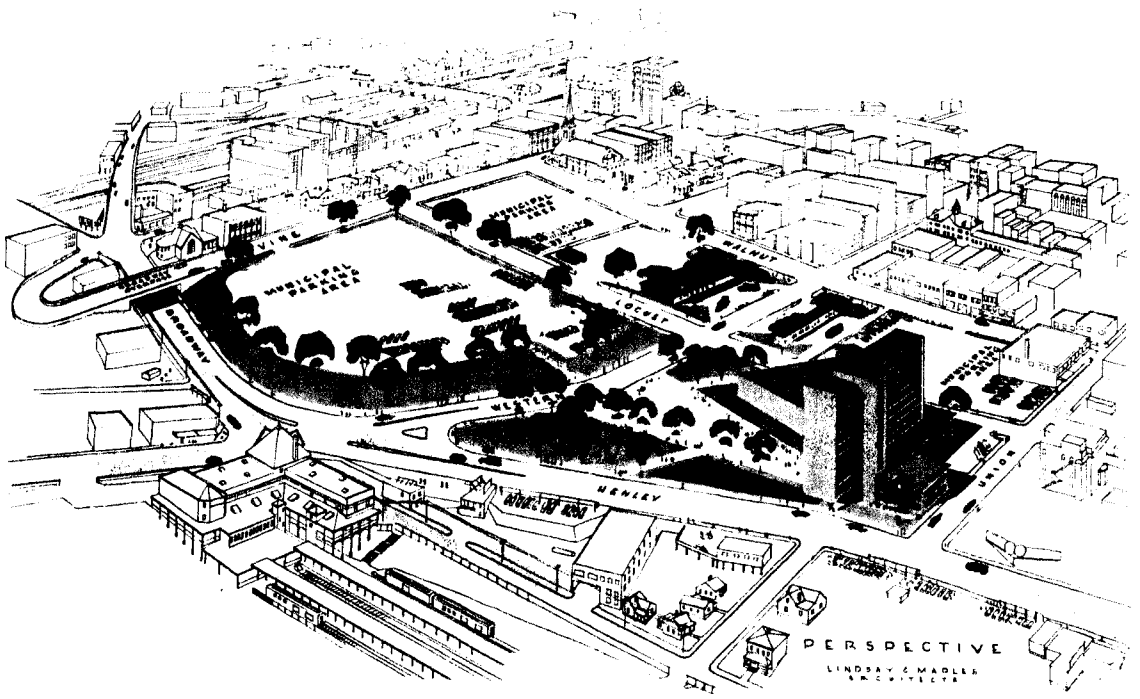
There were other interesting operations. Parking lot "A," for instance, was put together after three years of negotiation and seven separate real-estate deals. The land, which was the site of an old brewery, was on two levels, requiring expensive leveling. Park and Shop left a warehouse and a restaurant on the property and built a car-washing emporium. The rent from them is more than carrying the extra financial load.

On another occasion, Miller learned that a commercial-parking-lot operator named L. D. "Pop" Werley was about to be evicted and his parking lot sold to a big gasoline company which planned to build a super-service station. Miller sneaked in ahead of the gasoline company and bought the property for $72,000. Then he put Werley right back onto his old lot again as operator of a Park and Shop establishment. This not only saved a valuable piece of land for off-street parking, but it earned the undying gratitude of the private-parking entrepreneurs, who otherwise might have been tempted to upset Park and Shop plans in the city council.

Perhaps the most interesting deal of all involved a hole-in-the-ground at Tenth and Hamilton streets. In 1928, it seems, some venturesome soul had purchased the site and started to build a $400,000 luxury hotel. Came the depression, however, and construction abruptly ceased after only the basement had been completed. So for 20 years, Tenth and Hamilton was graced by a deep excavation, with trees pushing their way up through the concrete floor.

One day, Miller caught himself staring at the hole-in-the-ground (as it was called by the inhabitants), and he was struck by an idea. Today the hole-in-the-ground is being converted into Park and Shop lot "T." The concrete basement has become a below-ground ramp garage, with cars also parked at street level and on the roof. The front of the property has become a row of luxury stores, owned and rented out by Park and Shop.

All this so captured the imagination of



Knoxville's Plan to End Its Traffic Jam

Knoxville, Tennessee, citizens are voting June 29th on whether to issue $5,000,000 in bonds to help finance a project to unsnarl the traffic jam in its congested business section. The plan, as illustrated above, calls for creating a parking area of 11 acres for 2,000 cars only two blocks from Gay Street, heart of the business section. Parking would be forbidden on shopping streets and a traffic overpass would be built to eliminate left turns on Broadway, the third most traveled street in Tennessee. The area would include a new municipal auditorium and civic center and, perhaps in the future, a union bus station. The plan closely parallels Collier's suggestions for traffic reform in the smaller cities

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the city government that it offered Park and Shop an old city reservoir site on a long-term lease. The city government also rushed ordinances installing 1,200 parking meters, and prohibiting daytime parking on Hamilton Street, on narrow downtown cross streets, and on the east side of Sixth Street. These ordinances all went into effect at the same time the first Park and Shop lots opened for business, July 7, 1947.

This became a memorable date in Allentown history. Almost immediately, the traffic-clogged streets cleared, and slumping business put on an impressive spurt. People who hadn't been downtown for months came to Hamilton Street to shop, and they were delighted to find the streets open. "In fact," says Mayor Donald V. Hock, "they found the streets *so* open that they charged along them like they were speedways. I never saw such a miraculous change. We actually had to put staggered traffic lights on the one-way streets to *slow the traffic down.*"

Today, Park and Shop owns eight lots and leases four others. Each lot is leased by the corporation to a private operator who pays rent according to the amount of business he does; and each lot is decorated with a large blue neon sign bearing the official Park and Shop coat of arms—the T-shaped business section rampant on a field of downtown Allentown.

When a citizen wants to park his car downtown, he pulls into the Park and Shop lot nearest his destination, pays 25 cents and the operator gives him a ticket. If the autoist patronizes any of the 70-odd member stores (which comprise nearly all of the city's important merchants), the store stamps the ticket and the parking-lot operator refunds the quarter. Thus the shopper gets two hours' parking free. If he doesn't go to any of the member stores, his fee remains 25 cents for the two hours. An indication of how badly the parking space was needed is the fact that fully 87 per cent of the parkers gladly pay the fee and don't even bother to get their tickets stamped.

No Loss on "Free" Parking

These quarters add up into quite a bit of change. The corporation grossed nearly $25,000 in 1949 and just about broke even on all expenses—which means that it cost the member merchants practically nothing to park some 27,000 cars. This capacity can be doubled by erecting concrete decks over some of the lots—if business ever gets so good that downtown Allentown becomes congested again.

The Allentown plan is being copied in a score of other small cities, like Wilmington, Delaware, and Lancaster and Uniontown, Pennsylvania.

In Allentown itself there are no better indications of the success of the plan than the following three items: (a) A bank built its own parking lot at a cost of $40,000—its assessment as a member of Park and Shop would have been only $6,000. (b) The one major holdout in Allentown is the Hess Brothers Department Store. However, Hess has become so tired of answering the customer's stock question, "Why aren't you in the Park and Shop plan?" that the store reaches into its own cash registers and gives 25 cents to every customer brandishing a Park and Shop ticket. (c) The nearby city of Reading, which took no action like the Allentown plan, has proposed a completely new shopping district for the outskirts of the city, because "people can't get into Reading to shop."

In the period just before World War II, Kansas City, Kansas, faced the same problem as Allentown. However, this medium-sized Midwestern municipality (which lies just across the Kaw River from its much larger neighbor, Kansas City, Missouri) solved the problem in a different way.

One day in 1934, a Kansas City, Kansas, banker named Claude F. Pack went downtown to buy a few essentials for his home. The main business street, Minnesota Avenue, was jammed with cars. Pack drove around for half an hour looking for a place to park, then his temper erupted. He decided to drive to Kansas City, Missouri, to do his shopping. And he headed toward the Kaw River.

But all at once, Pack pulled the car up short. "What am I doing?" he said to himself. "If *I* get disgusted and abandon my home town to shop elsewhere, then thousands of other people must be thinking and doing the same thing every day. If this keeps up, what's going to happen to our side of the river?" He thereupon wheeled his car about and organized a meeting of the chamber of commerce, which formed a Parking and Traffic Relief Committee.

This was the first acknowledgment of the fact that traffic congestion was causing the city to "explode."

At first, the merchants tried to buy or rent parking lots in a co-operative venture, much like the present-day Allentown plan. But this proved too expensive, and many maverick merchants refused to join the movement. So the chamber of commerce dropped the problem in the lap of the city government.

This was when City Attorney Alton H. Skinner took over. Skinner surveyed the downtown area and came up with an ingenious solution. He noted that most of the downtown slum buildings were in the center of blocks behind the stores on Minnesota Avenue. Skinner said, "Let's condemn these blighted buildings and hollow out the center of each block as a parking area, with stores remaining on three sides, in a U shape. The bottom of each U will rest on Minnesota Avenue; the open end of the U will be the entrance to the parking lot, one block away on the street running parallel to Minnesota Avenue."

The chamber of commerce accepted the plan with enthusiasm, and the details soon were worked out. The downtown merchants—because they would benefit most from the lots—were to foot 80 per cent of the $400,000 bill by paying extra taxes over a 10-year period; the other 20 per cent of the cost was to be paid by the city. The lots were to be free, with a three-hour parking limit; and they were to be patrolled by the city police. In conjunction with this, the city was to install parking meters on some streets, prohibit parking on others, eliminate all angle-parking in the downtown area, and funnel all the out-of-town through traffic to and from Kansas City, Missouri, onto an express street (State Avenue) which would skirt the crowded business section.

This seemed like the solution—but it took 10 years for the plan to be put into operation. First, the city had to pioneer with special state legislation before it could condemn property and go into the parking-lot business. Skinner drew up a law and jockeyed it through the state legislature. Merchants who opposed the plan and the owners of the about-to-be-condemned property ganged up in the courts, however, and the law was thrown out as unconstitutional. Again Skinner drew up a law and again the courts declared it unconstitutional.

And Then—the Duration

Undaunted, Skinner husbanded all his strength for a final try. This time the law remained on the books—and as a result of it, every large city in the state of Kansas now is authorized to install a duplicate of Skinner's plan. But this wasn't the end of Skinner's tribulations. We got into the war just as he finished condemning the slum buildings and clearing the land. All construction ceased for the duration.

In 1944, however, the merchants decided they couldn't wait for wartime restrictions to be lifted, so they hired a private contractor and at their own expense leveled off three of the city's lots and put them into temporary operation. This enthusiasm so impressed Skinner that the moment the war ended he rushed the lots to completion, paving them with concrete and enclosing them with attractive stone walls. The formal opening of six of them came soon thereafter, and three more were added in December, 1949.

As in Allentown, the visible results were startling. The downtown streets became passable overnight, and business flooded back into the Minnesota Avenue stores. Prodigal supermarkets settled themselves in the downtown area for good; and when the 10-story Brotherhood Building was built recently, its rear door, which faced on a city parking lot, was made fully as attractive as the street entrance. Also, so many customers entered shops from the city parking areas, rather than from the street, that establishments like Young's Department Store and Butler's Music Company built swank show windows flanking rear entrances that used to open onto rubble-clogged alleys.

The Kansas City Chamber of Commerce estimates that "business has increased 45 to 50 per cent since the lots were established." Even more startling, Leo D. Mullin, manager of the Civic-Trade Department of the chamber of commerce, writes: "Recent sales of property adjacent to the parking lots have revealed an increase in the value of the property of *as much as 500 per cent!*" This is a remarkable reversal of the "explosion" process, in which downtown real-estate values nose-dive, dragging the economy of the city along.

A visit to Kansas City, moreover, reveals that Assistant Chief of Police Eli Dahlin is probably the happiest traffic cop in the business. "Last Christmas," he said, "we laughed when we heard about traffic snarls in other cities. *We* didn't have a single jam-up. Not only that, but I used to station two cops in every block downtown just to handle traffic. Now I cover the whole city—parking lots and all—with just 15 motorcycle men.

But lest this lead you to the belief that all is milk and honey in traffic-adjusted cities like Kansas City and Allentown, it should be said that this is not the case. From time to time, there are flank attacks on the Allentown plan by a small group of insurgent merchants who insist on the right of people to park in front of their stores. On August 17, 1947, they flooded the city with a manifesto which began, "All prohibitions are a restraint upon human liberty." Their proposal to lift the parking ban was defeated in the city council, but on another occasion they *did* manage to have the restrictions removed on Saturday night, the heavy shopping period during which Allentown reverts to its former traffic confusion.

In Kansas City the parking lots, being city-owned, are more firmly entrenched; but even so, some die-hards create complications. Recently, for example, City Attorney Skinner had to write: "Some of the merchants and many of their employees desire to park their own cars in these parking lots during the business day. To meet this situation, it has been necessary for the city to mark the cars and watch that they do not overstay the three-hour limitation. It will take some time to educate these people, who also include professional and businessmen, that it is to their interest that the parking lots be kept available to their customers."

However, despite these minor irritations, Allentown and Kansas City are so far ahead of most other cities of their size that they are examples for the country as a whole.

* * *

Editor's note: In singling them out for praise, the question naturally arises: "Which is the better method—Allentown's private enterprise approach, or Kansas City's municipal program?" In this dispute, Collier's concurs with the American Automobile Association in saying the Kansas City plan is basically the better idea, even though the Allentown plan might be more desirable in more normal times.

For one thing, a city's condemnation powers are needed. As Allentown's own Donald P. Miller recently pointed out, "If I were going to start Park and Shop today, I couldn't do it in Allentown. The land has become too expensive. It's a job for the city, which can condemn the right property and purchase it for a decent price."

Secondly, in a private enterprise program, the participants always might be tempted to sell the property if an attractive offer is made. City property, on the other hand, belongs permanently to the city.

And third: The tax-free feature of the city-owned parking facilities cuts the cost down for parkers and merchants.

But the most telling argument of all was advanced recently by William E. Brown, Jr., the dynamic mayor of Ann Arbor, Michigan. Brown said, "A city must provide parking for its citizens because it is a public utility. Water, sewers, policemen, firemen and parking—they're all necessary to keep the city alive." THE END

BUTCH

"I told you what would happen if you fixed th' wheel on his truck!"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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July Issue

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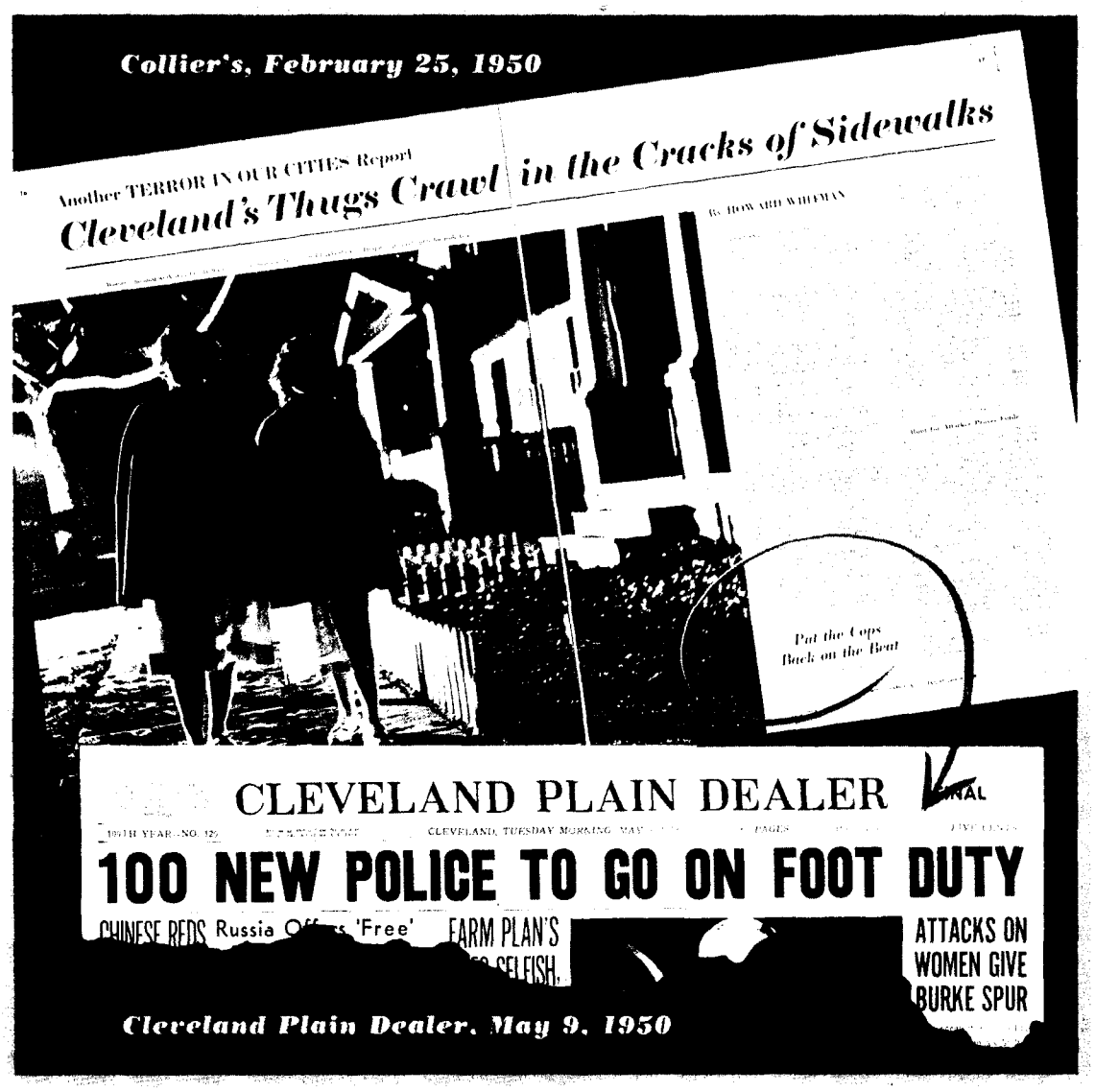
Collier's, February 25, 1950
Another TERROR IN OUR CITIES Report
Cleveland's Thugs Crawl in the Cracks of Sidewalks
By HOWARD WHITMAN
Put the Cops Back on the Beat
CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER
100 NEW POLICE TO GO ON FOOT DUTY
CHINESE REDS Russia
'Free'
FARM PLAN'S
ATTACKS ON WOMEN GIVE BURKE SPUR
Cleveland Plain Dealer, May 9, 1950

With a Measure of Pride

THIS EDITORIAL, by request, is going to be immodest. Or maybe unmodest is a better word. Anyway, it's the result of a remark that one of our friends made not long ago. This friend, who is in the advertising business, said, "The only trouble with you people at Collier's is that you don't make enough noise."

Well, it's true that we don't do much public boasting, either by chart, graph, statistic or the written word. But it's also true that we often take a good deal of quiet, intramural satisfaction in the things we do and the results that follow.

For example, we thought that The Secret Boss of California was a good, hard-hitting piece of journalism. And we were right glad when, as a result of that article, Art Samish, the subject of the piece, was barred from the California legislature which he once boasted of "governing."

We were pleased when Collier's received one of the Lasker Awards for Herbert and Dixie Yahraes' article, Our Daughter Is an Epileptic. We were grateful for the double honor that Sigma Delta Chi, the professional journalistic fraternity, bestowed on Collier's—the award for magazine reporting to Lester Velie for New Menace in Missouri, the story of the Binaggio political machine in Kansas City, and the public service award to the magazine for the Samish story (also by Mr. Velie) and for the series, Terror in Our Cities, by Howard Whitman.

But nothing has made us happier than the action that followed Mr. Whitman's article on street crimes in Cleveland. The cause-and-effect illustration at the top of this page tells most of the story. But there are a few additional details that might interest you.

The details are provided by Councilman William J. Rogers of Cleveland. Mr. Rogers was the spokesman for a group of victims and the parents of victims of street attacks who appeared at a dramatic session of the Cleveland City Council. The result of their petition to the lawmakers was announced in the newspaper banner line reproduced above.

Councilman Rogers told us later, "The Collier's article helped make our public officials and citizens aware of conditions in other cities as well as giving us the support we needed to make this reform here in Cleveland.

"Believe me, many a man, woman and child in this city will be safer with the cop back on the beat, and they'll owe a good measure of that safety to Collier's crusading spirit. Our thanks to Collier's for publishing the Terror in Our Cities articles."

We appreciate Mr. Rogers' thanks. And we thank him in return for the energy and courage with which he helped translate into action the theme of our series: Put the cop back on the beat. It is men like him who help us to illustrate by example the statement of journalistic principles which we published just about a year ago in an editorial called What Collier's Stands For.

In it we said, "Collier's . . . will tackle an explosive job at any time it thinks that such a job will serve the country's best interests. Collier's considers that the American people are an intelligent people, capable of solving their problems through their collective wisdom. It wants to help Americans think through those problems, and it publishes a magazine with that purpose in mind."

In the Terror in Our Cities series Collier's has stepped on a few official toes. But the response of citizens in every city that the series has covered has been overwhelmingly approving. The articles' recommendations have helped these citizens to see their problems more clearly and to put their heads together to solve them. The result in Cleveland and elsewhere, we trust, will be a better control of a terrorizing wave of crimes against people.

That is why, for once, we're taking our friend's advice and blowing our own horn. But this doesn't mean that we think we've done anything more than the job that we have set for ourselves. We simply think that this is a good example of the journalistic stimulus that can help intelligent citizens act in their community's or their country's best interests.

We don't pretend to have a corner on the crusading spirit that Mr. Rogers spoke of. We share our principles of publishing with other magazines and newspapers. And the total result of our combined efforts has helped to keep our press free, our people informed and our government strong.

A Ben for Your Thoughts

BY THE TIME this gets into print Congress may already have okayed the minting of some new kinds of coins. At any rate, if you take the confident word of Edward W. Mehren, it won't be long before our pockets are jingling with disks worth 2½ and 7½ cents.

Mr. Mehren would call the larger denomination a link, after Abraham Lincoln, while the 2½-cent ben would honor the thrifty Benjamin Franklin.

No doubt Mr. Mehren is backing a sure thing. There's mighty little that you can buy for a nickel any more. And a lot of people nowadays just can't be bothered with pennies. So we're resigned to the inevitable. But before we start buying soda pop at a link a drink, we'd like to speak a parting word for what, in an earlier day, used to be called a jitney.

Time was when the jitney, or five-cent piece, was a substantial and respected member of our monetary family. It could get its possessor a sandwich or a beer, a piece of pie, a trolley, bus or subway ride, and many other necessities and delights of everyday life. Even in a later, more expensive time, the nickel would get you, without any outside help from odd pennies, a cup of coffee, a sizable ice-cream cone or a bottle of pop.

It will still buy a package of gum, a limited choice of candy, a tune on the juke box or a phone call in most places (though the coin-box trend is toward the dime). But the bargain list is short and growing shorter.

So we are prepared to say farewell, as reluctantly as any narrator of a movie travelogue, to the independent existence of a once noble coin. We are ready with a slightly churlish welcome for the ben and the link. But we still think that what this country needs is a good five-cent nickel.

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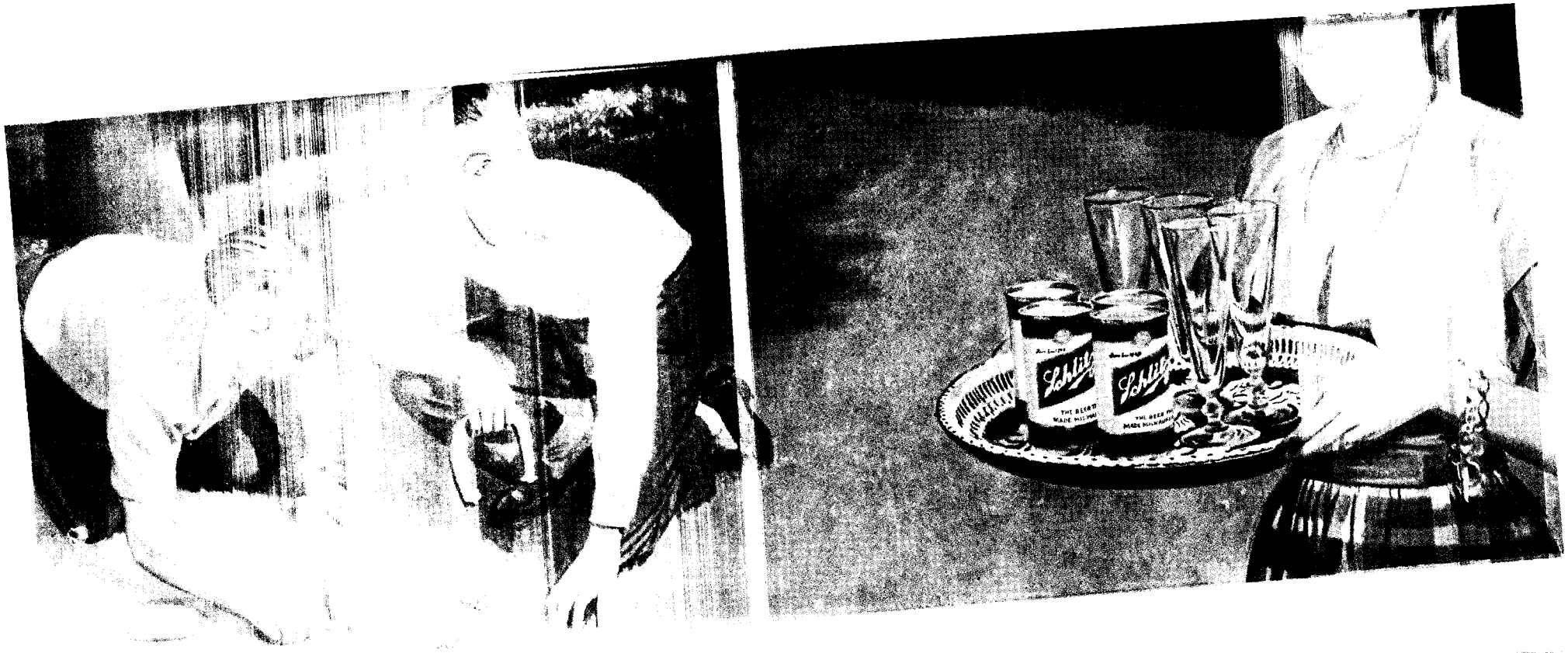

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